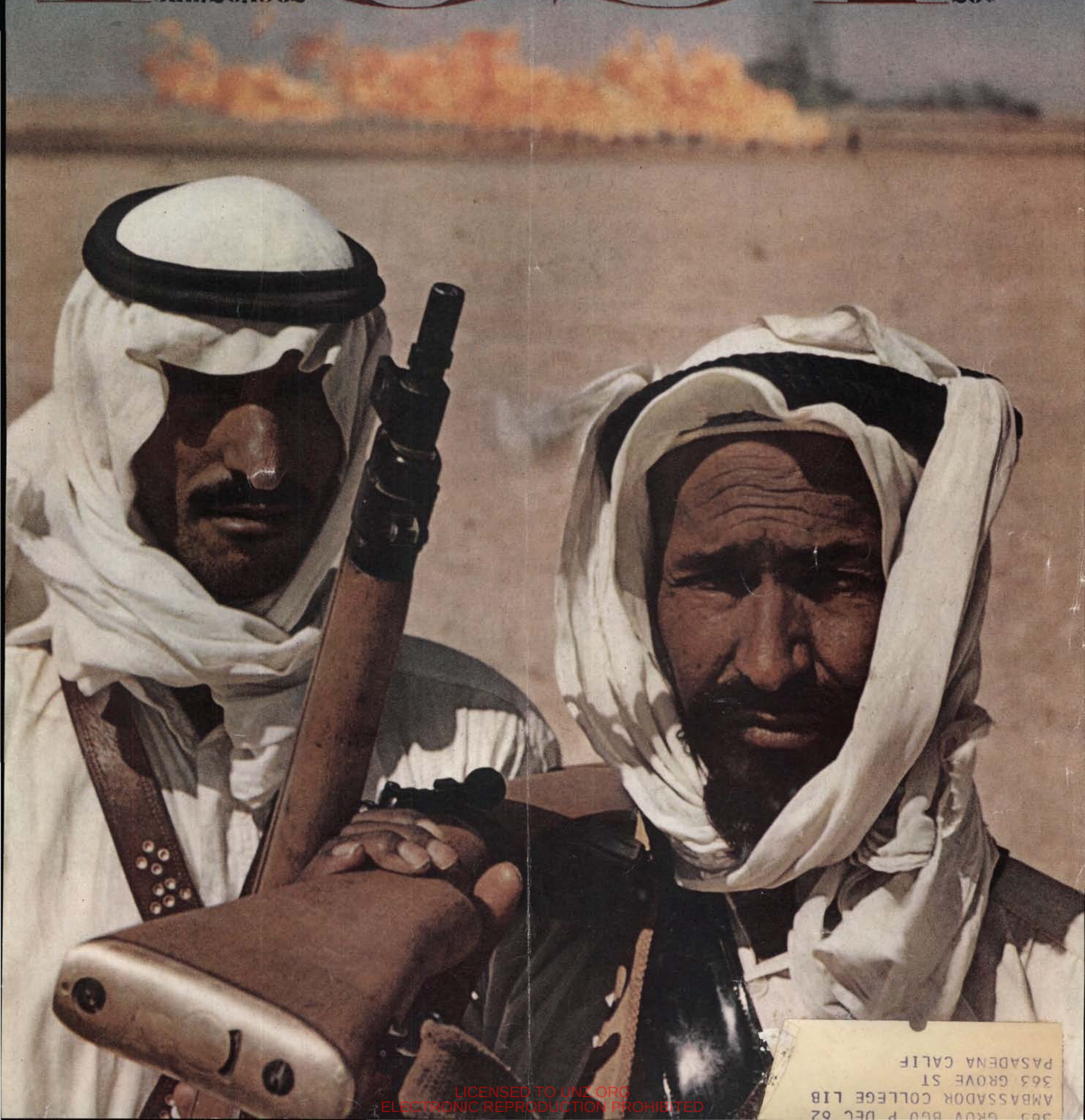
THE SEETHING ARAB WORLD

A POST EDITOR REPORTS FROM THE TURBULENT MIDDLE EAST

The Saturday Evening
POST
Jan. 20, 1962
20¢



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spreads more of it...creamy thick...between crisp
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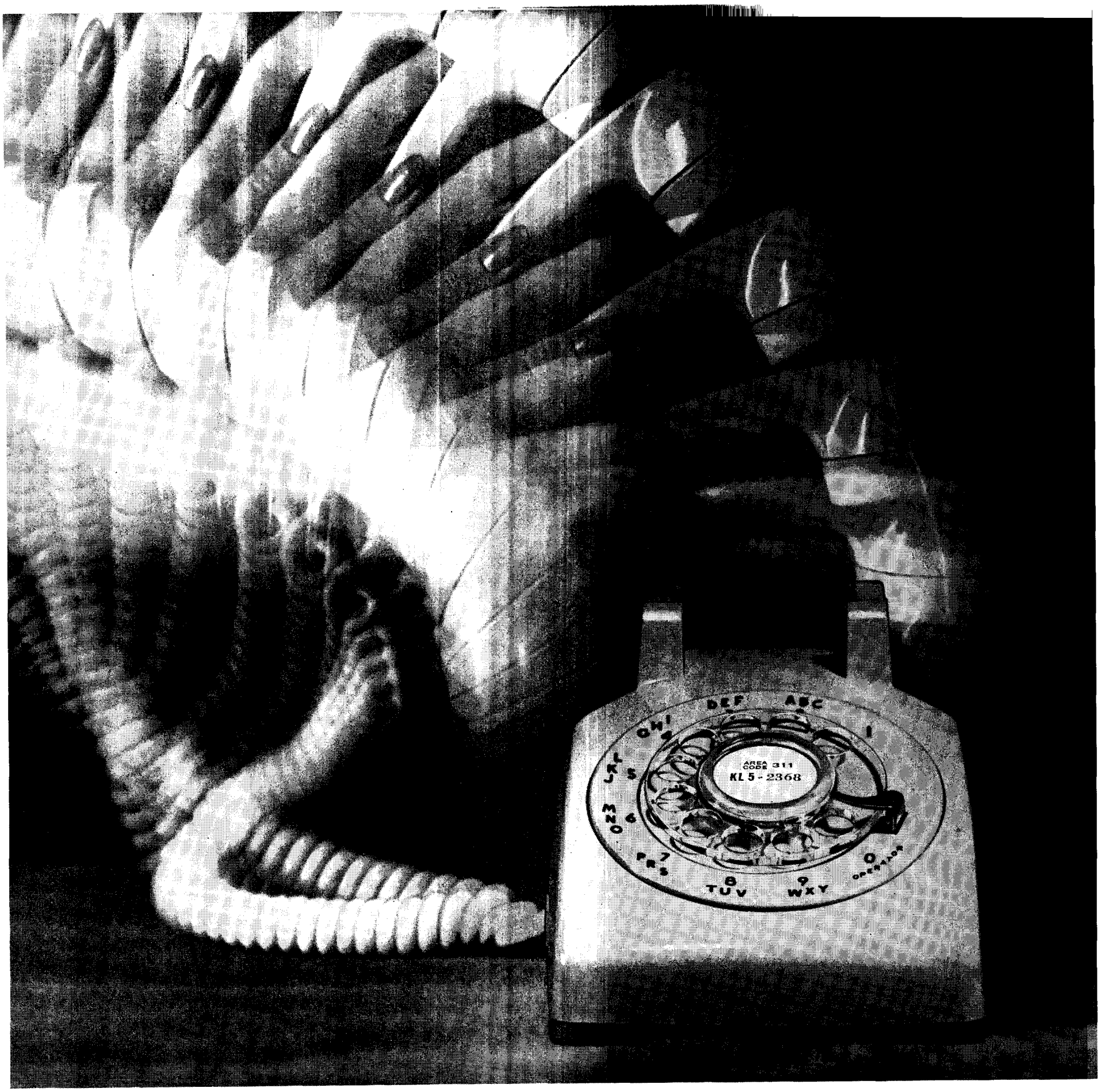

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Unless you take unfair advantage like above, you'll find Valiant as hard to catch as a rabbit with a hotfoot.

Valiant's 101-horsepower engine probably has something to do with it. That, plus Torsion-Aire suspension. Put 'em together and you have a compact that delights in thumbing its tail lights at other compacts. And if you want still more oomph under the pedal—there's Valiant's Super 225 optional engine. It really knows how to get up and gallop.

Now don't think that a car as quick as Valiant has to be a gas gobbler. *Nothing of the sort.* Unless you want a clean windshield, you can ignore gas stations for maybe 250 miles. 100 tankfuls could take you around the world, if you're in an orbiting mood.

And Valiant is built like a Roman aqueduct. To stand up to the years, we mean. A Valiant may not last 2000 years, but you'd probably want to trade it in before then anyway. (Tastes change, you know.)

There's only one thing wrong with the picture above. You can't see the dashing good looks that earned Valiant this year's styling award from the Society of Illustrators. You'll just have to do like the rabbit and hotfoot to your Plymouth-Valiant dealer's. You'll find the compact you can't pass up.

That's a new Valiant for you . . . there's just no getting around it. **Valiant**

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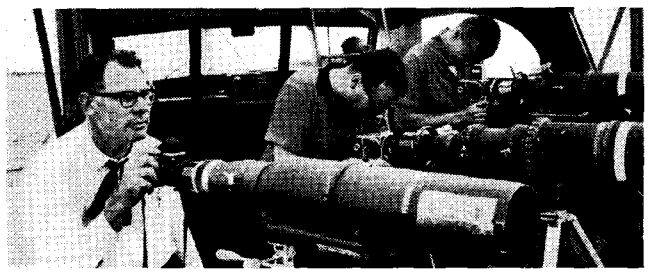
Martin: Kissed for being an American. Bryson: Taken for an Arab.

The Seething Arab World (page 11) tells of the restlessness in those Middle-Eastern countries bound together by a common culture but divided by political rivalries and imbalances of wealth and power. The experiences of *Post* editor HAROLD H. MARTIN on his travels to gather material for this and subsequent articles about the Middle East ranged from being watched by the secret police in Iraq to being kissed by a Jordanian Bedouin who likes Americans. The Arab is pictured on page 11, where he looks anything but friendly, thanks to the Bedouins' fondness for brandishing any arms they carry. Photographer JOHN BRYSON, who accompanied Martin, reports that many of his pictures were taken only with difficulty. The women are especially camera-shy. How, then, did he get the picture on page 17 of women drawing water? "By snapping fast and by smiling. And because of my mustache they thought I was an Arab." In Iraq the police were highly suspicious, and threatened to confiscate some of Bryson's film. For the most part, however, the travelers encountered hospitality summed up by an experience Martin had in Israel. He remarked to his interpreter that in Iran a compliment had been paid him in these words: "You may walk upon my eyes." "In Israel," the interpreter replied, "we say 'I give you my shoes.'" Whereupon he removed his loafers. Martin took off his desert boots and the exchange was made. He didn't let on that the moccasins were about three sizes too small for him.

The Cover. The fabulous deposits of oil in the Middle East—essential to Western Europe, and important to Russia too—are a basic factor in the struggles for power within the Arab nations. Photographer John Bryson's cover picture shows Bedouins guarding an oil well in Kuwait. The flames in the background, while perhaps symbolic of simmering rivalries, are in reality caused merely by the burning off of gases from the well. Kuwait is so rich in oil that its government favors a kind of Point Four program for other Arab nations financed by the profits. Whether such a program is possible in that troubled area is discussed in the article beginning on page 11.

There Goes the President (page 80). In his article on the elaborate preparations necessary even for a short Presidential journey, author PAUL F. HEALY describes his experiences as a reporter assigned to one of Mr. Kennedy's weekends in Hyannis Port. "Newsmen who travel with the President tend to get spoiled," says Healy. Photographer OLLIE ATKINS reports that the cameraman's lot is not so easy. Shown below on the press boat watching for a picture-worthy event to occur on the Kennedy yacht during one such weekend last August, Ollie points out that reporters can sit back and have a beer. Not so the photographers. Even though they take turns keeping watch, they all have to be ready to focus the instant the lookout reports some action. And keeping the long telephoto lens trained on a rocking boat from a considerable distance, Ollie says, is hard on the eyeballs, especially when you're on a rocking boat yourself. The photographers never get seasick, however. They're too busy.



President watchers: Atkins of The Post, AP's Robert Schutz, James Atherton of UPI.

Among Our Authors is a former South Atlantic States track champion in the quarter- and half-mile runs. It was because of this track experience that BEVERLY SMITH JR. was able to give the mounted police a run for their money at the Valentino obsequies he describes on page 66. . . . PHYLLIS DUGANNE's story on page 72 is laid in Maine, where she and her family spend their summers. "As a native Cape Codder," she reports, "I've always had contempt for strangers writing about the Cape. So I'm very cagey and write about Maine from an outsider's viewpoint." PHIL DESSAUER tells how he met Oklahoma Parole Board Chairman Chesnut, with whom he wrote the article on page 53. "In my newspaper column I commented irreverently on his statement that the board 'is not for sale at any price.' Later we became friends anyway. He's still making his honest-board pitch—and now I'm helping him."

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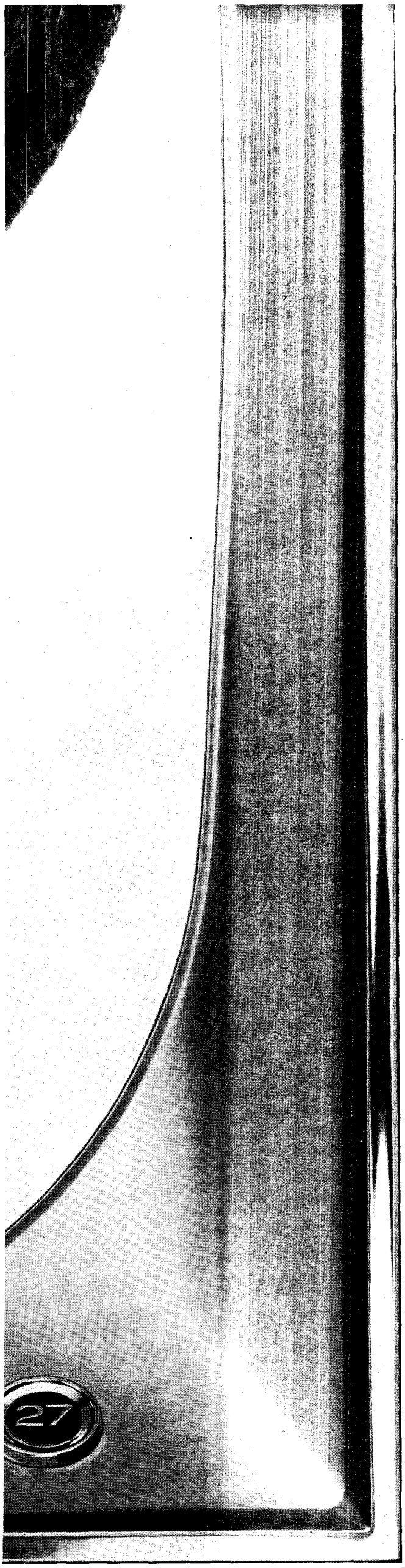

This is just one corner of the new Admiral Super-Screen 27

Overall diagonal measurement, 400 sq. in. viewing area.

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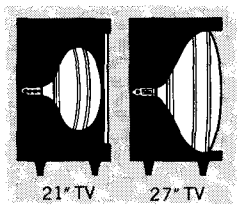


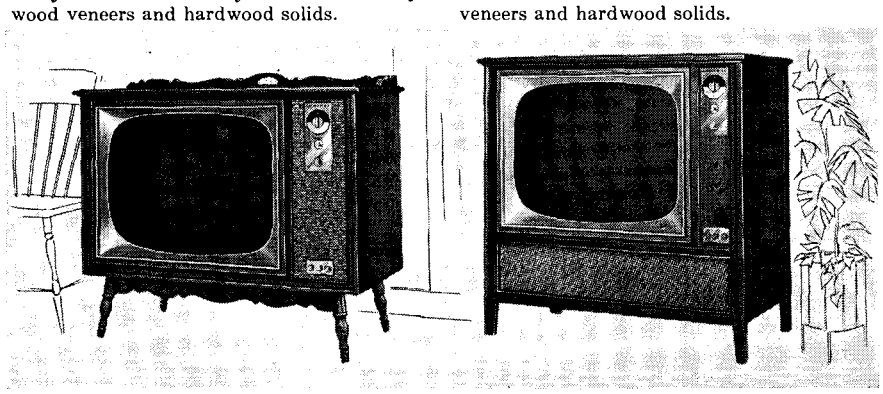
We'd like nothing better than to show you the full size of the biggest, brightest TV picture of them all—Admiral's amazing new Super-Screen 27 Bonded Picture Tube. Only Admiral has it! You have to see it to believe it, it's that big, that bright. Actually 53% bigger than a 21" TV, with 400 square inches of viewing area. You'll find the picture is so crisp and sharp you can view it in comfort from 2 to 30 feet. Only Admiral can give you a picture like this. Because only Admiral has the amazing new N-77 Electron Gun that insures edge-to-edge pinpoint focus.

Because Admiral seals the optic-filtered safety glass right on the tube face, there's no separate glass between you and the picture to collect dust and haze. This sealed safety glass actually cuts reflections by 75 percent.

Too big for your room? No. You'll be amazed at the slimness of the new Super-Screen 27 decorator cabinets, beautiful Contemporary, Danish Modern, Early American Lo-Boys and Uprights. And you'll be pleased with the low budget price. But seeing is believing. And the Super-Screen 27 picture just has to be seen...at your Admiral dealer's.

The Revere—Model L2739. Super-Screen 27 Early American Lo-Boy. Genuine Cherry-wood veneers and hardwood solids.

The Hampton—Model C2731. Super-Screen 27. Danish Modern Console in Walnut veneers and hardwood solids.



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LETTERS

IN DEFENSE OF WOMEN

Dear Sirs:

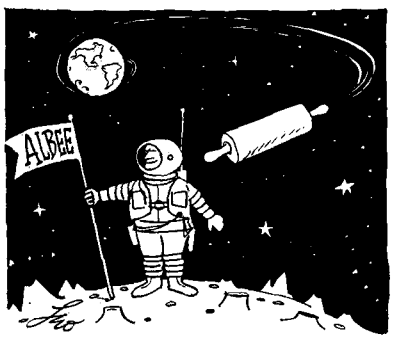
Your article SPEAKING OUT: LET'S PUT WOMEN IN THEIR PLACE [by George Sumner Albee, Dec. 16] is a vicious, unwarranted attack on women. I have informed my wife that I would take you to task in no uncertain terms. Your actions in printing this libel were reprehensible.

So much for that. Now then, could you kindly extend my subscription for another five years?

ROBERT P. STINCHFIELD
Attorney at Law
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

I beg you to exhaust every source of influence available to secure priority for George Sumner Albee on the first manned orbital space flight as the only way to save him from the consequences



of his article. I fear no refuge on earth will save him from the raging females who by now probably are clamoring for his blood. Expect no help on this humanitarian endeavor from your male readers—they are helpless from laughter (or running).

R. E. NUGENT
Kansas City, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

I'd personally like to take that rolling pin pictured with Mr. Albee's article and clobber him over the head with it.

BONNIE DUBOIS
Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

As one of the "dreary, foolish, addledheaded, dismal, feeble-minded, melonheaded little beasts" known as "conversation murderers," I move we put Mr. Albee in *his* place: Northern Siberia.

MRS. C. E. WOOD
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Send him to the Congo.

GERTRUD SCHLATTER
Morristown, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

When this man makes a statement... "to put women out of circulation," he becomes a dangerous threat to the women of America.... As a woman I challenge this man on behalf of womanhood in America and demand an apology. I shall put him on my list of Communists.

MATIEL H. BECKER
North Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I am ready to tell every woman I know never to buy another copy of *The Post*. I like controversy, but this article is vicious and reveals the author as ignorant, conceited and full of hot air.

MRS. L. E. MAHAFFEY
Waco, Tex.

P. S. The only reason I don't cancel my subscription is because I gave it to my husband as a present.

Dear Sirs:

Actually I enjoyed the article immensely. I hope my husband doesn't get ahold of it.

MRS. ALAN C. ENGLAND
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

I wish that I had a subscription to your magazine so that I could cancel it.

JULIET GOLDSMITH
Hartsdale, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

It's hilarious! And only too true.

BESS SAUNDERS
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

In bad taste. Undisciplined hurling of insults, nothing more.

JEAN ELLSTON
Cumberland, R.I.

Dear Sirs:

I followed "Doctor" Albee's advice. Everything went O.K. until I belted my wife. H—l broke loose; she belted me back! My problem is: Now she won't cook and hasn't said a word since. I'm hungry and lonesome.

K. E. WATERS
Springfield, Ill.

P. S. My eye is black too!

Dear Sirs:

I accept *The Post*'s claim that Mr. Albee is happily married, but may I be so bold as to inquire, "Is *Mrs.* Albee happily married?"

MRS. LEON FINDLEY
Edina, Minn.

• *Mrs. Albee says, "I'm probably the happiest married woman in the world. This man has kept me laughing for the fourteen years we've been married."*
—ED.

COVER COMMENTS

Dear Sirs:

Post covers often are exceptionally good, but the Dec. 16 cover by Dick Sargent (below) is one of the best.

EDITH O. JONES
Egan, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

The very best answer to George Sumner Albee's article is the cover—men seeing how foolish a conceited old woman can look, but failing utterly to realize what stupid old goats a bunch of conceited old men can be.

IDA HOFFMAN
Morris, Manitoba

FOREIGN COVERAGE

Dear Sirs:

TANGANYIKA: BRIGHT SPOT IN A DARK CONTINENT by Smith Hempstone [Dec. 2] was a genuine contribution to the understanding of Africa's newest nation and to the over-all problem of Africa.... Tanganyika is fortunate in having in Julius Nyerere a prime minister of statesmanlike character and obvious good sense. The Western nations, and particularly the United States, would be wise to give him every assistance.

PALMER VAN GUNDY
Glendale, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Just a word to compliment you and Mr. Smith Hempstone on the excellent article on Tanganyika and Julius Nyerere. I journeyed through East and West Africa last December as medical consultant to the Foreign Affairs Committee on Africa of the House of Representatives. We had the great privilege of meeting with the dynamic leaders of most of the new African countries. Mr. Nyerere was the outstanding one in many respects of all of these quite extraordinary individuals.

REAR ADM. B. W. HOGAN (MC) USN (RET.)
Former Surgeon General, U.S.A.
Chevy Chase, Md.

Dear Sirs:

CHILE: RESTLESS REPUBLIC by James Morris [Nov. 25] was an interesting and penetrating report—until Mr. Morris changed hats from reporter to editorial writer!... Mr. Morris wants us to accept the fact that the Communists "sometimes have a point"; that the Chileans have "every right—at a fair price—to nationalize the vast American-owned copper concerns"; and he wants us to concede Castro's enormous appeal and adapt ourselves to it....

Frankly, the Morris solution baffles me!... We can't win in Latin America or anywhere else by being apologists for the U.S. free-enterprise system.

BOB ANGERS JR.
Franklin, La.

Dear Sirs:

It is rare when a reporter captures a country as well as Mr. Morris has done with his article on Chile. I hurried out and bought ten copies and sent them to my friends.... Mr. Morris has certainly discovered the method of exposing a people and country in a manner that is complex, complete and understandable.

GEORGE C. WARNER
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

NOTES ON SOCIETY

Dear Sirs:

If Cleveland Amory [MY LIFE WITH WHAT'S LEFT OF SOCIETY, Dec. 9] believes someone killed society, why is he so assiduously and unremittingly flogging the dead horse? It has occurred to many persons—but evidently not to Mr. Amory—that the answer to Who Killed Society? is quite possibly Cleveland (watch your pronunciation, boys) Amory.

MRS. JOHN DAVENPORT
Louisville, Ky.

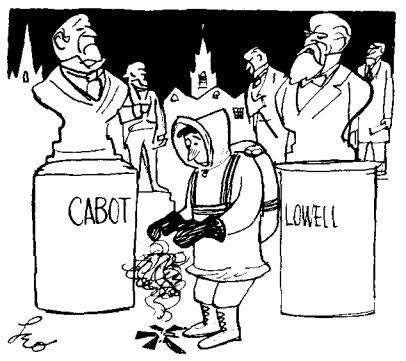
Dear Sirs:

It amused me more than anything I've read in a long time.

UNA G. NICHOLS
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Re your Boston article, is it still true that Arctic explorers, before going on



their expeditions, sojourn in Boston a few weeks in order to become accustomed to the chill?

ALBERT B. BARTLETT
Wheatland, Wyo.

VIEWS ON EISENHOWER

Dear Sirs:

Your Dec. 9 cover, featuring Dwight and Mamie Eisenhower, is one of the most beautiful—if not *the* most beautiful—photographic portraits I have ever seen.... In my opinion, every citizen of the United States should have a copy framed and hung alongside a portrait of Lincoln and his *Gettysburg Address* as an example and reminder of devotion, of selflessness and of true patriotism.

PAUL STRAYER
River Forest, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

It seems you are trying to support what popularity you may have for the new format of *The Post* by continuing to force the Eisenhowers on your readers. I am a Republican and voted for Eisenhower twice, but I think the public has had enough.

CARL E. PATTERSON
Woodside, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

"General Ike" may well be still concerned about government and world affairs [MY VIEWS ON BERLIN, Dec. 9]—but thank God he is "no longer responsible."

EDDIE LIVINGSTON
Dothan, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

Many of the ideas and actions of the Eisenhower Administration, which were so sharply criticized by the opposition during the last campaign, are now being followed by Mr. Kennedy. It is a real thrill to see a great American properly recognized.

CHARLES E. CASTLE
Sonoma, Calif.

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Reading across pages, then down:

3–Two by John Bryson; Ollie Atkins. • 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19–John Bryson. • 20, 21–Robert Riggs. • 22–Robert Phillips. • 23–Philippe Halsman. • 24–Larry Keighley. • 25–Jerry Dantzic. • 26–Saul Bass. • 28, 29, 30, 34–Ormond Gigli. • 44–Two by Arthur Shay; Ormond Gigli. • 53, 54, 55–Jack Fields. • 56–Irv Bahrt. • 67–Culver. 69–United Press International. • 72, 73–Coby Whitmore. • 80, 81, 82, 83–Ollie Atkins.

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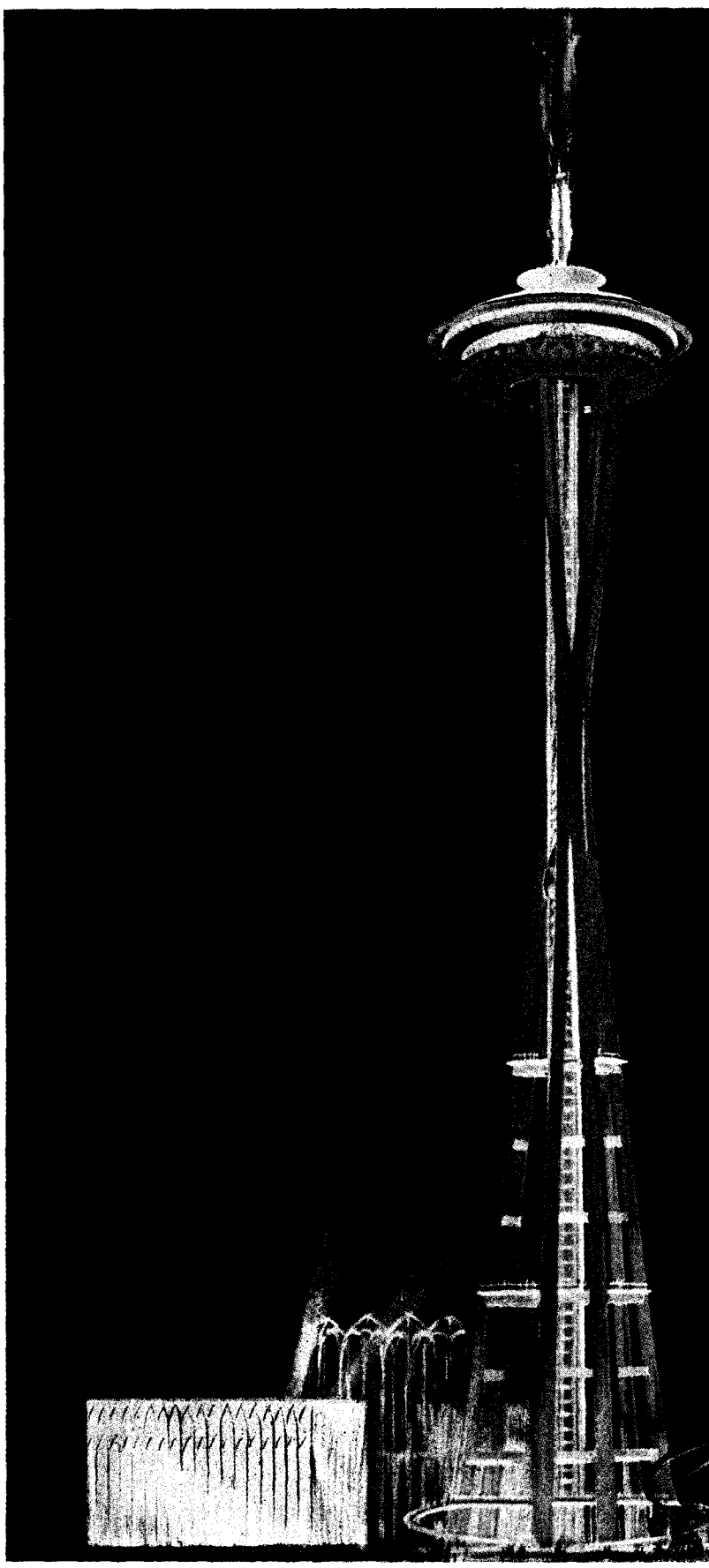
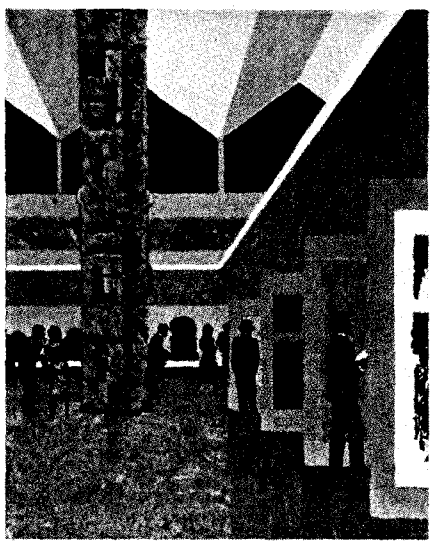


WORLD'S FAIR

It's April 21, 1962, in Seattle... World's Fair time! The curtain's going up on the 21st Century... and on the most exciting preview ever seen. This is Seattle's spectacular Space-Age World's Fair, where the epic of man's journey into the next 100 years will unfold for you. What's ahead? How will man live? What will he see? Look at cities in the year 2000, see homes whose walls are jets of air, where cordless appliances work for you, cars ride without wheels, TV wrist telephones speed everyday communications. Time and distance will disappear in the gigantic, pillar-less Coliseum Century 21, jutting eleven stories up from the heart of the fair. You'll soar past the moon into outer galaxies—no space suit, no gravity, in the $9 million complex of the United States Science Pavilion. You will discover the secrets of the future in these six gleaming buildings rising above lighted fountains and courtyard pools. But it's not all the story of man's great tomorrows. Much of this $80 million show will be a glittering world of today. Dine atop the towering 60-story Space Needle which revolves to view Mt. Rainier, the Olympic and Cascade Ranges. Stroll Boulevards of the World filled with the sights and sounds of foreign lands. Thrill to the Monorail as it whisks you the mile from downtown Seattle in 95 seconds.

CENTURY 21 EXPOSITION

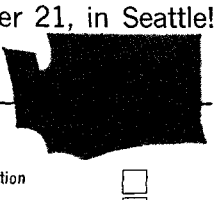
Rembrandt, Gauguin, and 65 world masters have been specially loaned for the Fair



Cultures of foreign lands in a potpourri of color and fun in the Boulevards of the World

Enjoy famed artists from all over the world performing in the opulent Opera House, intimate Playhouse, the Arena and Stadium. Relax in a rollicking Gayway where special rides hold fun-appeal to all ages. The Seattle World's Fair... the big family adventure of our times! See it all, April 21 to October 21, in Seattle!

Washington State Department of Commerce & Economic Development, Albert D. Rosellini, Governor.



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C-21-SEP 1

Playtime U. S. A., in a glittering Space-Age Gayway

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SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

DANGER ON THE LEFT

BY SENATOR BARRY GOLDWATER

The real danger to our country in these days of crisis does not come from the right side of the political spectrum, but from a direction more closely aligned with Communist objectives. It does not come from military commanders, like Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker, who want to make sure their troops and the American people are informed of the true nature of our enemy, but from forces which would deny such instruction. It does not come from patriotic Americans who wish to remain vigilant to the threat of internal Communism and to socialist trends, but from people who would blunt that vigilance.

Today a great many military officers, organizations and individuals have been alerted by events. They have been taught by shocking experience. They have been goaded by official indifference to the true dangers which face us in a particularly perilous time.

To argue that our troops do not need ideological information is a waste of time when such an argument is presented to military commanders who remember the disgraceful spectacle of American soldiers embracing Communism in Korea. It is pointless to insist that there is no threat from domestic Communists when the audience is made up of people who remember the damage done by the atomic spy rings—the Alger Hisses, the Harry Dexter Whites, the Rosenbergs, the Fuchs, the Sobels and the Greenglasses. It goes against the American grain to be told that there is no internal threat from Communism while FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover and others in positions to know tell us otherwise.

No, I believe the great threat, the real danger to our nation, to our way of life and to the cause of freedom throughout the world comes from the leftists in our midst who even today counsel a "soft" attitude toward Communism, both at home and abroad.

I believe it comes from the muddle-headed "do-gooders," from the intellectual theorists, from the appeasers and the "accommodators," from the professional collaborationists and pacifists. It comes from organizations like the Americans for Democratic Action, whose 1961 policy statement reads like a brief for Red China and Castro's Cuba, and the American Civil Liberties Union, which would like Americans to think that the Senate Internal Security Committee and the House Un-American Activities Committee are more dangerous than Soviet espionage agents.

I feel we have here both a right and a duty to question the influence wielded by the radical leftist A.D.A. in the councils of the United States Government. According to newspaper accounts, this strange organization has no less than thirty-seven members in key policymaking positions of the New Frontier—despite the fact that its nationwide membership is less than 50,000. As Robert T. Hartmann, writing in the Los Angeles *Times*, puts it:

> When any fourteen-year-old organization numbering no more than 50,000 citizens, with a budget of less than $200,000 a year, regarded as an albatross by many Democrats and as anathema by most Republicans, holding no I.O.U. from the Presidential winner for his nomination—when such an organization can staff a new Administration with three White House aides, three Cabinet officers and thirty-one key administrators in vital areas of finance, labor, civil rights, public works, power, housing and foreign policy, it is worth looking into.

And looking into this organization, we find that in 1961 it called for total disarmament under United Nations controls, the inclusion of Red China in nuclear talks, an immediate start on negotiations for United States recognition of Red China and the latter country's admission to the United Nations as "China" with a Security Council veto, and a plebiscite on Formosan independence or reunion with Red China. We also find that A.D.A. advocates removal of all United States trade and passport barriers with Red China, wants less stress on military aid for free Asia, urges a neutral Laos as part of a buffer zone.

People who suggest such actions would let us lose the global struggle by default. It is the leftists in our midst who rigorously oppose any use of force, or any show of strength in a conflict where our antagonist understands only the element of power. These leftists support an intense internationalist propaganda line which downgrades American patriotism as something smacking of "isolationism" and foreign-policy adolescence. We are told by none other than Sen. J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, that the victories of our early history—the victories won by determined, hard-bitten men against stupendous odds, were products of our "reckless youth" when we were favored by an "improbable run of luck." We also are told by Senator Fulbright that we must "come of age" in the world and devote our time to "civilizing international relations" rather than striving for victory over an enemy bent on the destruction of the United States and the enslavement of the entire world.

On the left also are the forces which, in the interest of "accommodation," suggest that we junk our opposition to the admission of Red China to the United Nations, that we forswear our policy of "massive retaliation"—the only shield we have in practical terms against annihilation by the forces of International Communism.

It is the leftists who argue against the development of a national purpose of victory over the forces of International Communism. It is the leftists who have saddled us with an outmoded, week-kneed foreign policy which has proved to the tune of almost $100,000,000,000 that the promotion of social and economic reform on a worldwide basis is not a realistic means of stemming the Communist tide.

This indictment is not mine alone. To reinforce it I quote an enlightened liberal, writing in a liberal magazine. His name is Eric Sevareid, and this is what he had to say in an article titled "The Facts of Life" which appeared recently in *Reporter* magazine:

> They [the Communists] must love the large school of American liberals who assume that any given country, however barren and illiterate, however profound its background of violence and chieftainship, is capable not only of economic modernization but of parliamentary democracy.
>
> They must love the liberals with social-worker mentalities who do not grasp that illiteracy, low wages, concentrated land-ownership, and so on are not "social problems" but integral parts of a system of life and therefore enormously resistant to quick change by anything less than the "totalitarian disciplines" the same liberals abhor. . . .

Mr. Sevareid warns his liberal-leftist friends that frightened people in desperate countries want to be on the winning side in the current East-West struggle, not necessarily on the moral side. And he tells them that the United States must start fighting and winning, regardless of reproving editorials in the Manchester *Guardian* and "no matter what the temporary backlash of world opinion may be."

There can be no denying that all the winds of "appeasement" blow from the left. On that side of the political spectrum reside the voices which interminably counsel negotiation in non-negotiable situations where discussion would only lead to the sacrifice of our own or our allies' strategic interests.

It was the spokesmen on the left who hailed the rise of Castro in Cuba and obscured his early Communist dedication. They have also been in the forefront of those who today claim that any direct action in Cuba would offend opinion in other Latin-American countries. Never mind a Communist bastion only ninety miles off our southern coast, they contend, because this is preferable to hurting somebody's feelings. And, of course, the left wing in American politics certainly sparked the ridiculous and ill-fated effort to submit to Castro's prisoner-tractor deal.

One of the traps the leftist-minded have led us into in foreign relations is the development of an official preoccupation with so-called neutral nations. Only in the light of the Soviet Union's resumption of nuclear testing and the failure of the neutral nations, while meeting in Belgrade, to do anything but bring pressure on the West are we beginning to wake up. The Soviets have long understood that the first step in turning a country toward Communism is to turn it against the West. Thus, typically the first stage of a Communist take-over is to "neutralize," while in fact turning the country into an active advocate and adherent of Soviet policy.

The Kremlin's goal is the isolation and capture not of Ghana but of the United States—and this purpose may be served very well indeed by countries that masquerade under a "neutralist" mask, yet actually are dependable auxiliaries of the Soviet Foreign Office. What difference does it make if a neutralist chieftain is not a disciplined Communist so long as his public policies and intrigues help to accelerate Soviet ascendancy?

Another favorite misconception of the American leftists is an exaggerated belief in the existence and power of world opinion—which never seems to call Russia to any stern account for her transgressions, but which constantly puts pressure on us to ease international tension. Leftists apply this world-opinion concept to everything the United States does or proposes, despite the fact that the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) reports that 70 per cent of the world's population lives without knowing what is going on either at home or abroad. In their preoccupation the leftists fail to recognize the fact that the Communists themselves—our devoted enemies—formulate a large part of what passes as world opinion.

Barry M. Goldwater, U.S. Senator from Arizona since 1953, is the chief spokesman for Republican conservatives, chairman of the G.O.P.'s Senatorial Campaign Committee and author of the best seller, Conscience of a Conservative.

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SPEAKING OUT

There are many reasons why this deference to world opinion is harmful to American interests. First, it is self-defeating, because the very respect we covet is denied to us the moment we ask for it. The would-be beneficiaries of our concessions construe them as weaknesses and want more. Second, a long history of trying to prove good faith when it had never really been open to question has the paradoxical effect of raising doubts about our good faith. When we with our record enter into a propaganda contest with the Kremlin and its record, when we try to match Soviet professions of love of freedom and peace, and hatred for armaments and colonialism, we invite the world to look upon us—as it looks upon the Soviets—as propagandists with something to hide. Thus we find ourselves forced to make a new plea before the bar of world opinion every time *Pravda* opens its mouth.

In another area it was the leftists who argued hardest for the United States to continue the nuclear-test ban long after there was more than a reasonable doubt that the Soviets had ever honored it and long after it was evident that the Soviets would end the ban the minute it became advantageous for them to do so. How much damage this did to our security and the cause of freedom throughout the world we can only guess.

On the domestic front the leftists have moved us so far along the road to economic socialism that high taxes and inflation are threatening our ability to resist the accelerated advances of Communists. The drive for more and more central-government control over the lives, affairs and liberty of the American people is eating away at the individuality, the determination, industry and incentive upon which our greatness as a nation was built.

This process of erosion is a tremendous threat to the cause of freedom because a sound economy is fundamental to our strength in all other spheres—especially the military. Government control and "paternalism" such as we have seen in agriculture go to the taproots of our national character. Our strength becomes so sapped that we lose sight of our national heritage and go groping around for new national goals. I suggest that we don't need new national goals. We have one which was written for us by Thomas Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence: "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." This is the supreme goal of all Americans. And it endures as a goal because its achievement takes constant effort.

There can be no doubt that American leftists are out to replace the judgment of the individual with the judgment of the state. Almost every bit of legislation they espouse in the domestic field contains dangers of more power for the bureaucrats. It has become clear that, whether we like it or not, central control—which I think of as socialism—will be the result of these efforts. American leftists are squeamish about being called socialists, but that is the term we come to as we recognize what the results of their efforts will be. As collectivists, they have changed their strategy but not their objective—the subordination of the individual to the state. They have found that socialism can be achieved through welfarism as well as through nationalization.

Government interference—a principal tool of leftists—has reduced our states to mere vassals of Washington and has eaten into our free-enterprise economy. We have reached the point where our economic supremacy is threatened and our ability to keep abreast of world developments is challenged.

The leftists, with their dedication to irresponsible fiscal policies and deficit spending, stand in the way of a balanced budget, always holding forth new and bigger programs for increased spending of taxpayers' dollars. It makes no difference that these programs are invariably sought in the name of "welfare" and "humanitarianism" and always propelled by shouts of "crisis" and "emergency." They all entail spending far beyond our capacity to pay and they all will become part of the final economic reckoning.

These leftist spending programs are playing right into the hands of the Kremlin leaders who long have argued that they could "bleed America white." Higher taxes and more inflation are precisely what Khrushchev and his advisers want for the United States—and the left-wing forces in this country are rushing to provide them. The leftists clamor for the expenditure of additional billions for Federal aid to education, Federal aid to the aged, Federal aid to depressed areas, Federal aid to anything and everything. But there is no mention of what these vast new programs will cost in terms of our ability to resist aggression or mount even a limited war if we should be forced to do so. I suggest that it will make no difference if we are the best-educated, the best-housed, best-clothed and best-fed people in the world, if our economic underpinnings are compromised. The military realities of today are such that our capacity to fight is directly related to our ability to produce, and our ability to produce rests on the performance of a sound economy.

Thus, through advocating a soft policy on the international front, American leftists comprise the genuine danger to our country at this critical period in history. They have sown the seeds of appeasement abroad and fundamental weakness at home. They have shown themselves to be incapable, philosophically and practically, of coming to grips with militant, ruthlessly aggressive Communism. They prefer to bury their heads in the sand or, like Don Quixote, spend their time jousting with windmills they call "the Radical Right" rather than come face-to-face with the issues which will determine the destiny of America and the future of the world.

THE END

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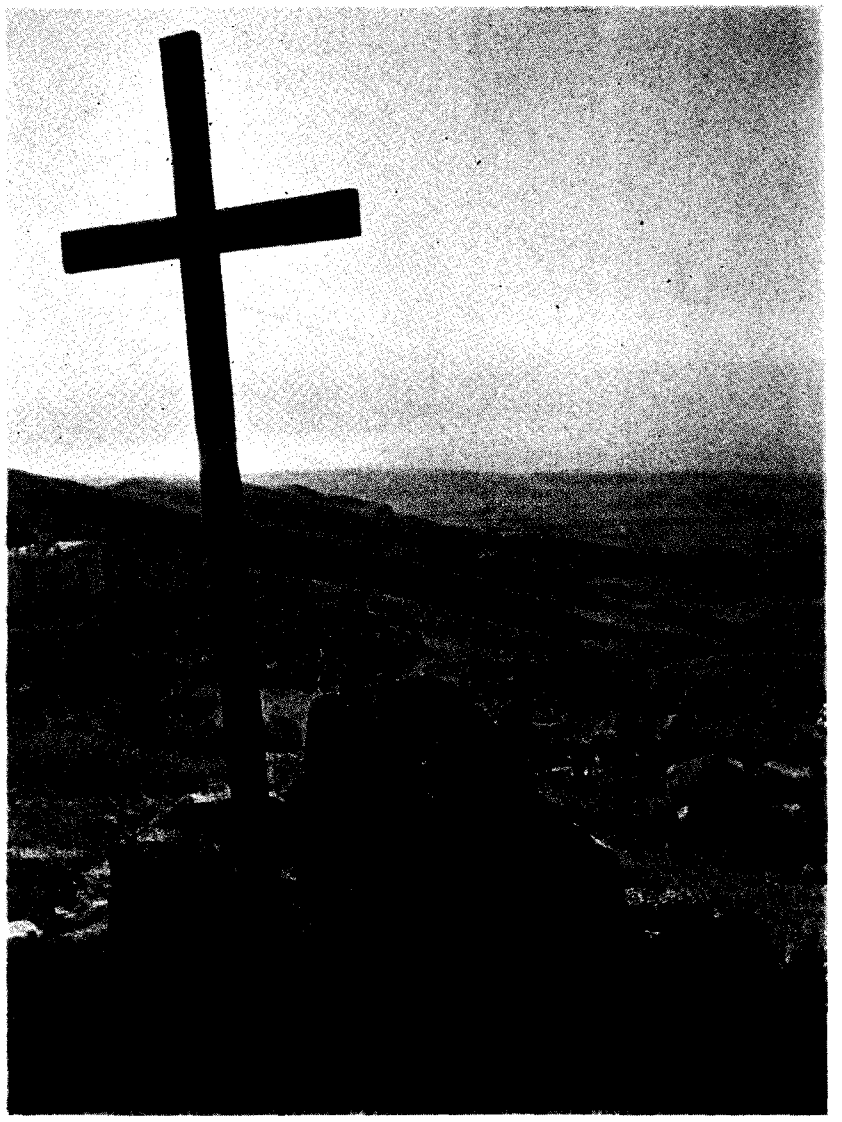

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

The Holy Land, in the shadow of the Cross and the Gun: Symbolizing the conflicts of the Middle East, a Bedouin guard at a historical site brandishes his pistol on Mt. Nebo, from which Moses saw the Promised Land.

BY HAROLD H. MARTIN

SEETHING ARAB WORLD

A CRACK POST EDITOR-PHOTOGRAPHER TEAM DEPICTS IN DEPTH THE TORMENTED LAND WHERE CHRISTIAN, ARAB AND JEW ARE LOCKED IN A STRUGGLE THAT COULD SHAPE THE DESTINY OF TODAY'S WORLD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN BRYSON

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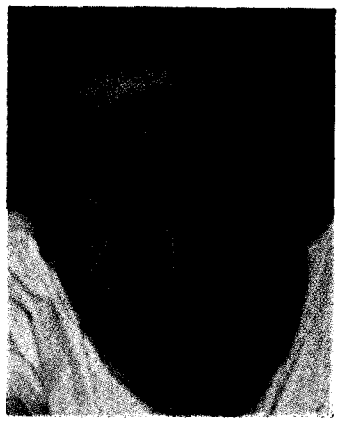
The resolute Arabian face: The Arab of today is convinced that Americans and Jews have destroyed the unity of his lands and people.



The Mohammed Ali mosque in Cairo: A worshiper faces Mecca, the sacred city of Islam and the center from which his world draws its strength.

"THE ARAB'S HATRED OF THE JEW REMAINS UNWAVERING"

It was high noon in Bethlehem when photographer John Bryson and I were there, after completing a reporting tour of duty throughout the Middle East. The tourists had left the candle-lighted gloom of the Church of the Nativity to swarm into the little souvenir shops on Manger Square, where they bought camels and Wise Men carved out of olive wood, rosaries made of olive seeds, crowns of thorns, and post cards, in memory of their visit to the place where Christ was born.

Around the square at little sidewalk tables old Arabs, their dark, hawklike faces shrouded under white headcloths, sat sipping their cups of bitter coffee flavored with cardamom seed. Nearby a young Arab student listened to a small transistor radio. From it came the strange wailing cry of a muezzin, broadcasting from Jerusalem, calling the faithful of Islam to noonday prayer.

Quietly the young guide translated: "'God is most great! . . . There is no God at all but Allah. . . . I testify that Mohammed is the Messenger of God. . . . Come to prayer. . . . Come to prosperity.'" And then the Lord's Prayer of the Moslems: "'Praise be to Allah, Lord of the Worlds, the Beneficent, the Merciful. Owner of the day of judgment, Thee we worship. Thee alone we ask for help. . . .'"

The wailing call died away, and a newscaster came on, his voice sharp with excitement.

All the serenity with which he had heard the prayers had gone from the young Arab's face as the newscast ended. He had, instead, the despairing, disbelieving look of a man who has just been stabbed.

"Syria," he said, his voice shaking, "has broken away from Egypt. The republic is finished."

"Was Syria your country?" I asked him.

"Syria is my country," he answered bitterly. "Egypt is my country. I am a Jordanian and a Palestinian and an Iraqi. I am all of these, for I am an Arab."

There in the sunlit square of Bethlehem, the hopes and fears, the loyalties and the hatreds, the unity and the disunity that seethe and surge in that segment of the Middle East that lies between the Tigris and the Nile, had shown suddenly for a moment in clear outline. The voice of the muezzin, speaking Arabic, and the prayers that he uttered represent the great unifying forces—a common language and a common faith—which give to all the Arab world a sense of brotherhood and the vision of a common destiny. To these must be added a common memory of greatness, of the time a thousand years ago when Arabs ruled the world from India to the Pyrenees, and Arabic philosophers, poets, astronomers and mathematicians carried the lamp of knowledge into the intellectual darkness of the lands beyond the Mediterranean.

The young student's proud assertion, "I am an Arab," reflects the conviction held throughout the Arab world today that the time has come at last for Arabs to unite again in one great nation which can take its place, strong, free and independent, on the stage of the modern world. To him the United Arab Republic had been the first step toward that goal, and his angry outburst expressed the hurt and disappointment which he and millions like him felt when Syria's secession brought the stark realization that the hatreds and the distrusts which have divided the Arab nations are still more powerful than the elements which unite them.

The Arab is like other men, however. In times of crisis and failure he looks desperately for a scapegoat. "It is you Americans who have divided us, you and the Jews," the young student said angrily, snapping off the radio.

This attitude warps and poisons the Arab mind today, and we as a nation must recognize it in all our dealings with the Middle East. The Arab's hatred of the Jew is implacable and unwavering, made more bitter by the fact that ethnologically they are brothers—Semites claiming a common ancestor, the prophet Abraham. The Arabs are equally convinced that the western powers, now represented by the United States, have planted the state of Israel in the heart of the Arab world solely for the purpose of weakening and dividing the Arab states.

It is futile to argue with him or his fellows that American support of Israel implies no malice toward the Arabs, but stems, rather, from a deep compassion for a people who, having been savagely maltreated throughout history, at last have established a homeland in which they hope to live free from fear. It does no good to recall that the first seeds of Arab nationalism were sown by Americans nearly one hundred years ago, when Presbyterian missionaries at Syrian University, now the American University of Beirut, taught the explosive doctrines of independence to Arab students from all over the Middle East. It is useless to point out that there is no logic whatsoever in the view that Israel's presence in the Arab world serves to divide Arabs against each other, for one emotion which all Arabs share is the conviction that Israel is an enemy who must be destroyed. Nor can he be persuaded that the United States, out of its own selfish interests, would very much like to see a strong, unified, and independent Arab state established peacefully and without political chaos. Only in this way can we be assured that the oil of the Middle East will keep flowing to our friends in western Europe, that our ships will freely transit the Suez Canal, and that Russia will continue to be denied dominion and control over the great land bridge that links Europe, Asia and Africa.

"We are not deceived by words," an Arab nationalist told me angrily. "We know that the Israelis are your proconsuls here, and that you must keep us weak and quarreling. For you know that, once we are strong and united, we will drive them into the sea."

The anger and anguish that the Arab intellectual and the Arab peasant felt when the news of the Syrian revolt came out of Damascus last September was far different from the joyful emotions which stirred the capitals where the Arab leaders sit. Instead of sorrow there was jubilation in Beirut and Baghdad, Amman and Riyadh, when the news came over the radio that President Gamel Abdel Nasser's northern province had severed its ties with Egypt. This meant that a mortal enemy had suffered a crippling, if not fatal, blow.

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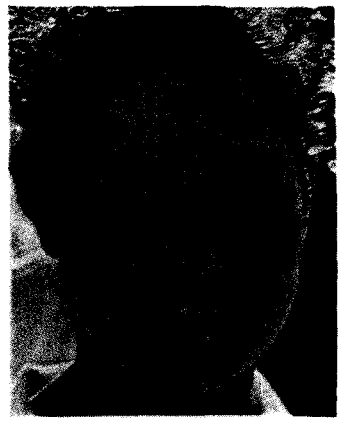
The face of young Israel: Nearly all her life she has heard the clangor of war with the Arabs, who believe that Israel must be destroyed.



Compassion in an angry land: A Canadian U.N. soldier in the Gaza Strip comforts a Bedouin child, whom U.N. doctors had treated for burns.

"ONLY ISRAEL HAS ANY HOPE OF A MIDDLE EAST COALITION"

To the Arab intellectual, of course, Mr. Nasser had his flaws. An Egyptian, it was hard to look upon him as a true Arab; for the Arab, with his nomadic tradition as a wanderer and a warrior, looks upon the sedentary, peace-loving Egyptian as a softer breed of man. But Mr. Nasser had not behaved like an Egyptian. He was a strong man and a leader, and around him shone an aura of power and success. After all, he *had* defied the West by seizing the Suez Canal, in retaliation for our refusal to build the Aswan Dam. He *had* persuaded the Russians to build the dam and to arm his air and ground forces. Then, to prove that he was no man's lackey, he had jailed the Communists in Egypt and sternly rebuked Mr. Khrushchev when he protested. He had behaved like a true Arab—proud, independent, defiant of all who might seek to control him—and he was still the strongest voice crying out for the triumphant, united "Realm of the Arab" which the *Koran* had promised.

To the hungry Arab peasant, herding his goats on the Jordanian hills or tilling a field in Iraq eroded by 3000 years of cultivation, the voice of Mr. Nasser was the voice of hope. The land reforms, tax reforms, and socialization of industry which he had imposed upon his docile Egyptians, held out the promise of a better life to poor Arabs everywhere. To the Palestinian, gnawing his heart out in the refugee camps of Lebanon, Jordan, Syria and the Gaza Strip, Mr. Nasser's threats against Israel offered the glittering hope that someday he could go home again.

Arab political leaders saw Mr. Nasser in a different light. To them he was a modern Pharaoh, clutching for power, seeking to establish throughout the Arab world, through revolts and assassinations, the kind of police state under which Egypt was ruled. By setting the people against their rulers, he was not the architect of Arab unity, but the instrument of Arab division and distrust.

The leaders had strong reason to hate and fear him. From a gilded tower in Cairo that stands higher than the pyramids, his state-controlled "Voice of the Arabs" radio had heaped vilification upon each of his neighboring chiefs of state, urging their people to rise and overthrow them. The Iraqis, being men of violent nature, had heeded the call to violence. In July of 1958 they had killed their young king, Faisal II, his family and his prime minister and had dragged their bodies through the streets of Baghdad. The net gain to Mr. Nasser was nil, for the pro-Nasser colonel, Abdel Salam Mohammed Aref, who engineered the bloody coup, was soon replaced by Brig. Gen. Abdul Karim Kassem, who felt that he, not Mr. Nasser, should be the one supreme ruler of the Arab world. At the time of the coup in Iraq, Mr. Nasser's nationalist minions were also stirring up trouble in Lebanon, so endangering the government that the U.S. Marines were sent in to restore order; and in Jordan, British paratroopers were moving in to protect King Hussein from another pro-Nasser plot.

It was the second time in two years that Hussein had had to call for outside help to save his throne from Mr. Nasser's nationalists. In 1957 the U.S. 6th Fleet had maneuvered ominously in the Eastern Mediterranean, bolstering Hussein as he quelled a pro-Egyptian revolt. In August of 1960 the conspirators were still at work in Jordan. A bomb exploded in the office of Hussein's prime minister, killing the minister and eleven others, and the assassins fled to refuge in what was then Mr. Nasser's Syria.

It was little wonder then that Syria's revolt caused glee in King Hussein's Amman, in Kassem's Baghdad, in King Saud's palace in Riyadh, and in the ministries of Beirut, where shrewd, sharp-trading Christian Lebanese feared any coalition of Moslem power. In Ben-Gurion's Israel, the news of Syria's defection was received with mixed emotions. It is an uncomfortable feeling to have two sworn enemies on one's flanks. It is even more uncomfortable when those enemies are united under one government. The Israelis know that, so long as the Arab states remain divided, there is little hope that they can ever come to an understanding with their Arab neighbors. The ruler who even hinted that he might be willing to treat with Israel would be killed, as in 1951 Hussein's grandfather, King Abdullah, was murdered at his prayers because he was thought to be soft on Israel.

Israel's only hope for peace therefore lies in the eventual formation of an Arab government strong enough to face realities and to talk of peace in the face of fanatical opposition. On the other hand, a united Arab nation might not wish to negotiate. Burning with the desire to avenge the defeats that Arab troops have suffered each time they met the civilian armies of Israel in battle, a strong Arab nation might make a determined onslaught on Israel.

Thus the defection of Syria left the Middle East as shaky and as explosively dangerous to the peace of the world as it has been since the end of World War II, when the British pulled out of Palestine and the French departed from Lebanon and Syria. They left a hatred of the West as their heritage. They left the time bomb of Israel ticking. And they left the Arab nations to work out their own destiny in an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust.

The prospect that some form of Pan-Arab union can be achieved without violence and bloodshed seems, at the moment, remote. The observer, looking at the Arab world today and trying to predict what may happen there, is in the position of a seismologist peering at a great range of volcanic mountains and trying to guess which smoking cone will explode first. In Saudi Arabia, dissidence is growing among the princes; all over the Arab world political observers predict a blood bath there—to be followed by a revolt of young, educated Saudis who are determined to seize the government from the oil-rich sheiks. In Jordan, a game little king with the courage of a grizzly bear sits on a powder keg. One third of Hussein's kingdom, which survives today only through our financial support, is made up of tribesmen of Bedouin descent, who are fiercely loyal to him. Two thirds are Palestinians, one half of whom are embittered refugees who still look to Mr. Nasser for salvation. The Palestinian looks upon the Bedouin as a

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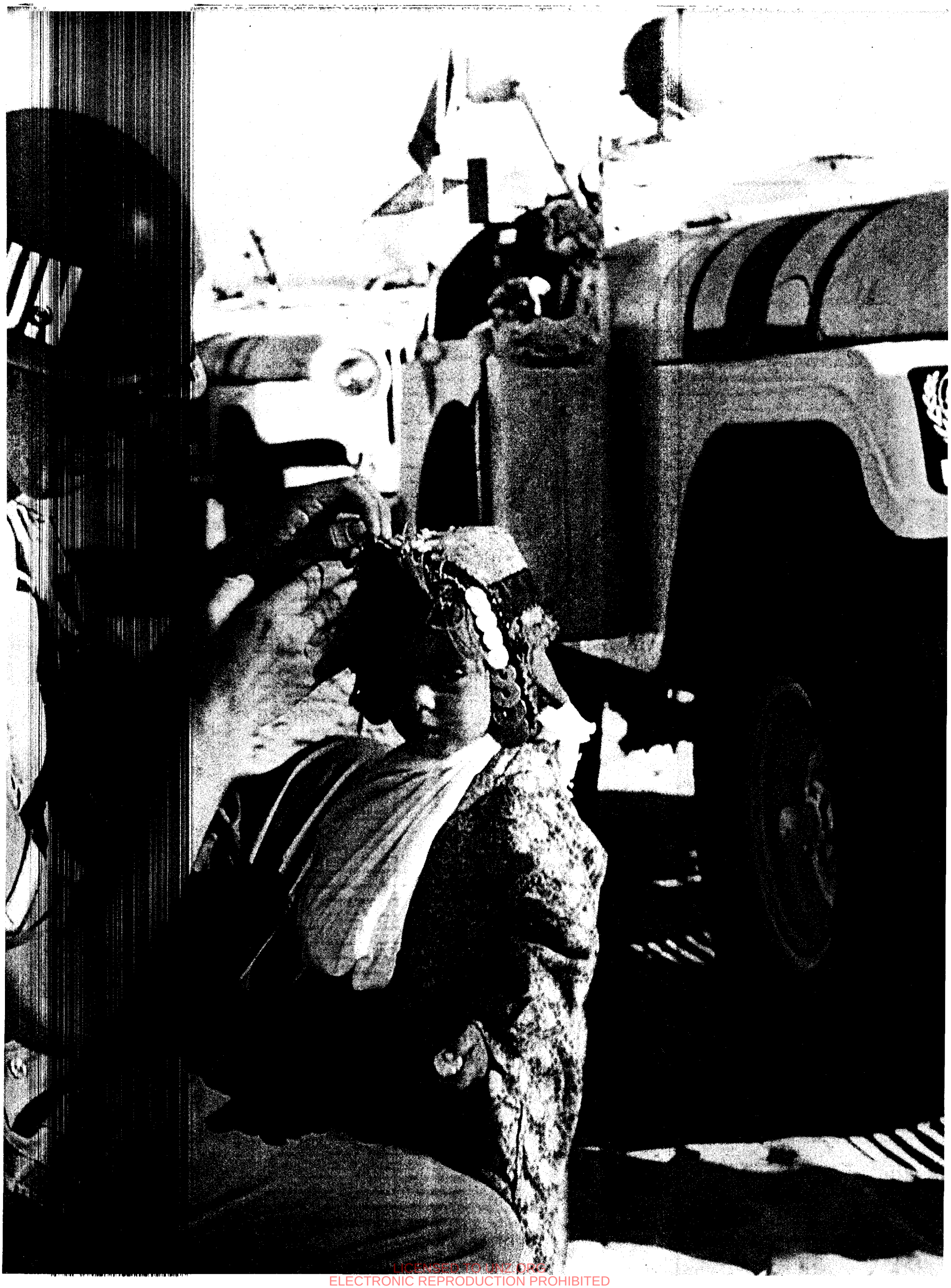

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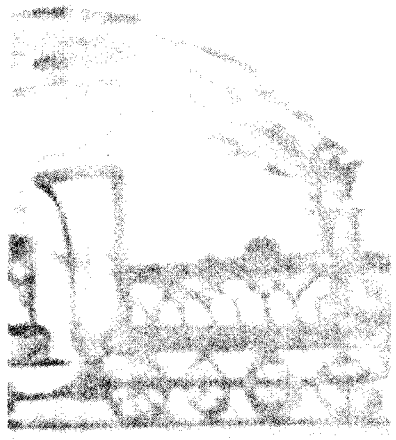
The face of the Arab peasant: He looks hopefully toward Nasser's promises of prosperity through land reform, waiting, uncertain of his fate.

Ancient customs in a changing land: Moslem women at an Egyptian village well. Behind them, a mural of the landlord's trip to Mecca.



"TO THE LEAN ARAB PEASANT, NASSER'S VOICE WAS HOPE"

shiftless vagabond. The Bedouin looks upon the Palestinian as a soft, effete city slicker whose word cannot be trusted. Palestinians outnumber the Bedouins, but the Bedouins hold the places of power in government, and they make up the rank and file of the best of the Arab armies, the Arab Legion.

So long as the army remains loyal, Hussein is as safe as any Arab leader ever is who must live under the constant threat of assassination. Western diplomats believe that, if he can survive another five years, he may be safe from internal revolt. By that time, they believe, the great plans now under way for irrigating the desert valley of the Jordan River, for building factories to remove valuable minerals from the brine of the Dead Sea, and the road-building projects which are opening up the country will have created a viable economy in which Bedouins and Palestinians alike can prosper.

In Lebanon the problem is not prosperity, but politics. Beirut, the Lebanese capital, is the busiest city in the Middle East. Saudi and Kuwaiti oil money pours into it to construct new office buildings and handsome apartment houses on the bare, skull-like hills above the sea, and trade is brisk in the ports from which the Phoenician galley sailed. The well-to-do from all over the Middle East come to Lebanon as wealthy Europe goes to the Riviera. There they loll in the warm waters of the Mediterranean, ski on the mountain slopes and build themselves lavish villas on the hills overlooking Beirut, where the lights of the gambling casinos glow with neon in the darkness.

"We'd swap all our oil," a Saudi sheik said, sighing enviously, "for the climate of Lebanon, the culture, the food, the music, the bright lights and the freedom."

All this glitter, unfortunately, is built upon a shaky base. Of the 1,500,000 citizens of Lebanon, a little more than half are Greek, Armenian and Arab Christians. The rest are Moslems. By reason of better education, greater talents and greater energy, the slim Christian majority holds precarious control. The Moslems suspect that an honest census would show that they, instead of the Christians, are in the majority. The Christians privately admit that this may be so. The Christians have been migrating by thousands to the western world. The Moslems stay at home and breed. Peace is maintained because both Moslems and Christians are internally divided. The Moslems are Sunni and Shia, rival sects who find it difficult to make common cause. The Christians are Maronites, Greek and Armenian Orthodox, Greek and Roman Catholics, and Protestants, mainly Presbyterians, all of whom view their fellow Christians with suspicion.

"Lebanon," one observer said, "is not a country, it is a business. The only thing that holds these people together is their single-minded devotion to trade. In this, Christian Arabs and Moslem Arabs are alike. They are Arabic in blood, but not in their hearts. They don't really want to be a part of a unified Arab nation. They just want to sit here, as they've done forever, trading with all who pass, under as corrupt a government as any that ever existed in the Middle East."

In Kuwait the problem is not politics, but prosperity. The ruling sheik, Prince Abdullah as-Salim as-Sabah, is a wise old Arab who is well aware that his sandy principality, so small, so weak and so rich, cannot long survive unless it finds a way to make some valuable contribution to the standard of living of its poorer neighbors in the Arab world. Up to now the Kuwait sheiks have used much of their nearly $400,000,000 a year in oil revenues to provide schools, hospitals, clinics, roads and housing for the nomadic tribesmen and the thousands of other Arabs who have swarmed there. Now, with all the welfare-state facilities the country needs, either built or on the drawing boards, the Kuwaitis are seeking to spread their riches around. They are sending well-trained teams of investigators into other countries to seek worthwhile projects which Kuwait money might finance.

As a robed Kuwaiti sheik put it, sitting cross-legged and barefoot in his office chair, "We want to serve the Arab countries as the United States, through ICA, has served the rest of the world. We want to establish our own Point Four program."

Shakiest, perhaps, of all the governments, but one that has survived for three years despite predictions that it would soon dissolve in bloody revolution, is that of Iraq under Faithful Leader Abdul Kassem. Politically it is a clumsy police state, governed by a strange, dreamy-eyed man whom foreign observers consider to be slightly daft, but who has shown an amazing genius for political survival. Economically it is going rapidly downhill. Under the murdered King Faisal and his tough old prime minister, Nuri Said, Iraq was making greater progress than any other country in the Middle East toward providing a better life for the hard-pressed peasant. Under U.S. technical guidance, the bulk of the country's oil revenues of some $250,000,000 a year was going into big dams, roads, irrigation systems, education, health and support of land reform.

Today, though some progress is being made in health, education and land reform, most of the population is still hungry, ignorant and riddled by disease; and a frightened Kassem is spending his oil money on Russian arms. His survival problem is made more acute by the presence in Iraq of a large and truculent non-Arab population, the Kurds, who, in their mountain fortresses, have long dreamed of joining their Kurdish brothers in Iran, Turkey and the Soviet Union in an independent Kurdish state. This dream of separation from the government at Baghdad is secretly supported by the Russians. Periodically Mr. Kassem must send his Russian-made planes and tanks to put down a Kurdish revolt. Then with vast illogic he announces that he has foiled a plot by U.S. and British oil interests to overthrow him.

"This, of course, is idiocy," one western observer said. "It is to the oil companies' interest to keep the wells flowing, and this is impossible when there's fighting around the oil fields. Admittedly, we could bear with fortitude the news of Kassem's overthrow. The chances are, however, that he'd be replaced by somebody worse."

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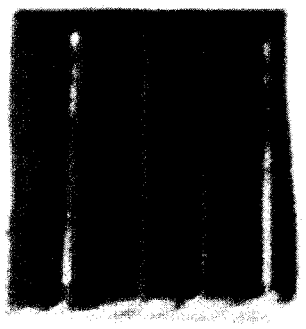

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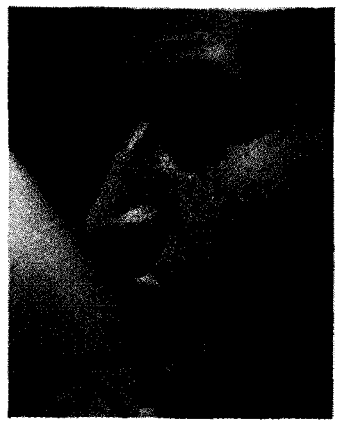
The face of the future: A student at Beirut's American University, where young Arabs first learned "explosive doctrines of independence."



Egypt, land of shifting political patterns. Here, resurgent nationalism may destroy the perilously balanced Arab-bloc alliances

"WHAT CAN THE U.S. DO TO KEEP PEACE IN THE MID-EAST?"

The possibility seems unlikely that any lasting confederation of Arab states can be formed until Kassem departs from history's stage. Long before Syria had broken away from Egypt, Kings Hussein of Jordan and Saud of Arabia, though their fathers were mortal enemies, were discussing the possibility of forming some sort of confederation between their two countries, Kuwait and Iraq. The idea was that such a coalition could eventually draw Syria away from Nasser, thus leaving Egypt isolated in her far-off capital on the Nile. This scheme, was, in a sense, leaping to avoid Mr. Nasser's frying pan and falling into Mr. Kassem's fire; and nothing came of it. Now that Syria is free, there will be further efforts to form such a coalition in which Syria would be included, leaving Iraq and Egypt isolated on the flanks of an Arab heartland. In order to checkmate this move, Mr. Kassem is now earnestly wooing Syria.

To the non-Arab observer, any peaceful union which could bring together for the mutual good of all Arabs the oil riches of Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, the business acumen of Lebanon, the fierce energies of the Palestine refugees in Jordan, and the potentially rich and under-populated agricultural lands of Syria and Iraq, would in time become a strong and prosperous state. To this coalition Jordan could also contribute the spiritual and financial drawing power of one great treasure shared by Moslems, Christians and Jews alike—the Holy Land—the world's greatest tourist attraction.

If to such an Arab state could be added the brains and vision of Israel, contributing the scientific techniques by which she turns dry deserts into blooming gardens, the poor, eroded, drought-stricken Arab countries might again become as productive as the Fertile Crescent of ancient times. Only the Jews, however, have any hope of such a coalition; and they are implanting the idea subtly and by indirection by sending teams of scientists into the underdeveloped countries of Africa.

"We are trying to demonstrate," a Jewish spokesman said, "the kind of contribution we could make to our Arab neighbors if ever we could work with them in peace."

In the present mood of the Arab countries, that time is still far off.

What happens next in the Arab world depends to a great extent on Mr. Nasser. Like camels scenting the approach of a sandstorm, the other Arab leaders are craning their necks, peering nervously toward Cairo, awaiting Nasser's next move. Will he abandon his ambitions to lead a Pan-Arab state and concentrate instead on the vast projects which are afoot in Egypt? He could profitably do so. His land reforms are making progress; farms are being divided among the fellahin; agricultural banks are being set up; deserts are being irrigated; swamp lands are being drained and cleaned of salt, and the nationalization of Egypt's industry is getting under way. But his police state is becoming entangled in its own red tape, and on the lower bureaucratic levels his government is as corrupt as it was under King Farouk. A strong hand is needed to straighten things out.

Now that the financial burden of Syria is off his back, will he push his efforts to become a power in the great black continent to the south? Already Egyptian imams are moving about in the newly formed African states, spreading the religion of Islam, and from his limited supply of technicians Nasser is sending what experts he can spare to help his African friends. Will he step up his campaign to extend Egypt's influence into Africa?

Or, as is more likely, will he make some bold foray against Israel, in a dramatic effort to recapture his lost prestige among the Arabs? Will he, as the Palestinians have urged, send thousands of unarmed refugees—men, women and children—marching into Israel from the Gaza Strip, thus forcing Israel and the world to seek some solution to this fifteen-year-old problem? Or, more dramatic still, will he send his bombing planes on a ten-minute flight to smash Israel's huge atomic reactor on the dry plains south of Beersheba? The Israelis claim that in this plant they are working to develop a reactor which will operate on unenriched uranium derived from Dead Sea phosphates, a scientific breakthrough which, if achieved, would benefit all the world. The Arabs, however, are convinced that it is an A-bomb factory, and the very fact that it is there terrifies them.

The final question is: What should the U.S. do in the dangerous years ahead to try to keep the peace in the Middle East? The answer at the moment seems to be: Nothing, other than what we have been doing. Our goals are still the same—to keep the oil flowing, for without it western Europe cannot survive; to keep the Canal open; to prevent the creation of a political vacuum into which the Russians could move in force. We have tacitly accepted the fact that the Arabs are determined to be neither pro-U.S. nor pro-Russia, but pro-Arab. Even so, we can continue to offer friendship and aid to those who wish our help. We can continue to support the UN agencies—UNRWA, which feeds the refugees, UNEF, which guards the explosive border between Egypt and Israel, and UNTSO, which in Syria, Jordan and Lebanon sits in judgment on the border violations which threaten to flame into war.

"If we can just keep them from fighting," one American said hopefully, "maybe in a few years the old hatreds will begin to die down and some sort of stability will come."

Maybe so. But many an old hand in that part of the world is dubious, for he remembers the story of the frog and the scorpion. The scorpion, wishing to cross the Nile, begged the frog to ferry him across on his back. The frog refused.

"No," he said. "When we are in mid-stream you will sting me, and I will drown."

"That is illogical," the scorpion replied. "If I sting you, we both will drown."

So the frog agreed and the scorpion climbed on his back. Halfway across, the scorpion stung him.

"I told you so," screamed the dying frog. "You've killed us both. What is the logic in that?"

"Who thinks of logic?" said the drowning scorpion. "This is the Middle East."

THE END

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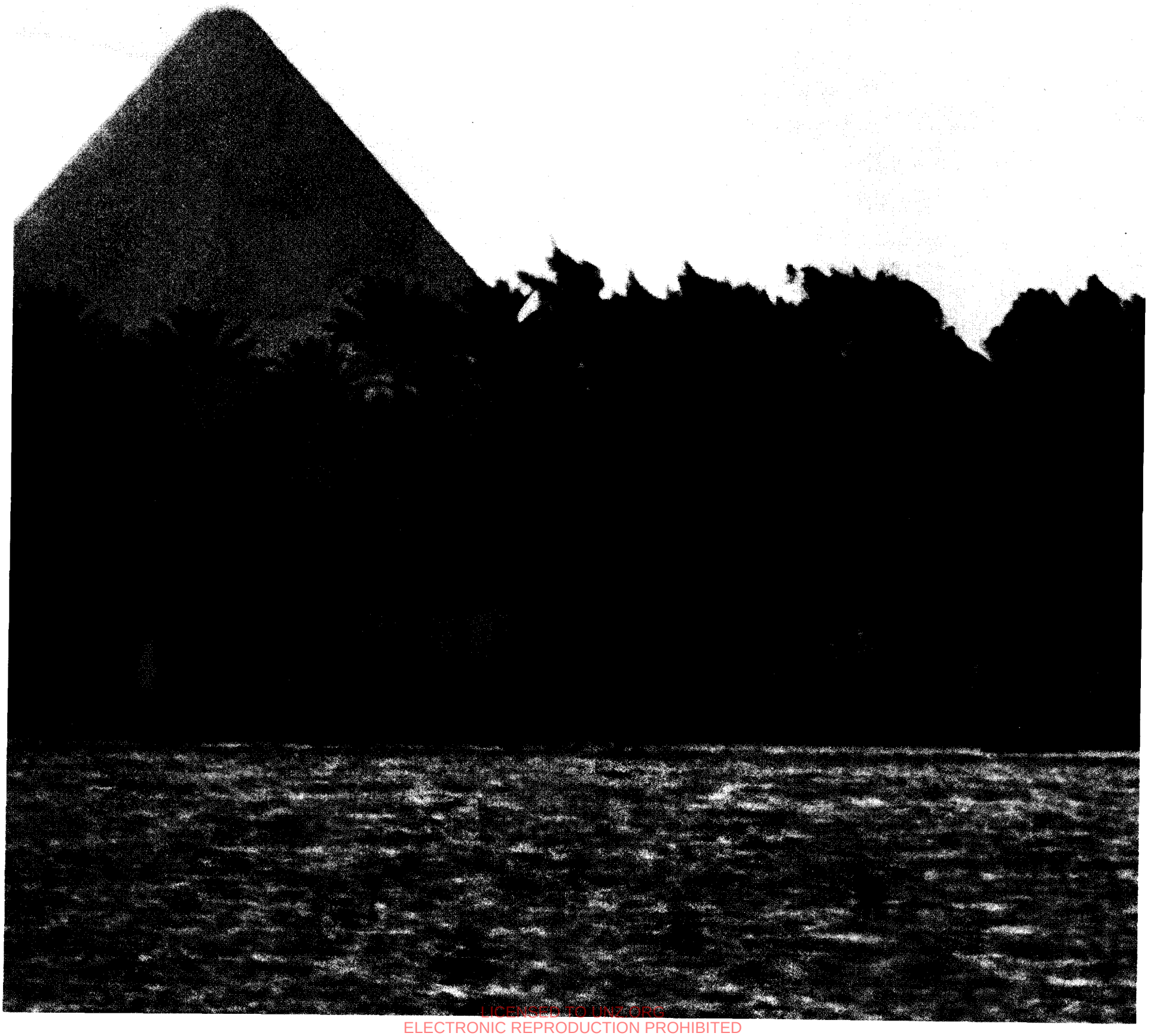

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night off

a new story about high-tension linemen on the loose...by William Wister Haines

Every so often a lineman had to go to town. Dave was ready, and he could detect symptoms in Hook. Good pole buddies were sensitized to more than each other's working habits. The vitality that erected hundred-foot steel towers and strung high-tension transmission lines across a blazing desert liked voltage in its recreation.

This awaited them in the oasis nearest the construction camp. The Bijou, Bar-Grill, Dance Hall and Palace of Chance, Ladies Welcome Too! offered hospitality of an exuberance that sometimes extended to justice court and county jail. Memory dimmed this feature as it brightened the others, but it dictated a certain delicacy in broaching the subject.

For Dave and Hook, intimacy complicated deception. In the rangy resilience of their young manhood, in outlook and temperament, they were nearly twins. The contrast between Hook's Black Irish coloring and the Scot's blue and yellow of Dave only masked a deeper identity. Dave was pondering oblique approaches when he found his partner scowling over the little town's weekly paper. "Box supper Saturday at the church," Hook said. "You want lightning to strike it?"

"We'd meet some nice girls. It'd be a change."

"Nice girls don't change," observed Dave. "They got just one idea, and it ain't for us."

"Someone sent us this paper; 'public invited.'"

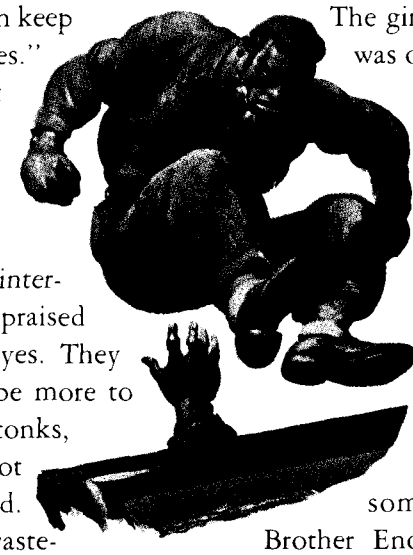
"Church suppers, you praise the fried chicken and wind up pushing a baby carriage. The Bijou turns a man loose when he's broke."

"'Free lemonade. Games,'" Hook read placidly. "And the wedding will be in the spring?"

"We could compromise," Hook considered. "Supper first. There's special doings at the Bijou Saturday night too. New hostesses and a new bouncer, claims he can keep the peace in all circumstances."

"Maybe we are getting stale out here," Dave conceded.

"Why didn't you say so?" inquired Hook gently.



Saturday night, from the intervening mountain pass, they appraised valley and village with new eyes. They had known that there must be more to this community than honky-tonks, jail and the whistle-stop depot where tower steel unloaded. Now, in contrast to the arid wasteland it centered, the valley showed a multicolored splendor of lights more revealing than neons. They saw thrifty patches of alfalfa, wheat and barley, silvery irrigation ditches, stately borders of pepper and eucalyptus. These enclosed a serenity of broad streets, emerald lawns, white houses and a sturdy little church, with a larger one under construction beside it, far from the echoes of the juke boxes.

"Took guts," Dave acknowledged.

"The old bouncer had guts." Hook was baiting him.

"Their folks"—Dave ignored it—"drove wagons through two thousand miles of Indians to make this stick."

"You gotta make sacrifices—for free lemonade," Hook rejoined blandly.

"You were the one who wanted a change," Dave retorted.

Their first encounter with the new environment was not a total change. They had met the snowy-haired Brother Enoch in his lay capacity as justice of the trigger-tempered county. As presiding elder of the church he extended a leathery palm under a penetrating smile. "Delighted to see you gentlemen *here*," he said dryly.

In the bustling hospitality of snowy tabl cloths above a green church lawn, he e: panded casually. The lemonade was free. F the supper voluntary donations to the buil ing of the new church would not be resiste Hook was peeling a generous ante from t kitty when Dave felt the premonitory ting of emotion surcharging the soft evening a

The girl extending the donation b was of classic beauty, from demu ankles under a long whi skirt to golden braids pil high above a perfect profil A flush of color and a lur ing merriment in her grav downcast eyes attested a fen inine awareness of h effect upon Hook. As hastily doubled the ant her gentle voice needl Brother Enoch. "We hop some linemen would come.

Brother Enoch's old eyes looked fro her to the linemen. "Customarily, gentleme before presenting strangers to our maide we introduce Brother Japheth. Ah, here he is

One glance at Brother Japheth explain the protocol. He looked as if nature had be deflected, in the last second, from building mountain. It would have tired some men walk around him. His legs took the ear like native cedars, his girth had their majes spread, tapering up to arms that hung li gin poles below an undersized head. Ho and Dave were sizable men. Brother Japhe was a monument to human potential an *momentarily, its good nature.* "I like friend fellows," he smiled. "Meet Sister Sarah."

Dave could only hope that Hook's gogg eyed preoccupation with Sister Sarah was n blinding. Brother Japheth would be slow;

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would also be as nearly indestructible as a mortal can be. With protocol satisfied, Sister Sarah relinquished the collection box to other hands and took the linemen firmly into her own. Rapidly they met a succession of sisters, every one of whom would have been a beauty in any gathering where Sister Sarah was not. All had the same willowy figures under long white dresses, flawless skin and bewitching contrast of innocence and elemental femininity. "It's time we met you linemen," said Sister Naomi.

"We've seen you, climbing," said Sister Ruth.

"Heard you too," Sister Rachel giggled.

"You never come to church!" said Sister Sarah.

Looking around, Dave thought they deserved reproach. It had put Hook on the defensive. "We don't know anyone there," Dave said. "You know those hostesses at the Bijou."

"Do they come to your church?"

"Of course. Everyone who wants to comes to our church. They're very nice, but what have they got that we haven't?"

It would have made an exhilarating topic, a little farther from Brother Japheth. For the moment Sister Sarah forestalled it by addressing the smiling behemoth. "They're softened up," she said.

Brother Enoch fell in beside them as the linemen responded to the gravitational pull that marked all of Brother Japheth's motions. Instead of the street, however, they were marched through the side lot to the skeletal framework of the new church. "Girls opined you could advise us," said Brother Enoch.

Bewilderment ended with the linemen's first scrutiny. The talents and industry of this church were rearing a larger one, an edifice of dignity and grace, symmetrical in proportion and awesome in a height that lifted to the evening skies like aspiration itself.

Its noble height was their trouble. Its structure was the beautifully grained wood of the nearby mountains. The climactic perfection was the rooftree, a ninety-foot beam of heart cedar, felled and trimmed and shaped and polished with devoted hands.

Anxiety for its integral beauty as well as modesty and inexperience had prompted the churchmen to seek knowledge beyond their own for the precarious task of raising it. Strictly speaking, this was not linework. In a larger sense it was the essence of it, the matching of human strength and skill to the domination of high places. The challenge would have softened up Hook and Dave without the admiration of the maidens, the deference of their hosts.

"Let's see your blueprints," said Dave. "And a tape," said Hook.

Brother Japheth produced both from a toolbox and resumed a respectful silence as the linemen conferred. Any fool could scaffold and jack this monster into place with enough expenditure of time, material and falsework. These churchmen and their maidens were not fools. They had known there were better ways; they had known how to find them; they knew how to listen, attentively, through the staccato interchange of the captivated linemen.

Conventional derricks or cranes were out; nothing within five hundred miles would lift such a weight so high. Similarly the existing framework would not safely sustain improvised derricks or gin poles until the earthbound rooftree itself unified rafters and bearing frames with its own consolidating strength. Between the linemen hypotheses sparked, flowed, surged and then soared on aroused imagination.

"We could lace up two towers right in here——"

"Foot 'em with pencil bars, slings and ——"

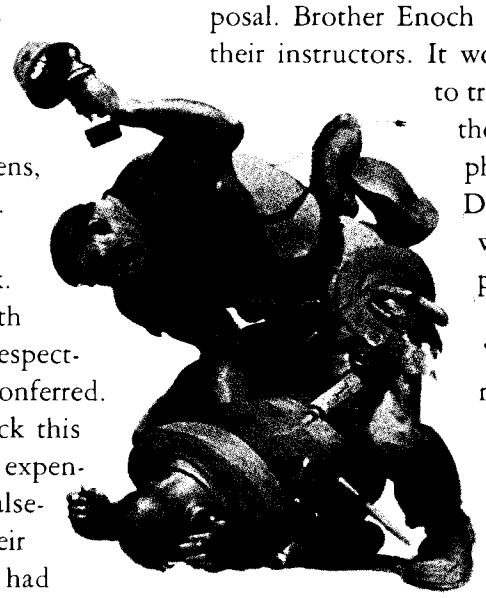
"Snatch-block winch lines out to tractors ——"

"Chain gin poles far enough up the legs ——"

"*Is* a different language," said Brother Enoch.

"She'll go up, easy as prices," said Dave.

Reversing a blueprint, he sketched on the back of it, letting Hook lecture as he worked. The depot accumulated prefabricated steel towers faster than the company could truck them away and erect them. It would gladly lend enough steel for such a brief and worthy use. The rest should be easy for men ingenious and determined enough to have brought their own structure this far. "Or"—Sister Sarah's rapt attention had lowered Hook's guard—"get you a couple of kegs of beer, and we'll bring in the boys come Sunday and ——"



Silence closed forgivingly over that proposal. Brother Enoch coughed and thanked their instructors. It would not be necessary to trespass on good will or the Sabbath. Brother Japheth agreed and tapped Dave's sketch. "Men who call themselves professional riggers could follow that?"

"Riggers wouldn't need it," said Dave. "Linemen handle cross cages heavier than that beam this way."

"Would you explain this to our riggers?"

The churchmen, he amplified, had foreseen difficulty with the rooftree. They wanted no accidents to sadden a work of love. They had negotiated in a distant city, expounded the problem and equipment available with scruple. Six riggers had agreed to come and do the job for round-trip transportation and substantial advances on a scale of pay that lifted the linemen's eyebrows. The riggers had arrived tardily, scrutinized the problem, drawn up prohibitory demands for the importation of derricks and retired to the Bijou, on pay, to await their arrival. "They wouldn't even try?" Hook was scandalized.

"We reluctantly opine," said Brother Enoch, "that these are not men of stable character."

The riggers had exacerbated patience beyond their tardiness, indolence and a transparent instinct for extortion. Their expensive idleness at the Bijou was passed in the consumption of intoxicants. To the indignant maidens of the church they had permitted themselves a freedom of speech that had required remonstrance. "Only once." The corporeal mountain was meticulous.

"How come you don't remonstrate, once, about their goldbricking?" grinned Hook.

This expedient had been rejected by conscience. The churchmen's acknowledged inexperience had been helpless before the riggers' glib refuge in numerous technicalities of hazard and safety. "We don't speak their language," said Brother Enoch.

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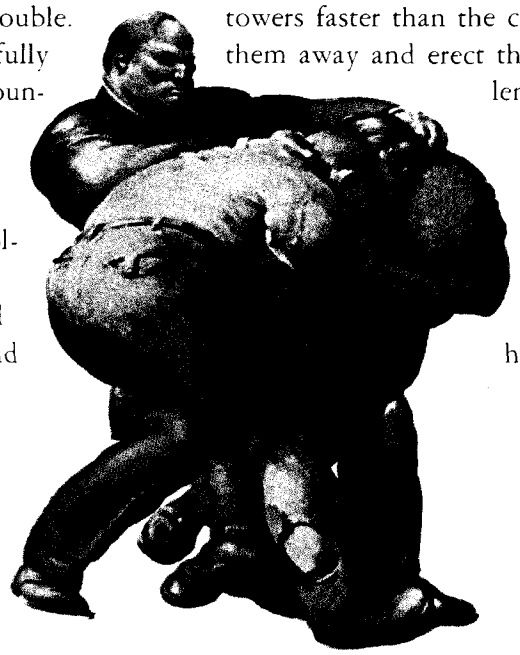

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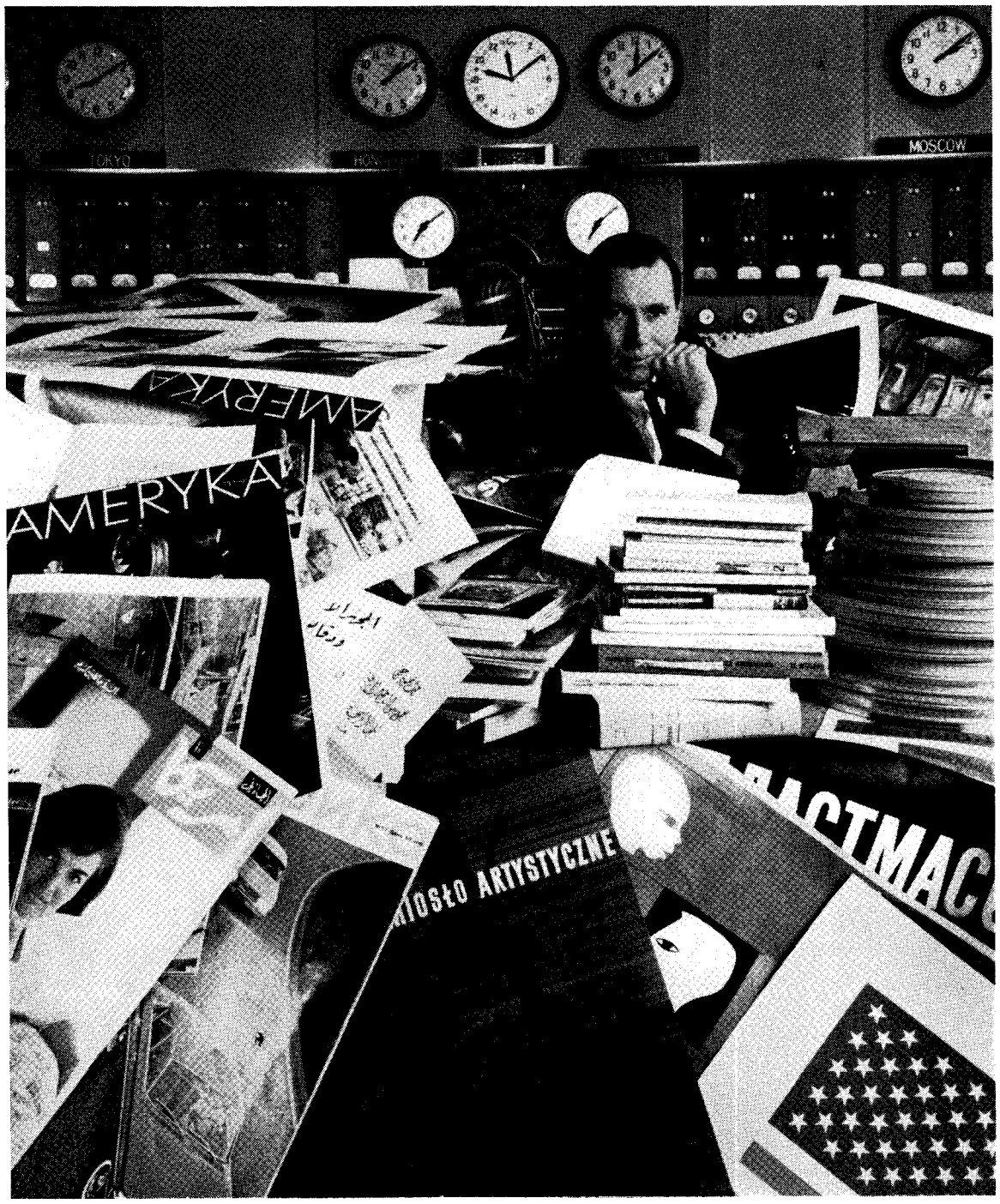
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Spokesman for America: With a torrent of truth, Donald Wilson, 36, deputy director of the U.S. Information Agency, fights a global battle against Red lies While his boss, Edward R. Murrow, handles policy and politicians, Don directs programs to build understanding of the U.S. around the world. Two projects absorb Don now: "We must distribute more low-cost books in local languages," he says, "and we need to improve America's relationship with foreign labor leaders and students, two important levers of power." Murrow admires the way his second-in-command gets things done. "Don's got a healthy impatience with muscle-bound bureaucracy," says Murrow. Reared in New Jersey, Don was a B-17 navigator in World War II, later became a reporter. He covered the wars in Korea and Indochina, was chief Washington correspondent for *Life* when, in 1960, he joined the Kennedy campaign as a press aide. "What attracted me," he says, "was Kennedy's desire to wake Americans up to world problems." Don is married, has two children, plans to run for office eventually. "To be happy," he says, "I must be in the stream of the events of my time." PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT PHILLIPS

Student Star: Rehearsing the role she dreams of someday playing, Joan van Ark, 18, shouts a bold line from *Saint Joan*, the story of the French saint whose name she shares. Like George Bernard Shaw's heroine, Joan is more than willing to buck odds to achieve her goal: "I want to be an actress, the best there is." Will she make it? "The question," says one of her professors at Yale Drama School, "is not *whether* Joan is going to Broadway, but *when*." He remembers others such as Julie Harris and Paul Newman, whom Broadway snatched from his classroom. "She has a natural timing," says another faculty member, "a quality that can't be taught." Accepted by the graduate drama school without having gone to college, a rare achievement, Joan is the school's youngest student. She took up acting four years ago to soothe an adolescent ache: "The other kids were grouping up," she says, "and I wasn't in it. So I began pouring my emotions into the Boulder (Colorado) community theater. Before I knew it, I had parts and was part of the group too." She wowed Denver audiences last summer as Annie in *Annie Get Your Gun*, had scarcely unpacked her bags at Yale last fall when she won the lead in the year's first production. A local reviewer praised her for "restraint and an obvious feeling for what is good theater." Serious about acting, blond, green-eyed Joan doesn't take herself too seriously. "When I'm not in a play," she says, "I get so miserable, I figure I need either a new part, a new boy friend, or some chocolate cake." PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

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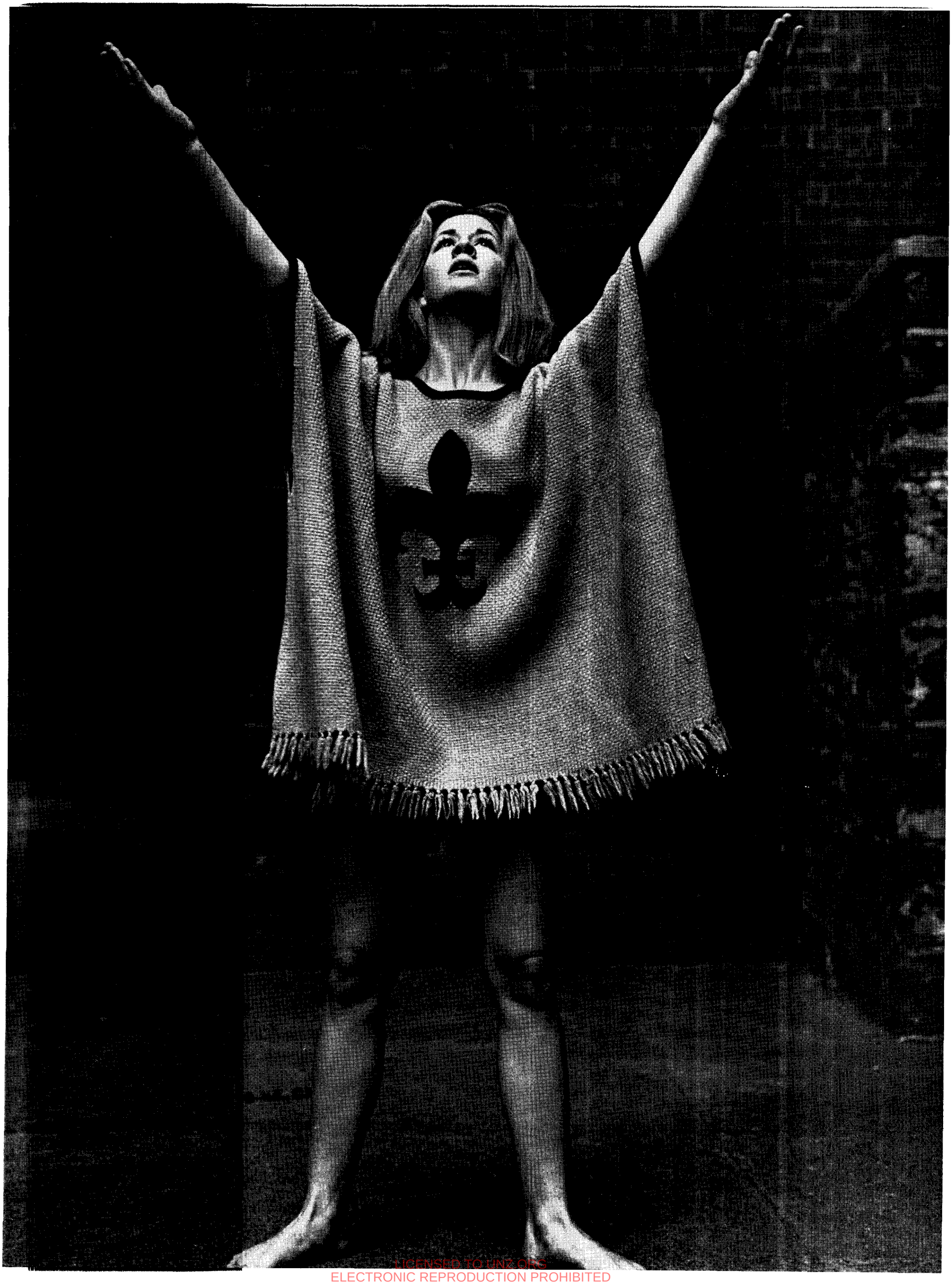

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Panama's Hostess: Among the tropical delights awaiting visitors South of the Border is petite Irma Arango, 24, Panama's dynamic tourist-bureau director. Aiming to make tourism Panama's No. 1 industry, she touts her country's attractions up and down the hemisphere, luring conventions and vacationers. "In a job that's been little more than a political plum," says one observer, "Irma stirs up action." Rejecting the traditional role of an idle upper-class *señorita*, Miss Arango at 19 went to work as a secretary. In 1959 she became a model in New York, quit to produce and star in a TV fashion program in Panama, was appointed tourist-bureau chief in the fall of 1960. Working un-Latinlike hours—7:30 A.M. to 7 P.M. ("No time for siesta")—Miss Arango, who lives with her parents in Panama City, has a bedroom equipped with outdoor balcony, a boon to guitar-playing suitors. About her favorite serenader she says, "Is possible we get married, but I am in no rush. I have work to do for Panama." Much of that work is to promote Panama's mammoth Carnival of the Americas, to open in March. Says superhostess Arango: "We are inviting the whole world."

PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY KEIGHLEY.

Zoo Boss: Pitching titbits to hippos is largely a lark for Bronx Zoo director William Conway, 32. As boss of the country's largest zoo—and the second-biggest in the world—Conway is responsible for, among other things, the diets of more than 3000 specimens, but frets more about the beasts' housing than their feeding. "Zoos shouldn't be penitentiaries," he says. "We want to get rid of the wires and bars between the animals and the people." In Conway's Bronx Zoo of the future, animals and birds will be exhibited together in unfenced areas resembling their native habitat; penguin-house visitors will be greeted by blasts of antarctic air and recorded sounds of wintry gales. Zoologist Conway was a butterfly collector at age four—"and I never grew up." At twelve he began taking unusual frogs and snakes to the St. Louis Zoo for identification, at fourteen visited the Bronx Zoo. Enchanted, he determined to work there one day. In 1956, with a B.A. in zoology from Washington University and zoo-work credentials from St. Louis and Colorado Springs, he got a job as associate curator of the Bronx Zoo's bird collection. Five years later he became zoo director. Conway occasionally goes on expedition in search of bird and beast, but lives most of the year alone in his Yonkers bachelor apartment, without even a pet to share his lodgings. "An apartment," insists animal-expert Conway, "is no place for animals."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY DANTZIC.

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Arthur (The Professor) Duffy, a manager of fighters, gazed without joy upon the standard appointments of McCooley's Midtown Gym. There were a training ring of regulation size, punching-bag facilities, some canvas-covered mats for calisthenics and, not surprisingly, an enduring aroma of the body beautiful, which clung in all seasons with the grip of a deep tattoo. It was not dissimilar to fifty other sweat emporiums the professor had come to know in a lifetime of marketing the strength and skills of men more brave but less shrewd than himself.

"Well, Arthur," the little man standing next to him said, "like I mentioned earlier, what do you know?"

"I know the boxing commissioner is very sensitive in this state," Arthur said, "and I can't afford to be seen with a known crook."

The little man smiled. His name was Boots, and it was easy to believe that he had once been a well-known jockey. He was not much bigger than a thirty-cent cigar.

"We can talk in the dressing room, Arthur."

"Talk about what?"

"How you could turn fifty dollars into a couple of grand for the price of a phone call." The little man looked at his watch. "We've still got seven minutes until posttime at Valencia Park."

"Please," Arthur said, "get lost."

"The horse's name is Sweet Salute," the little man said softly.

"And my name is Sweet Georgia Brown. Don't bother me."

"Arthur, I'm doing us both a favor. If you don't know a bookmaker in this town, you can phone New York for $1.20."

Arthur did not reply to this, nor did he glance at the form sheets Boots held up in front of him. A Mexican boy with a flat nose and a muffin ear came out on the floor of the gymnasium and began to throw short busy punches at the air. The training ring was empty at the moment, and its velvet-covered ropes hung slack. Other hopeful warriors appeared. One of them, a welterweight, began to punch the light bag smartly. Most of them just bobbed and weaved and moved around like the Mexican boy, their soft shoes raising a mixed and steady rhythm. *The merry meatballs*, Arthur thought. In his heart he hated them all.

"There's about three minutes left before posttime," Boots reminded him. Arthur, who was not one to bother with the subtle courtesies, left Boots standing there. He entered the small dressing room where Soldier Fresno, a shop-worn heavyweight, was stretched in sleep on a rubbing table. The Soldier, a gentle soul with the homogenized profile of a hamburger bun, had once been a fearsome man in the ring. Eating and sleeping were his only real enthusiasms now. Arthur looked at him with loathing before nudging him.

"Get up!" Arthur said, but the Soldier remained at quiet rest. "On your feet, ya slob!" Arthur said more forcefully. The door opened then, and soft string music walked into the room with Boots, who carried a tiny transistor radio in one hand.

"Too late to call your bookmaker now," Boots told him resignedly, then gazed at the slumbering bulk of Arthur's gladiator. "How is the Soldier these days?"

"He's alive an' breathin'," Arthur said, "but you can say the same thing for an acre of beets."

"You're so sentimental about it. When does he fight next?"

"Tuesday night at the local arena. Ten rounds with Buster Bigelow."

"How do you think he'll make out?"

"He'll make out like General Custer," Arthur said blandly. "He'll get killed." Arthur noted Boots's expression then. "What's the matter? Is he a friend of yours?"

"Not personally, Arthur, no. He doesn't know me, but I must have seen him fight ten or fifteen times in the old days. He was a great one when he had it."

"So were they all," said Arthur. All were great—when they had it."

The radio music stopped abruptly then; and as Boots turned the volume higher, a metallic voice made an announcement, "In the first race at Valencia Park, off and running at one-sixteen, Eastern Standard Time—the winner by seven and a half lengths, Sweet Salute. Target Bright was second, and Molest Me Not was third."

The soft string music was resumed. Arthur looked accusingly at Boots, who was gazing thoughtfully at the radio in his hand.

"Why didn't you say that the race was rigged?" Arthur demanded.

"The race wasn't rigged," Boots said *Continued on Page 48*

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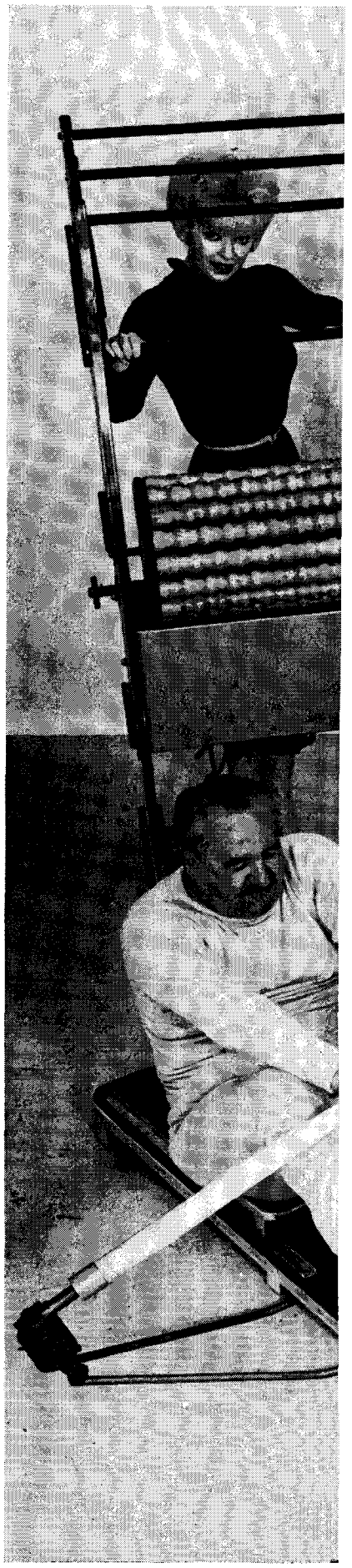
Left: Revlon's New York salon offers luxurious beauty treatments, including baths in circulating water, but no promises to cut off ugly, unwanted pounds.

Illusions of Reducing

What you should know about costly, often ineffectual methods of doing away with extra pounds.



By STANLEY FRANK

Woman, bless her romantic heart, often envisions herself cast in roles ranging from a distaff Doctor Schweitzer to a sultry creature with more suitors than the heroine of *Forever Amber*. One aspect of the fantasy never changes, however; she always is slim as a sylph.

Illusions can be a girl's best friend, but they are no consolation when she turns blue in the face trying to squeeze into today's slinky fashions and compact cars. America's intense preoccupation with weight is nothing short of a social—and business—phenomenon. We are spending nearly $1,000,000,000 a year to combat excess poundage, most of which could be curbed by observing a few simple rules for sensible eating and exercise.

Retail sales of diet formulas and appetite-depressing products amounted to $170,000,000 in 1961—four times the total in 1958. Another $125,000,000 was spent last year for exercising gadgets bought primarily to fight off obesity. But these substantial sums are a pittance compared to the hauls made by the beauty salons, gymnasiums and health clubs.

Five years ago the revenue from weight reduction and figure control was negligible in the beauty-salon industry. Today it represents 10 per cent of the $3,000,000,000 grossed annually. Facilities range from elaborate layouts occupying entire floors of posh hotels, where shedding ten pounds is as expensive as a Caribbean cruise, to suburban setups peddling treatments on vibrating machines at two dollars a visit. The gymnasium, once as free of females as the bachelor party, now caters to a predominantly feminine clientele. Women, as a matter of fact, spend 85 per cent of the money shelled out for reducing treatments.

In a tour of the dream world where optimistic matrons hope to be recast into lissome maidens, I explored the most elegant beauty salons and the grimiest gyms. The most reputable establishments, I observed, make the fewest promises to customers. In fact, many top houses don't offer reducing courses.

"Weight reduction is strictly a medical problem that should be handled by doctors," said Mrs. Iris Segal Heller, vice president of the Antoine de Paris salons, the largest beauty-salon chain in the country. "A beautician who says massages, steam baths or exercises will take off weight is stealing a family's meat money.

"The Revlon company, the smartest merchandisers of cosmetic aids, just opened the fanciest salon of all time. Charlie Revson [Revlon's president] is as fond of a buck as the next guy, but he turned thumbs down on a reducing department after he looked into the situation."

Mrs. Heller exaggerated slightly the lavishness of Revlon's New York salon. The place is merely the most rococo shrine of instant allure since the fall of the Byzantine Empire. The décor is described as Venetian-Pompeian, an anachronism that gives no one pause. A foot bath twenty yards long receives scented water sprayed from a fountain caressed by colored lights. Male hairdressers clad in austere black suits contemplate coiffures with the gravity of surgeons planning lobotomies. If the ordeal shatters madame, she can relax with a bubble bath in a marble tub big enough to accommodate the Green Bay Packers' backfield. Attendants shudder delicately when gauche customers address them in English. Even clods should know that only French is spoken in a classy joint.

The chi-chi glamour is laid on with an implacability that is amusing—until the bill is submitted. The house special, a one-day overhaul called "the works" and embracing everything from a hair-coloring and restyling job to a pedicure, costs $250. The only item a customer might associate with weight reduction is the ten-dollar massage, and Mrs. June Amos, the resident masseuse, quickly sets them straight on that score.

"Massages," says Mrs. Amos, "are good only for toning up the muscles and stimulating the circulation of blood. They have no value for taking off weight."

Virtually the identical statement was made by Charlotte Hess, head of the body-culture department at Helena Rubinstein's salon on Fifth Avenue. Miss Hess, a superbly built, five-foot blonde who holds degrees in psychology and physical education from the University of Vienna, declares, however, that exercises do improve posture and co-ordination. "American women are built better than Europeans," she says, "but they don't look it because their posture is bad. That's the result of their appalling physical inactivity."

Some firms offer to solve figure problems by spot reduction—concentrating on one troublesome bulge. The American Medical Association branded this a racket in the May 14, 1955, issue of the A.M.A. Journal:

> There is no physiological basis for the assumption that spot reduction is possible and no clinical evidence that this ever can be accomplished. Only through continued perseverance in a general weight-reduction program can the individual hope to affect these areas. . . . The patient should be advised against trying the various mechanical devices advertised widely and without any real justification as spot reduction aids.

The A.M.A. article raised a point that has plagued women since the invention of mirrors. Suppose a gal lives on birdseed for months and her *derrière* is still too ample. What can she do about it?

"Resort to surgery," says Dr. Herbert Pollack, associate professor at the N.Y.U. School of Medicine and a leading authority on nutrition. "All other measures are lost causes if a woman is past forty-five. If she is less than thirty-five and has folds

Photographs by Ormond Gigli

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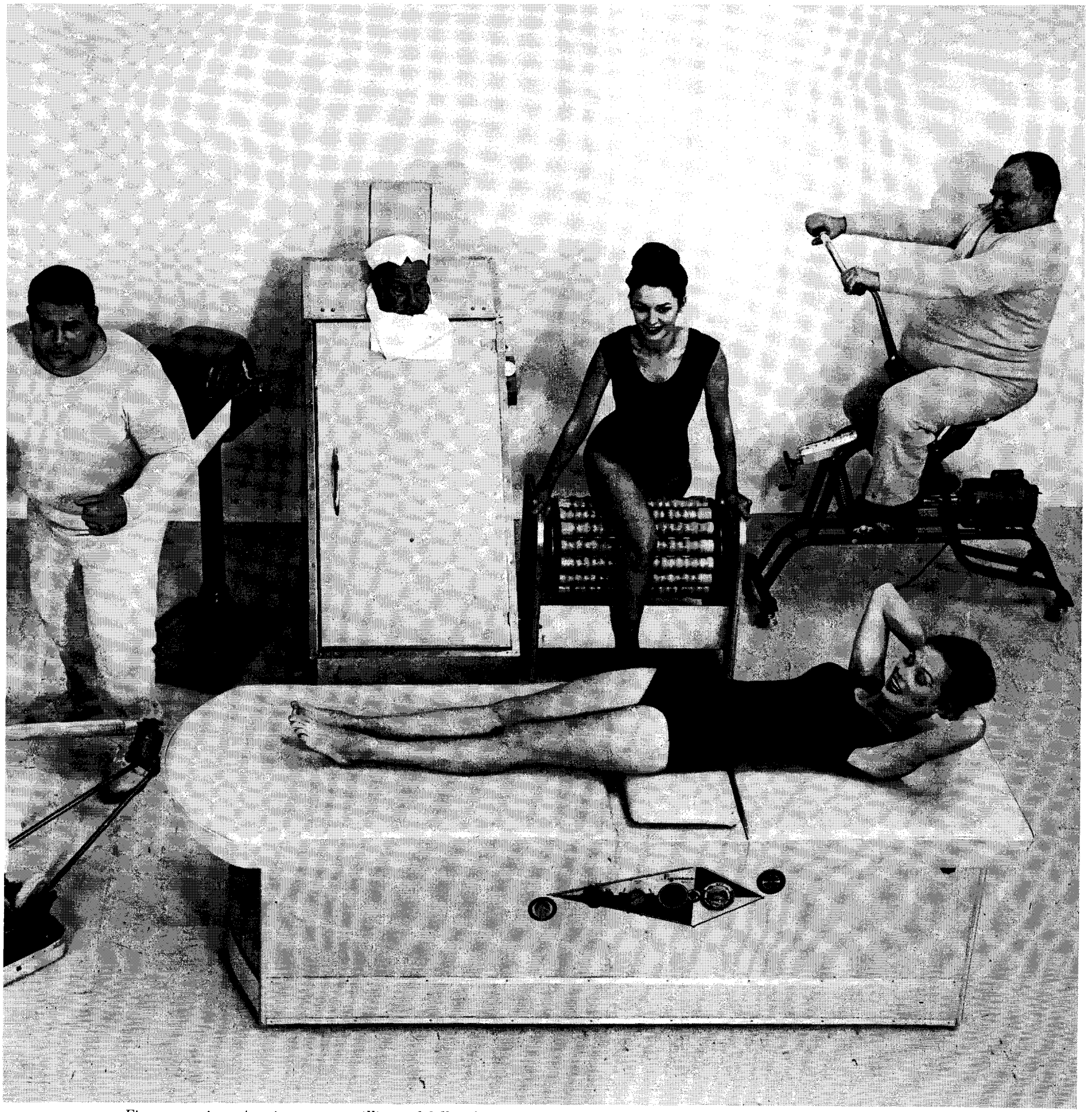

Figure-conscious Americans spent millions of dollars last year on machines for exercise, massage—or just plain sweat.

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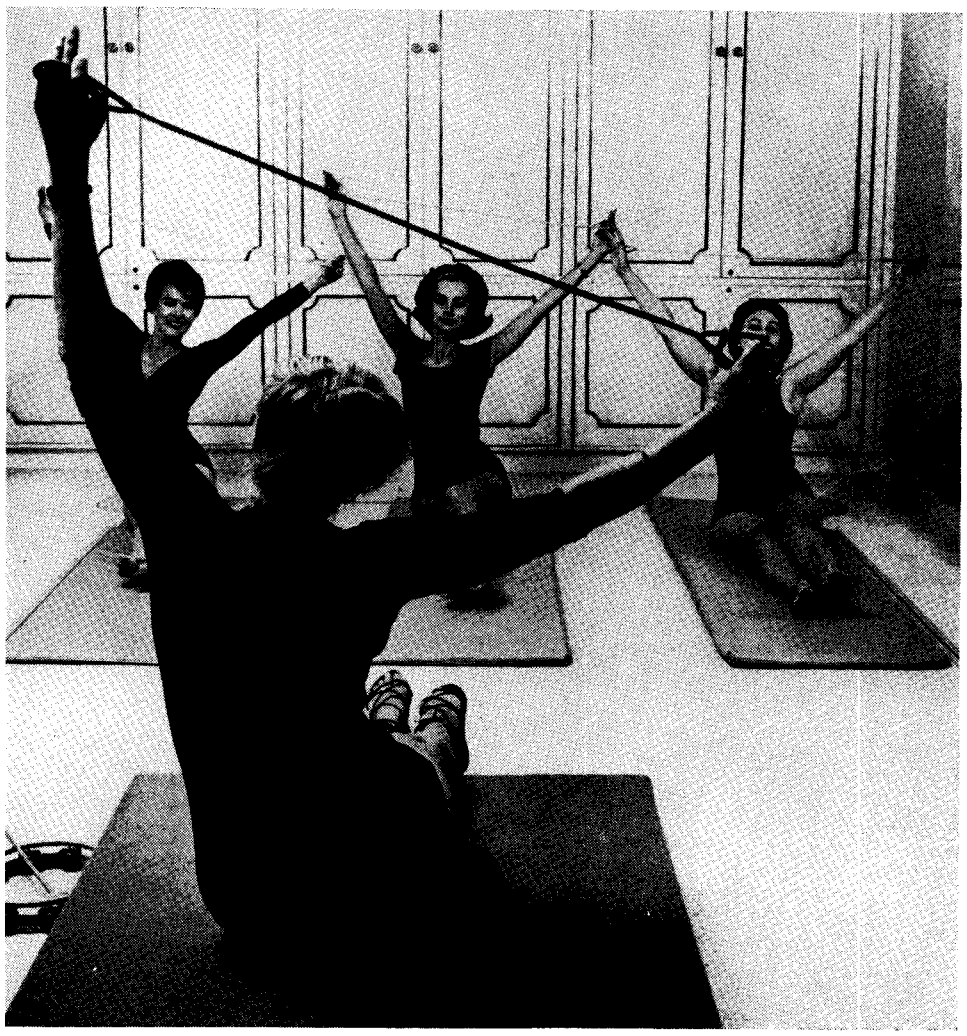
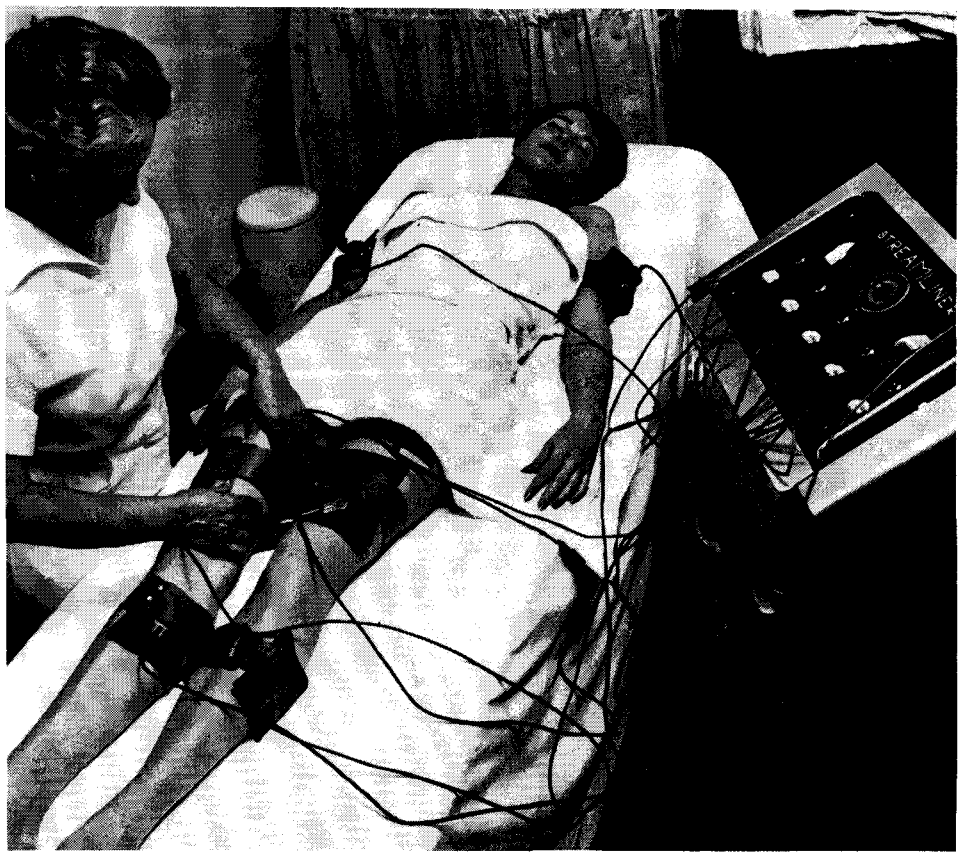


Charlotte Hess of Helena Rubinstein shows how to use the "Beauty-Stretch" rope for toning muscles. She urges exercise for good posture, not reducing.



Rubinstein salons claim no miracles for the spot-reducing machine shown here. For clients seriously seeking to lose weight, they plan diets and exercises.

REDUCING

of loose skin after an over-all reduction, massage may tighten up the muscles, but there is no guarantee of it. The best way to cope with fat deposits is to avoid getting them in the first place."

As the poets have observed, nature bestows her favors capriciously. Contour-control specialists thrive on thin girls who have not been endowed with abundant bust measurements. Miss Hess was asked how she treats such cases.

"If I could make the bosom bigger, I'd be so rich I wouldn't talk to Doris Duke," she said. "It simply cannot be done because there are no muscles in the breasts. A small bust can be made to look slightly fuller by developing the chest muscles. That will raise and firm up the bust line, but it requires an awful lot of time and hard work."

A branch supervisor of a nationwide chain of health clubs answered the same question with a glib sales pitch. "Our series of special exercises will increase the bust two inches in two or three months. We've done it for thousands of girls."

"Do you mean you can broaden the chest two inches?" I asked.

"No, I mean two inches are added to what goes into the brassière cup," she said. "There's no earthly reason why a girl who is flat upstairs can't have a lovely figure."

The leading mass merchandiser of the Body Beautiful—upstairs and downstairs—is Vic Tanny, who has sold nearly 2,000,000 memberships in his health clubs in the last twenty years. A visit to his Park Avenue office in New York began with underlings conducting a tour of the premises to exhibit evidences of the master's aesthetic sensitivity. I was informed that he had designed the furniture and selected the décor, a claim that could be accepted readily. In Tanny's sanctum the red and gold chairs, glass tables and a bar upholstered in white leather were of a period best described as Miami Flamboyant.

When, after a suspenseful wait, forty-nine-year-old Tanny bounded into the room as lithely as a panther, my first startled impression was that he had forgotten to remove the coat hanger from his jacket. His incredibly broad shoulders made him look like a caricature of a model for one of his see-what-exercise-did-for-me ads. He exuded vitality and good cheer. And small wonder. Formerly a junior-high-school teacher in a suburb of Rochester, New York, he now enjoys such cozy comforts as a Rolls Royce and a fifty-five-foot yacht.

These blessings flow in roundabout fashion from a New York State weight-lifting championship Tanny won in the 1930's. He opened a gym to capitalize on his biceps, but it failed. ("I was fifteen years ahead of my time.") Tanny launched another physical-culture venture in 1940 at Santa Monica, California, on a $200 bank loan. Profits were meager until he latched onto the weight-control game a dozen years ago. In 1949 Tanny had two gyms. In 1956 he had twenty-eight. Today he has eighty-eight and is grossing $35,000,000 a year. He expects to have about 150 gyms before the saturation point is reached.

"Everybody harps on reducing caloric intake to cut down weight," Tanny told me, "but it's a scientific fact that exercise burns up calories. I give my clients a schedule of exercises that strike a balance between the consumption and expenditure of calories."

"That's not what doctors say," I cut in. "They contend that in a few hours a week of calisthenics, and exercises on the machines you use, you don't consume enough calories to reduce weight without dieting."

He dismissed the argument with a wave of his hand. "Doctors who prescribe diets have a good thing going for them. It's a cinch they'll oppose an idea that threatens their income. Diets are fine, but how many people stick to them? Then there's the beauty angle. A woman on a strict diet gets a dried-out look that robs her of sex appeal. Exercise makes her bloom, and I've proved it takes off weight."

"Do you have records to substantiate your claims?" I asked.

"We know from experience that clients average a loss of ten pounds after twelve visits spread over thirty days. It's possible for an extra-heavy person to lose fifteen pounds during the same period."

"Without dieting?"

"Yes, except for a few common-sense rules for avoiding rich foods. It's tough going the first two weeks, but after that the progress is geometrical, not arithmetic [sic]." The phrase fascinated him. "The progress is geometrical. What's the procedure? When a woman registers, we take her measurements to see where she needs special attention. Then we make up a combination of seven basic exercises to work off fatty tissues. They're usually around inactive parts of the body."

He regarded me speculatively. "You don't look overweight, but the chances are you're carrying too much heft in some spots." He reached out suddenly and squeezed a roll of suet on my side. "See!" he cried triumphantly. "Nearly everybody is fat there because the muscles are rarely used. How often do you bend all the way over to the side? If those muscles are exercised, the body will absorb the fat. That goes for any overweight area. It's just a matter of application."

I visited one of Tanny's busiest branches immediately after I left his office. The setup, in the basement of the Shelton Hotel, had all the charm of a tool foundry. It comprised cramped locker rooms for men and women and two separate gyms, each about forty by thirty feet, equipped with weight-pulling and vibrating devices.

In the men's section the overwhelming majority of patrons were young men whose activity was confined to lifting bar bells and staring admiringly at themselves in mirrors lining the walls.

"Are these physical-culture nuts here for anything except to get muscle-bound?" I asked the young attendant.

"Don't call them nuts," he said sharply. "Is a guy some kind of a freak if he wants good posture?"

I retired in confusion to the women's section, where the objective of the treatments was more obvious. About a dozen of the larger women—their bulks pitilessly outlined by leotards and tights—were grimly exercising with light weights attached to their arms and legs. Most of the women were surprisingly young—under twenty-five. At least one third of them had trim figures and appeared to devote their time to desultory stretching exercises that required no equipment or supervision. I asked the woman in charge if they were professional dancers.

"Most of them are office workers," she said.

"Why do they come here?"

She shrugged. "For companionship, I guess, or just for the sake of something to do. It's like belonging to a social club."

I pointed to a pretty blonde with an

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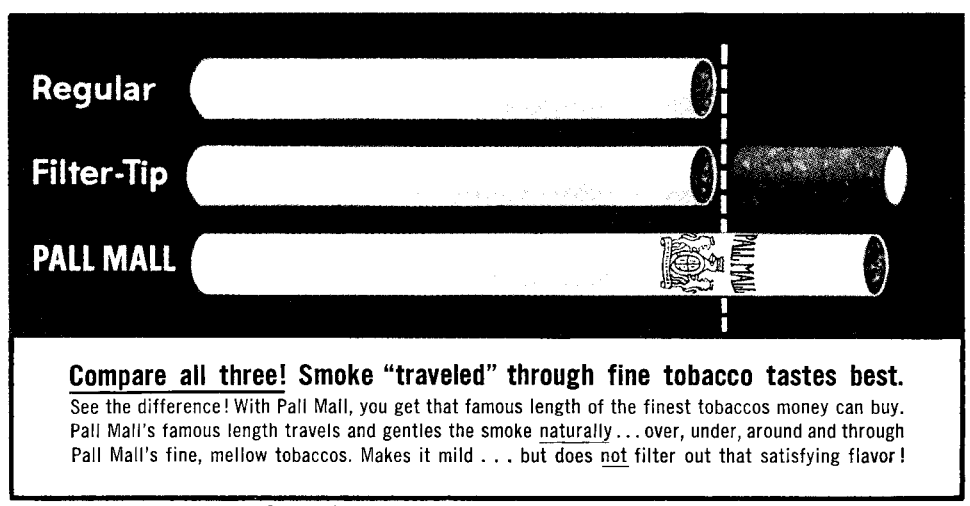

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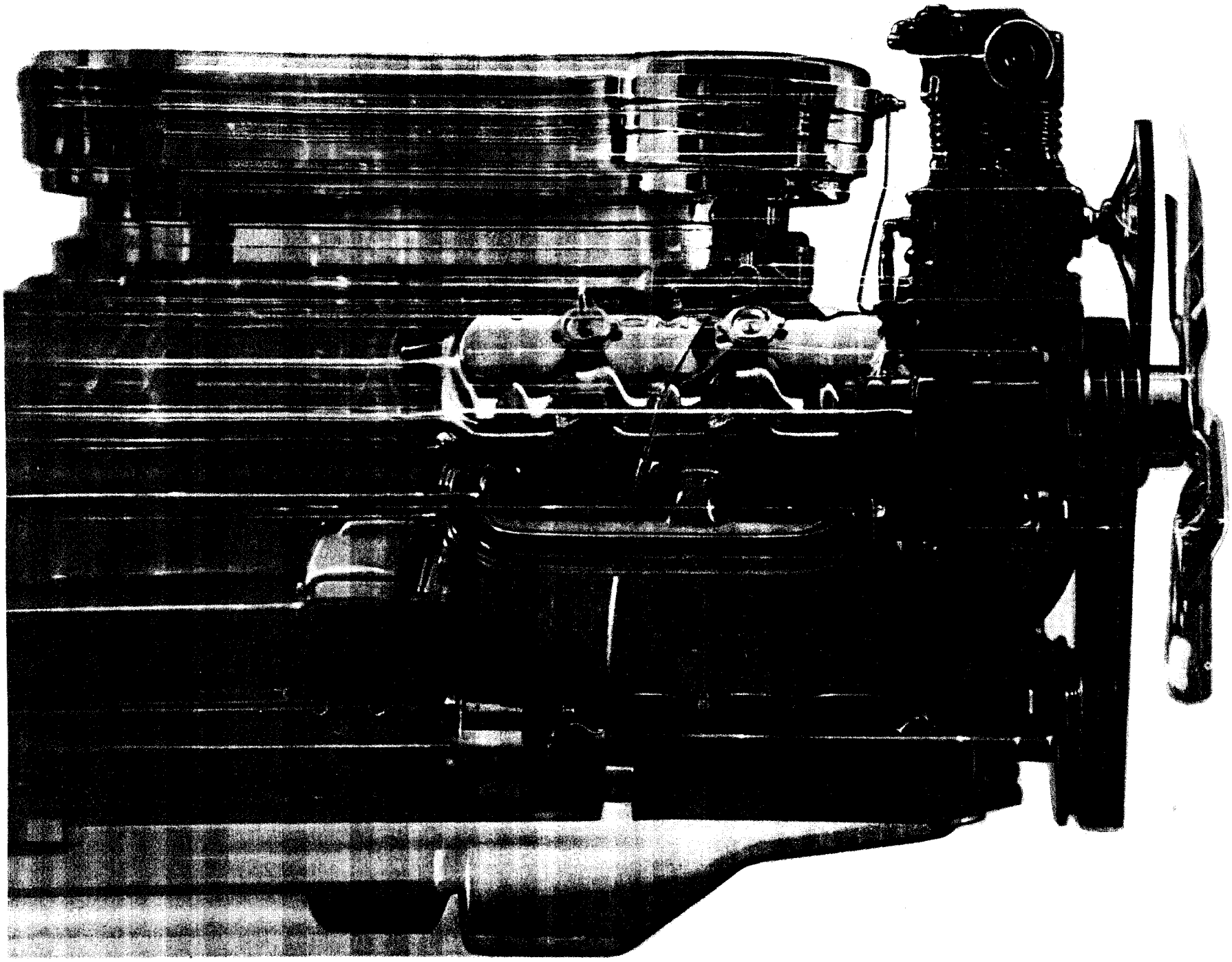

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REDUCING

Dr. Pepi Miller, a psychologist: "A salon is, for some silly, immature women, a substitute for mamma."

Vic Tanny, owner of profitable gyms: "It's a cinch doctors will oppose an idea that threatens their income."

unfortunate caboose. "How long has she been coming?"

"A little more than two years."

I remarked that the treatments didn't seem to be helping her.

"Oh, you should've seen her when she started," the woman said defensively. "She waddled like a duck. She must think we can help her condition, because she bought a life membership when we were allowed to sell it. Now, like most of our clients, she has a seven-year membership."

In July, 1960, fifteen Vic Tanny establishments in New York State signed a code of fair practices which included an agreement to limit membership contracts to a maximum of seven years (cost: $365). The code resulted from a series of conferences between the New York attorney general's office and the Tanny organization, and followed the filing of complaints against Vic Tanny gymnasiums and other health clubs with state authorities. The complaints alleged that the gymnasiums and clubs used high-pressure tactics in selling long-term installment contracts, that salesmen made deceptive statements and that advertising contained misleading promises. Tanny's business was unaffected by the adverse publicity.

The files of the National Better Business Bureau are crammed with reports of rackets and abuses pulled throughout the country by operators in the weight-reducing field. People inquiring about courses are requested to sign guest books which turn out to be long-term, noncancellable contracts. Special facilities promised in ads never materialize. Fly-by-nights go out of business soon after selling life memberships.

In 1959 the American Health Studios, the largest chain of its kind, went bankrupt. And in that same year Slenderella, with 150 branches, filed a petition in bankruptcy for twenty-nine affiliates, after the Internal Revenue Service slapped liens on eighty-six salons for $1,235,000 in back taxes. Most of the salons subsequently were reopened, but the Better Business Bureau soon received reports of additional Slenderella closings.

Slenderella's branch at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue in New York was sealed to me when I tried to get information on its procedure. A Miss Wilson, who was identified as the manager, told me over the phone she would be happy to answer my questions in an interview. When I arrived, Miss Wilson professed ignorance of the company's techniques and referred me to a Miss Ward, her supervisor. Miss Ward subsequently was unavailable. I phoned Larry Mack, the company president, at Stamford, Connecticut, and told his secretary the purpose of my inquiry. She said Mr. Mack was tied up, but promised he would return my call. Mr. Mack has not called yet.

Penetrating that smoke screen was hardly an insuperable challenge. I sent my daughter to the salon to answer an ad offering a special two-week rate of $19.95. When she asked for a demonstration of the method, she was given a thirty-minute hip treatment on a table with a vibrating panel. After her measurements and weight were recorded, the attendant told her that she was about ten pounds overweight and advised seventy-five daily treatments. The cost: $150.

My daughter asked if there was a diet to be followed in conjunction with the treatments, and she was told there was. Breakfast: fruit juice, a slice of toast, one egg and a cup of coffee. Lunch and dinner: one portion of a proprietary formula—approximately 225 calories per meal—which contains most of the elements necessary for a balanced diet. One piece of fruit before retiring. The regimen added up to about 800 calories.

Certain facts are self-evident. A girl who can stay on a daily diet of 800 calories for ten weeks does not need any other treatment to lose ten pounds. She may flirt with emaciation, but won't have to spend $150 to do it.

There is, significantly, mounting opposition to all supervised weight treatments, even those given by doctors, because of the harmful emotional effects they have on women. One outspoken critic is Dr. Pepi Miller, a New York psychologist who has been working for twenty-six years with obese women referred to her by psychiatrists.

"A doctor or a salon is, for some silly, immature women, a substitute for mamma," she declares. "She trembles at the frown of her monitor when the scale goes up a notch, and she's in seventh heaven when she gets a pat on the head for losing a few ounces. Any reasonably intelligent woman should be able to control her weight without supervision."

What about people with glandular disturbances?

"Nonsense. Such cases are so rare most doctors never have seen one. That's the excuse for obesity given by women who overeat out of sheer boredom. I've found that the cultivation of an intellectual interest does more good for a grossly overweight woman than all the salons in the world.

"Most women who keep slim," Doctor Miller added, "are motivated by vanity to look young. This absurd emphasis on looking young is the most shocking thing that has happened in our generation."

Some doctors maintain that vanity is a splendid motive for losing excess bulk, and they wish that men, who are more susceptible than women to diseases aggravated by obesity, were as conceited about their appearance.

In 1959 the Society of Actuaries made a comprehensive study of national weight trends, based on longevity records of some 5,000,000 insurance-policy holders. The principal finding was that far too many Americans—55,000,000—are too heavy for their own good.

That statistic will be challenged by flabby folks who insist their weight is near the average weight listed for their height. The melancholy truth is that the average is too high because it is bloated by millions of overweight men and women.

The alarming disclosures of the actuaries' study prompted the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company to develop a new concept of "desirable" weight, geared to small, medium and large body frames, with variations at each height to account for differences in metabolism and thyroid activity. The new standards are substantially lower than the old. Watch yourself.

The weight-control question is made more confusing by enticing claims for diet formulas, appetite-depressing drugs and the like. On October 6, 1961, the United States Food and Drug Administration and the A.M.A. sponsored the first National Congress on Medical Quackery and condemned many of the products on the market. Various Government agencies have issued similar warnings in the past three years—but some experts disagree with those opinions.

"The charges fail to recognize that psychological factors are the key to overweight problems for many people," sa Dr. Robert A. Peterman, secretary of t American College of Nutrition. "I've ha great results telling emotionally disturbe people the pills I give them will curb the appetite. The pills often are nothing b placebo, but they work well with son patients who are convinced the pil satisfy their craving for food."

Similarly, many Americans have l themselves be convinced that vibratir gadgets break down fatty tissues. Sin this spurious theory was introduced 1857 by a Swedish doctor, every generatic has fallen for vibrators. A Governme campaign against fraudulent ads put crimp in the sale of these contraptions f a while, but unfortunately the injunctio do not cover phony spiels.

Tests prove that normal activity i volving the entire body is much mo effective than flexing one set of muscl with an exercising gadget. A one-mi walk consumes 100 calories, compared ten calories consumed in twenty minut of strenuous arm exercises. Incidentally, leisurely walking pace is recommende The duration of activity is more importa than the exertion put into it.

Calories have crept up on us fu tively, Doctor Pollack points out. housewife's chores, which once consum 250 calories an hour, require only 1 in a home with an average number appliances. A stenographer who expend eighty-eight calories an hour operati a standard typewriter uses up sevent three on an electric machine. Add a sna with the coffee break, and she picks 1 250 extra calories a day. And televisi has put more fat on our carcasses than a other invention except the automobile

"The situation isn't as hopeless as appears," Doctor Pollack says, "becau small precautions can produce astonis ing results. The equivalent of one pou of body weight is 3500 calories. If y cut down only 100 calories a day, you w curb your weight ten pounds in the cour of a year. A few simple habits will do it

Walk, instead of drive, to destinatio within a half-mile radius. Carry light pa cels instead of having them delivered. G up from the desk every half hour or and glance out the window. Pass up el vators occasionally and walk up a flig of stairs. Substitute a spin around t dance floor for a second highball.

The same approach to food w eliminate the need for any significa change in eating habits. The trick is eat a food in its lowest caloric form. O boiled egg contains seventy-seven cal ries, but the count jumps to 125 by fryi it in butter, to 175 by scrambling it milk. One half of a boiled potato has on fifty calories. The same portion Fren fried has 235.

Don't skip meals. The cardinal prin ple of weight control is to maintain proper pattern of eating. Crash diets a tually are more damaging than consta obesity. Repeated loss and gain of weig imposes a heavy strain on blood vesse which leads to hardening of the arteri Eat in moderation and you may li long enough to see John F. Kennedy wi a receding hairline and Zsa Zsa in a dre buttoned to the throat.

"These are fine tips," Doctor Polla said, "but they're not worth a damn wit out an ugly term we haven't mentioned

"That so? What is it?"

"You'd better flee to the hills befo you spring it."

"All right, all right. What's the loat some term?"

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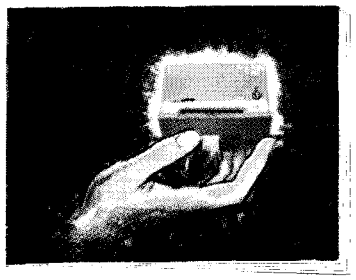

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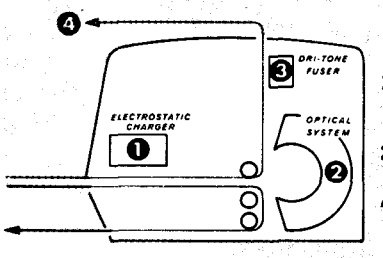

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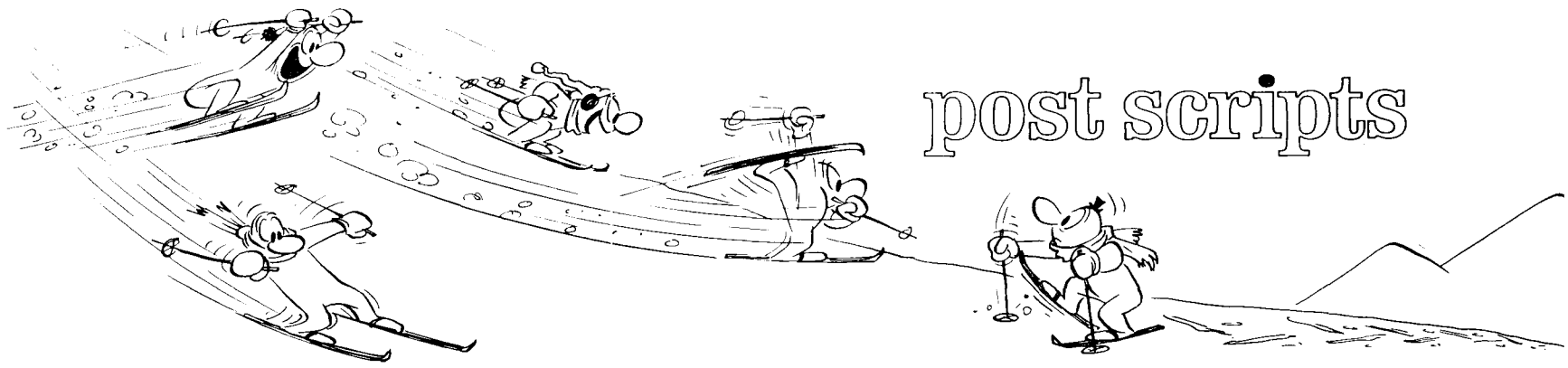

post scripts

FIRST-NIGHTER'S GUIDE TO RUSSIA

The following shows are playing to standing room only along the Great Red Way this season:

THE CZAR AND I—A musical adaptation of the best seller, *Rasputin and the King of St. Petersburg*. Tells of a poor schoolteacher hired to educate royal children and the interesting things he teaches them. Ballet finale shows children bombing their father's palace and setting up a people's government. ("Inspiring"—*Pravda*)

MY FAIR COMRADE—Another musical. Concerns a rich girl's attempts to change her way of speaking and learn dialectic. Heroine succeeds, passing herself off as a flower girl, but is denounced when her wealth is revealed. High light of the show is novelty song, *The Rain in Minsk Makes Grow a Bigger Crop*. ("Thought-provoking"—*Pravda*)

A STREETCAR NAMED QUOTA FULFILLMENT—Recounts happy doings among a family of factory workers. Sergei and Stallanik are contented, productive citizens, but Blanchova is a shirker. During stark climax, Blanchova is run over by a tractor, but all ends well as Sergei is made foreman at tractor factory. ("Stimulating"—*Pravda*)

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS!—Moscow's biggest hit. A biting satire on capitalist theater. Spoofs imperialist romantic plot and bourgeois music. Most telling satire is achieved by using authentic American chorus girls in shameless, decadent costumes. Show is in its fourth year. ("Zow-WHEE!"—*Pravda*)

D. G. LLOYD

"I'm an only child—what's your racket?"

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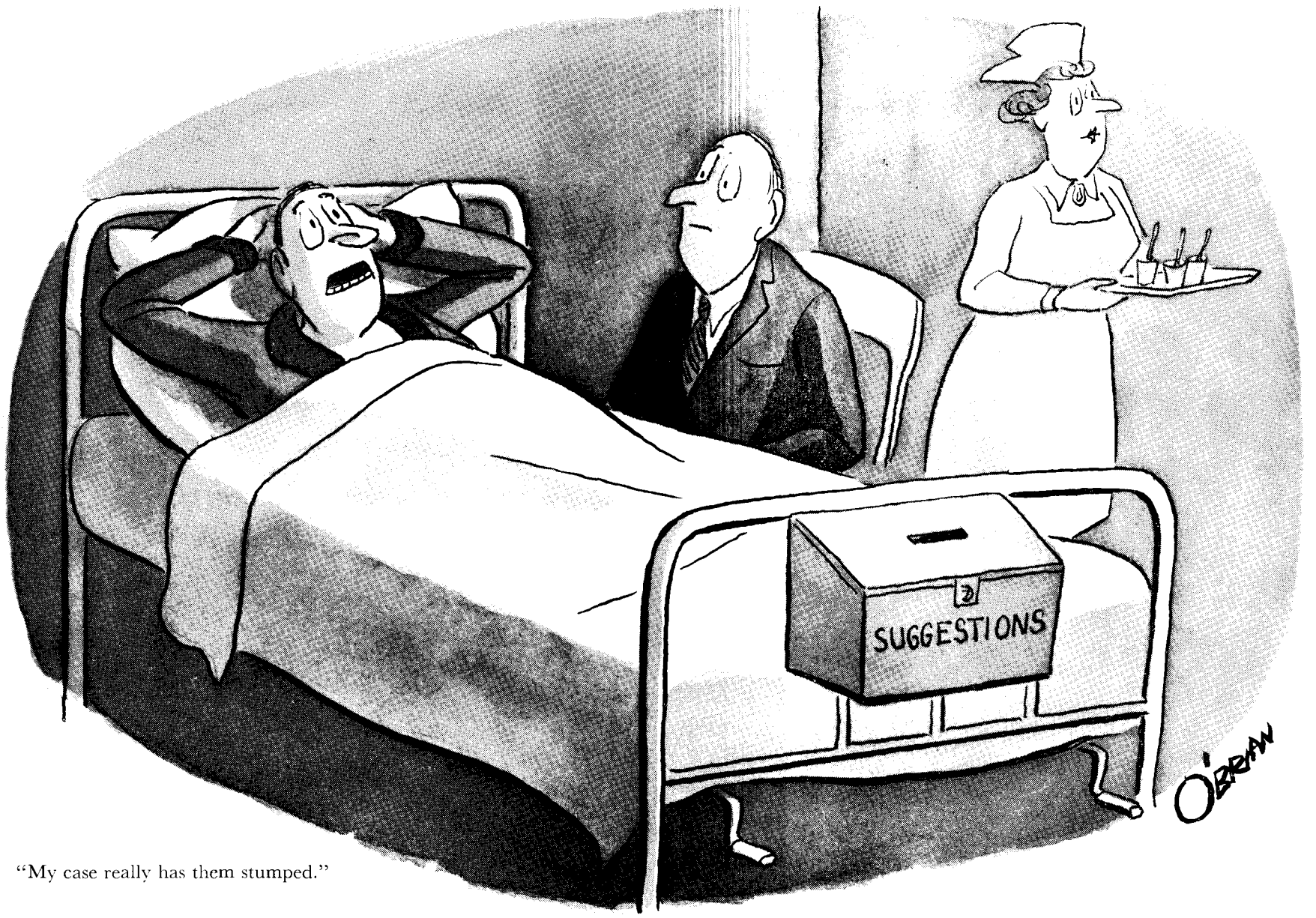
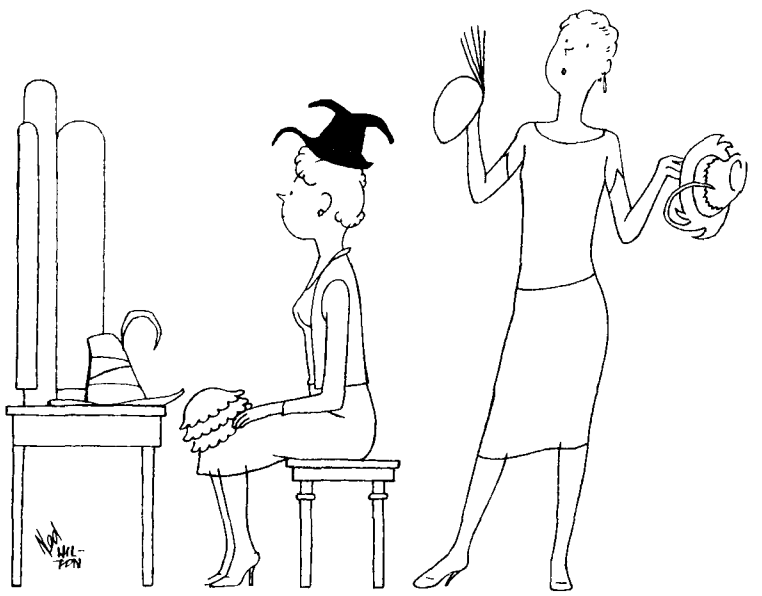


"My case really has them stumped."

"But first . . . our national anthem!"



"Are you trying to catch a husband or infuriate one?"

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The first snowstorm of the season.

The second.

And the last.

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"Sure, my mother is always underfoot. You should have thought of that before we moved in with her."

"It looks like a bear wearing a hat and stamping out a cigarette."

"I'll have a cup of bouillon, cottage-cheese salad, melba toast, clear tea and, heaven help me, a banana split."

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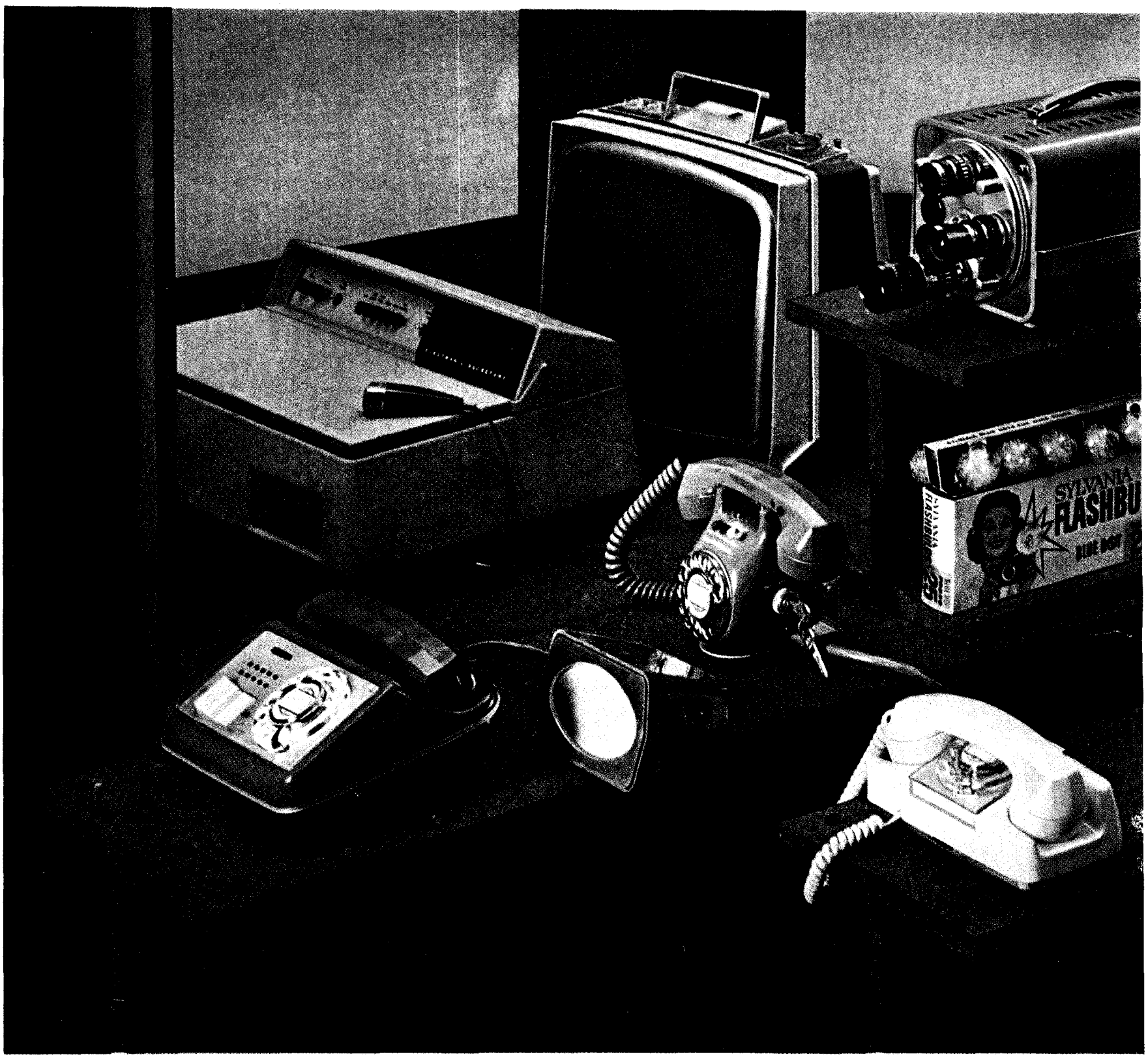
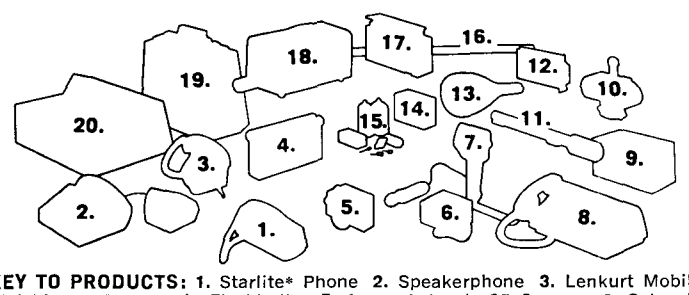


Building strong in the ne



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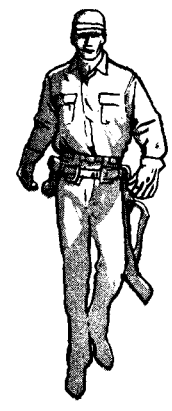

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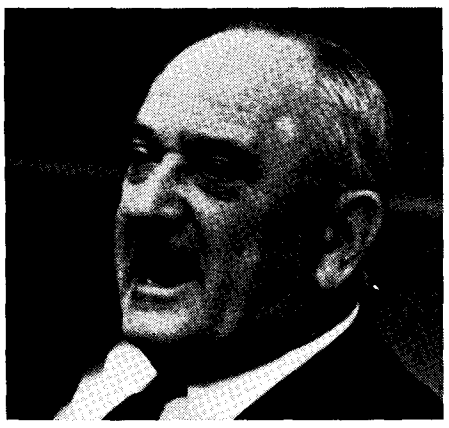
N.C.A.A. watchdog Gardner

THE GREAT BASKETBALL DEBATE

Our sports editor moderates the year's hottest discussion of big-time college basketball and its problems.



Coach Rupp of Kentucky

By FRANK GARDNER and ADOLPH RUPP with Harry T. Paxton

In the sports world there sometimes are deep-seated controversies that go beyond the question of who is going to win tomorrow's game. So it is at present in big-time college basketball.

During 1961, for the second time in ten years, it was revealed that some of the players on major-college teams had been taking money from gambling fixers to rig the scores of games. Was this just a case of there being a few rotten apples in the barrel—a passing phase in the growth of the sport? Or did it signify that the whole underpinning of the game is shaky and that the big-time basketball schools are operating on an unhealthy basis?

To debate this issue *The Post* recently brought to a neutral meeting place in Chicago an outstanding spokesman from each side of the fence. Speaking in behalf of big basketball was Adolph F. Rupp, the University of Kentucky sage, who has turned out more top-ranking teams than any coach in the game today. Opposing him was Frank N. Gardner from Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa. A power in the National Collegiate Athletic Association for the past decade, he has had long and intimate experience in policing college athletics.

Sixty-year-old Adolph Rupp is home-spun, shrewd and forceful. A native of Kansas, he has become a favorite adopted son of Kentucky. In the past thirty-one years Kentucky under Rupp has won nearly 85 percent of its basketball games—645 out of 767. His teams have taken nineteen Southeastern Conference titles, four N.C.A.A. tournament championships and one National Invitation Tournament crown. Several of his players were involved in the 1951 basketball scandals, but no suspicion was attached to any Kentucky boys during the 1961 "fix" revelations, in which more than thirty players from two dozen schools were implicated in varying degrees.

Frank Gardner, a robust fifty-four, has the voice and manner of a hearty clergyman. This is entirely appropriate. A Nebraska minister's son, he is now a professor in the Divinity School at Drake, where he heads the department of Christian thought. He is also a former small-college athlete—he earned a total of seven letters in football, track and tennis. At Drake he became faculty representative for athletics and chairman of the university's athletic council. On the national level he served as an N.C.A.A. vice president between 1951 and 1957, as president from 1957 to 1959 and as the pioneering chairman of the committee on infractions, which was established in 1952 to enforce rules about the recruiting and subsidizing of athletes.

These are the men *The Post* brought together to state the opposing viewpoints on big-time college basketball. The procedures for the debate were simple. Each man in turn delivered an opening statement, a rebuttal and a closing summation. The opening remarks had been prepared in advance: from there on things were completely extemporaneous.

In line with established debating procedure, Adolph Rupp led off for the affirmative. He also had the option of delivering his closing statement last, but he waived this and allowed Frank Gardner to have the final words.

A tape recorder took down everything. It was agreed that if the transcript of the tape was too lengthy to print in full—which turned out to be the case—then the moderator of the debate, *Post* sports editor Harry T. Paxton would condense it to article size. In doing this he undertook not only to give each man equal space, but also to preserve all his most important and effective statements.

Who won the argument? Every reader will have to decide that for himself. Here is how the debate went.

Adolph Rupp's Opening Statement

In every institution where athletics are properly conducted, student life, faculty life and community life are certainly far richer. Athletics bring togetherness in a community and in a state in a way no other activity of the university is able to do. In 1958, when just an average group of boys—all of them fine students—represented the University of Kentucky on a basketball team that went on to win the N.C.A.A. title, this did more to tie the citizens of the Commonwealth of Kentucky to its university than any other recent activity. When little Centre College of Kentucky in the early 1920's went back East and beat Harvard in football, the pride of the entire state was centered on this little institution.

Our national leaders deplore the fact that American youth is not physically fit. Schools today more than ever need to develop the physical qualities of the entire student body, because our boys and girls do not get the benefit of outdoor activity the way they did forty years ago.

We can do one of three things: first, maintain the system of sports the way we have it and encourage and improve it; second, de-emphasize it and put it on an intramural basis; or third, abolish it. If we abolish our present sports program, it will cause us to suffer in body and spirit. If we put it on an intramural basis, it will not be sufficiently competitive. We should make our sports as competitive as possible, in order that every individual who participates in them gives the maximum of his ability. As has been said many times, you cannot profit by losing unless you have extended yourself to the utmost to win.

There have been—in the early '50's, and again recently—some scandals in connection with basketball. The first time it was understandable, because no one was looking for it. The second time it came as a shock, as everyone felt that we had benefited from the first experience.

But the "fix" scandals, deplorable as they are, should not detract from the worthiness of the game of basketball. If one player in 10,000 is involved, it certainly should not reflect on the remainder of the students who participate in the games and who receive the benefits of this participation.

The case histories of the individuals who were involved show that a number were risks. Every institution should avoid admitting students who are not qualified to realize the moral and intellectual goals of education. All schools are becoming crowded, and students who do not have the proper background may legitimately be eliminated by the admission committees.

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Let's refer for a moment to the game of baseball and the Black Sox scandal of 1919. Baseball eliminated those who were involved and has had no difficulty since. Careful supervision and the horrible example made of the participants in the scandal has been a controlling factor since that time.

When Federal, state and city governments sometimes become corrupt, we don't abolish the governments. When a bank cashier embezzles money, we don't abolish banks. Are scandals in athletics an indication that something is wrong in that area alone, or do they have a much greater significance? Do they reflect perhaps the moral tone of the nation?

There are rules that govern the society of man, and we must live within these rules. Those who do not should be eliminated from the competitions and punished accordingly.

Big-time basketball has become big-time because people demand it. The students, the faculty and the people of the Commonwealth of Kentucky demanded that we build a huge Memorial Coliseum so that they could see the university teams participate against the finest in the nation.

Our sports program today is one of the too few vestiges of genuine free enterprise we have left. Our schools can do much to keep it alive. A boy learns two things from the sports program that he cannot learn elsewhere—first, that he must to a large extent make his way through life by his own efforts, and second, that he must be part of an organization to do so.

I have seen our boys on many occasions, late in the game, stand at the free-throw line and before 12,000 people, with tremendous pressure on them, make the free throw that has brought victory. Often I have seen a boy in the closing seconds of a game take the ball and by his individual effort secure a basket that has enabled us to win.

Life itself is competition. It is the responsibility of those of us in the educational field to see that we teach participation in life's activities successfully.

Frank Gardner's Opening Statement

Although this discussion centers about the worthwhileness of big-time basketball under prevailing conditions, the indictment I am making of modern big-time basketball is only part and parcel of a general indictment of intercollegiate athletics as now carried on by our colleges. The whole system which is conducive to preparing an athlete's mind for making a "quick buck" via a gambling payoff includes football and even minor sports to some degree. Let's take a look at the picture as a whole and use basketball as a point of emphasis.

Ten years ago the N.C.A.A. in its annual convention voted to inaugurate a far-reaching program of rules enforcement. Prior to this meeting the N.C.A.A. had been largely a group which discussed, advised and attempted to persuade. The association had experimented briefly with a "sanity code," but this ended abruptly when the persons responsible for the enforcement of the code took their jobs seriously and began to enforce it!

Yet right after the repeal of the old "sanity code" a deluge of scandals and flagrant events broke upon the intercollegiate athletic world. In basketball New York authorities found that players had been in collusion with gamblers and had received bribes for shaving points and otherwise tampering with the normal play of games.

Those most directly concerned with college sports and directly responsible for its conduct—athletic directors, coaches and faculty representatives—faced a situation in which college presidents, regional accrediting associations or other bodies might move in and take over control of athletics. So the people in athletics chose to try to do the job themselves. As the saying went at the time, the N.C.A.A. went into the enforcement business.

Last fall, ten years later, a meeting of the N.C.A.A. Council was given over largely to considering what penalties to inflict upon members who had violated rules, and what to do about a new crisis in college basketball brought about by New York authorities again finding collusion between basketball players and professional gamblers. After ten years of strenuous effort, we are seemingly right back where we started.

When students enter into collusion with professional gamblers, something must be wrong. When representatives of educational institutions continue year after year to make illegal offers of financial aid to prospective athletes—when they violate all sorts of recruiting rules to get the "blue-chip" athlete they desperately need at a certain position; and when the general conception about the whole business is that what is wrong is getting caught—then something is terribly wrong with intercollegiate athletics.

The true public image of colleges and universities has been lost. The American public has largely come to view them as sources of entertainment. Most Americans, when colleges and universities are named, immediately think of the sports achievements of these institutions. Rarely do they have an image of their academic standing.

If the university needs a new physics laboratory, most Americans never hear about it—or if they do, they yawn. But if they are prevented from seeing the state or regional sports hero on television, all hell hath no fury like a viewer scorned!

Instead of stoutly affirming and emphasizing the only reason for their existence—namely, the pursuit and transmission of truth and knowledge—colleges and universities have followed the will-o-the-wisp of what is called good public relations. In the language of the athletic fraternity, this phrase translated means, "Let's get a helluva good football or basketball team." There is a widespread belief among coaches that this can't be done without cheating at some or many points.

I shall never forget a statement made by an athletic director of one of our universities several years ago before the committee on infractions of the N.C.A.A. After several attempted explanations he finally confessed that, when he was hired as athletic director, the president of the university—obviously under pressure from fanatical alumni, both bona fide and "sidewalk"—gave him these instructions: "I will give you three years to produce a championship team—but I don't want to know how you did it."

For many years the attitude of win-at-all-costs has caused coaches, athletic directors, alumni, friends and even college and university presidents to stretch the rules "a little" here and there. A listing of the educational institutions across the country which have been penalized by the N.C.A.A. during the past ten years sounds like a blue book of big-time college athletics. It includes many of the big-time basketball schools.

Is big-time basketball worth its present cost to the young athletes, recruited under pressure, and to the institutions which have suffered penalties? Is it worth the loss of an understanding of the real purpose of education? I do not believe so.

For persons who think almost altogether in money values, it is not even worth what it costs financially at many institutions. Two years ago a survey was made by a special N.C.A.A. committee to find out what member institutions were spending for recruiting and financial aid. Not all replied; presumably some would have been embarrassed. However, schools of 4000 and over that did reply reported spending an average of more than $135,000 a year on financial aid to athletes. Their recruiting costs came to an average of $273 for each boy recruited.

Athletic scholarships actually are looked upon by many coaches as pay for play. If the boy does not produce, his grant will not be renewed. Some universities have even limited the period of an athletic award to one semester.

The proper solution is for our colleges to provide sports opportunities for all students who enroll. The more efficient may be chosen to participate in intercollegiate contests. Coaches should receive the same tenure and salaries as other members of the teaching staff. The coach's job should not be jeopardized because he has a losing season. The athletic budget should be a part of the general budget of the college or university and should not be entirely dependent upon gate receipts. Coaches should cease to be recruiters, and universities should let admissions officers handle all prospective students—and treat them as prospective students, not as prospective athletes.

I doubt that the colleges and universities will do this before economic attrition forces them to do so. Unfortunately, some colleges, finding the economic attrition already too much to bear, have abandoned some sports, rather than give strenuous effort to reversing the whole modern trend toward professionalism in college athletics.

Rupp Rebuttal

In regard to the athletic-scholarship program that Mr. Gardner mentioned and the terrific costs of these scholarships, I would like to say this: that the scholarship program in most of the larger institutions is based on scholarship to begin with. If a boy does not meet certain academic requirements, he is not permitted to come to school. In our particular case at Kentucky he must be in the upper 50 percent of his high-school class. Just because a boy is on an athletic scholarship, it does not necessarily mean that he is not a good scholar.

A goodly number of boys today who are participating in sports would not be able to get a college education unless they got financial help of some kind. The schools everywhere are so difficult that a boy who takes the time to participate in sports has very little chance to work his way through college, the way many of us did thirty and more years ago.

I agree that athletic scholarships should not be canceled because of the failure of a boy to produce. I believe that, as is true at Kentucky, the only way a scholarship should be canceled is for scholastic deficiencies.

As for college athletics being a source of entertainment, I think that to a large extent this is true. It allows the student body to let off steam, as we say, and develops student togetherness. About the only time that our students have a chance to meet together and have a common interest is at a football game or at a basketball game or at some other athletic competition.

The N.C.A.A. today does a very fine job of supervising athletics. Certainly some of the big

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DEBATE

schools have been punished by the N.C.A.A. But this doesn't disturb me a great deal, because I think that whenever a school is successful, immediately everyone says, "Well, there must be something wrong, because they're winning." But there isn't anything wrong in life in being successful.

This gambling thing, of course, is deplorable. We should possibly supervise our boys better than we have. But I would just like to read a report of the N.C.A.A. that recently came off the press. It says as follows, and I quote: "First, society and the world of education must condemn the young men who yielded to temptation. They are adults and should be able to distinguish clearly between honesty and dishonesty. Too often modern liberal thought condemns social institutions and holds the individual blameless. In our judgment the first line of defense against corruption must rest with the individual."

Mr. Gardner said that some people believe that only cheating can produce championships. Now I wouldn't say that's exactly right, because we've had many outstanding and fine teams that have made wonderful records in sports that were just as honest as the day is long. I just want to mention again the fine team we had in '58 that won the national title, where we had just an average bunch of boys—good students at the university—that finally got together and decided that they wanted to be successful.

Now then, as to money spent on athletics and not on the chemistry building. At the University of Kentucky the athletic program is kept separate from the rest of the university funds. We do not depend on one cent of the taxpayers' money to finance our athletic program.

But I believe that by having good athletic teams we get some of the members of our state legislature a little more enthusiastic about the university, so that they will provide funds for a chemistry building in case we should require it. And I am glad to say that we are building a new $5,500,000 chemistry building at the present time.

Big-time athletics not only enables the University of Kentucky to give scholarships to approximately 140 young men—twenty-five of them basketball players—and partial scholarships to boys in other sports, but it helps with the intramural program, the public-speaking program and the band fund. And athletics provide revenue to help with other university projects.

Gardner Rebuttal

Mr. Rupp, I certainly would agree that there are many values in intercollegiate athletics. I would be the last to deny that, as an athlete myself, I learned much in the way of cooperation with other men and to subordinate my interests to the interests of the group. And I learned the values of competition.

Furthermore, I believe in winning. We ought to try to win. But even more important than winning, I believe, is winning within the rules. And it is this last value which has been so ignored in recent years that the other values in intercollegiate athletics have been jeopardized or lost.

As far as grants-in-aid and scholarships are concerned, I am quite willing to admit that many a boy has been helped through school when otherwise it would not have been possible for him to go through college. But may I point out that I know of many institutions which allow athletes to keep awards of various kinds and to stay in school on only passing grades, which in many instances means only a D, although these same institutions require a C average to graduate.

I agree that individual athletes should accept responsibility for their actions, whether in dealing with gamblers or otherwise, as the N.C.A.A. has said in the announcement that you read. However, many of the individual athletes who in the past ten years have violated all sorts of rules and accepted all sorts of illegal aid have learned to be dishonest and subversive from the very men who recruited them. Recruiters have assured them that the aid they were offering, although it was in violation of the rules, was something which would never be known, and that, after all, this was going on everywhere. This gives the athlete the idea that educational institutions themselves engage in dishonesty and hypocrisy. And I do not believe that colleges and universities can escape responsibility by trying to shift it onto the athlete.

This is not to say that there are not many honest coaches, many honest athletic directors. I know there are. But the overwhelming tendency, as I said a few minutes ago, is for coaches to say, when they let their hair down, that nobody wins a championship in big-time basketball or football unless they stretch the rules here and there. Now this may not be true, but this is the way the college coaches talk.

While it is true that some physical preparedness is a by-product of intercollegiate athletics, this is not its main purpose. The relatively few

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who are thus aided is inconsequential compared to the numbers in the total student body.

I am glad to hear that the University of Kentucky is erecting a new chemistry building. I do regret Mr. Rupp's implication that the governing board was impelled to do so because of their gratification over the basketball team's winning the 1958 national college tournament. If correct, this corroborates my indictment that even governing boards have lost the true perspective in which higher education must be seen.

Rupp Closing Statement

Mr. Gardner, I appreciate your philosophy of athletics. We're not too far apart, and I think after this discussion possibly we'll see the problems alike.

I think that we're getting within the rules as far as athletics are concerned. In fact, the N.C.A.A. just in the last ten years has had sufficient funds to properly police the job that it was supposed to do. And I would say we're just getting out of the woods as far as compliance is concerned.

I know of no school today that is trying to violate the spirit of the N.C.A.A. rules. I believe they're all trying to do the right thing.

I would like to make this suggestion in closing. I believe we have allowed the boys that are seeking these athletic scholarships to become shoppers. In other words, they know that they'll get five or ten good offers from schools all over the country, and they like to spend their time running back and forth and visiting these schools with all expenses paid.

I would recommend that each boy be permitted to visit only three schools; that a deadline be set after which he cannot visit any additional schools; that after he has signed a scholarship application at one school, he may not take a scholarship at another school unless for some exceptional reason.

And then I would suggest that we check more carefully on these boys before they come to the university, and check on the families from which they come, because the background of a boy has a lot to do with this. And I would also suggest, as you have, that every athlete be required to maintain progress in his academic work up to the standards of his class.

There is only one thing wrong with big-time basketball, and that is that there is not enough of it. There is no evil in being big. In fact, this is sometimes a source of strength in trying times.

The evil that has crept into big-time basketball is no reason to destroy it. You do not improve a boy's character by locking the gym door. His chances of growing morally stronger are enhanced when he is subjected to competition.

As I said before, sports teach free enterprise and independence, co-operation and teamwork—qualities that we certainly need today. Free enterprise and all the qualities taught by sports are fast fading from the American scene. The time has come when we must place greater emphasis on our entire sports program to keep alive those qualities that have made America great in the past.

Gardner Closing Statement

I would certainly agree, Mr. Rupp, that in the last ten years the N.C.A.A. has made some progress. But my whole point is that the progress has not been sufficient.

In 1959, more than seven years after our program of enforcement began, the colleges replied to the questionnaire of the special committee on recruiting and financial aid and listed as the top three problems—No. 1, excessive recruitment, entertainment and aid; No. 2, unethical recruiting practices; and finally, that the program was too expensive.

And they listed among unethical practices the influencing of prospects to break commitments to other institutions; the informing of prospects and parents that institutions offered courses, when in fact they were not even in the curriculum; the promising of summer jobs for prospects and jobs for families.

And these are still the worst problems of intercollegiate athletics. To me this means that we are betting on the wrong horse, and it's time for another trend to begin in intercollegiate athletics.

Mr. Rupp remarked that he believes he and I are not so far apart, after all. I regret that I cannot concur. We are as far apart as two poles can get.

Mr. Rupp affirms that the present situation in big-time basketball and intercollegiate athletics, in general, is in a pretty good state, and that all that is needed is to keep on enforcing present rules.

I contend that the state of big-time basketball and intercollegiate athletics as a whole is in a sorry shape, and has been for many years, in spite of tremendous efforts at enforcement, and that it is high time that our colleges and universities take a new look at our athletic programs in the light of our total educational purposes and begin to take a new direction. THE END

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EPITAPH FOR A HEEL

continued from page 27

softly. "Only the winner. He got what you might call special attention."

"You mean to say the horse had a treatment?"

"That's a very nice word for it, Arthur—a 'treatment.'"

"You're lying! Maybe ten, twelve years ago it could have happened, but not today. Not the way they check them horses before and after every race."

Again the soft music was interrupted, and the radio had this to say:

"In the first race at Valencia Park, the official time for the six-furlong sprint was one minute and ten seconds flat, a new track record. Sweet Salute paid eighty-eight dollars and forty cents to win, sixty-two twenty for place and twenty-eight dollars to show. Target Bright paid . . ."

Boots switched the tiny radio to silence. "A new track record?" He spoke the words softly and with reverence.

"A pig like that?" Arthur said. "Listen, in twenty minutes they'll be takin' a saliva test of the horses."

Boots shook his head. "It won't make any difference this time. Nothin', but nothin', is gonna show up in a laboratory test. This was my masterpiece, Arthur, if you'll pardon the expression."

"*You* gave the horse the treatment?"

"No, Arthur. The formula's mine, but there's not a racetrack in the country where I'm allowed to peek in through the fence, much less get close to a box stall. I gave a hundred units of the stuff—that's exactly one treatment—to a groom I know. Today was the test flight."

"What about this groom?"

"Nothin' about him. I gave him my last hundred dollars and a clean syringe. I had to know how the stuff would work under actual racing conditions."

"But you trusted this guy?"

"I trust nobody, Arthur, especially you. It just happens that this formula is harmless when administered to any known species of mammal. It stimulates up to ninety minutes and it leaves no trace in the blood stream or the nervous system. That's why, if there's an investigation at Valencia Park, it'll be like friskin' a Moslem picnic for booze. We could do business together."

"Could we?" Arthur said. "Why?"

"Because you're as much of a crook as I am, but you've never been barred from the racetracks. A contact man that knows the answers is absolutely necessary."

"Horses are not my specialty, and I don't like jails," Arthur said. But he was thinking about it; he was thinking about it hard. "The only livestock I know about —— Hey, wait a minute!"

"No," the little man protested. "No."

But Arthur was already surveying the slumbering mass of Soldier Fresno with a cool commercial eye. The Soldier sighed, then smiled in his sleep.

"Why not?" Arthur said. "He's a mammal, ain't he?"

"That still doesn't make him a horse."

"No? You should try pickin' up his feed bill," Arthur said.

"Look, Arthur ——"

"Don't interrupt me, Bootsy. Didn't you say this stuff was harmless?"

"Well, yes—as far as I know."

"All right then. Think ahead. Let's say that by ten o'clock on Tuesday night this fat sheep has turned into a tiger. Let's say he's half the fighter he used to be and he belts this Buster Bigelow right into the mezzanine seats. Could we or couldn't we pick up a jack pot if we knew it was gonna happen?"

Boots didn't say, but his silence made plain that sentimental considerations must at times bow low before the winds of opportunity.

"This formula," Arthur said. "You've got it with you?"

"I may have," Boots said cautiously. His glance met Arthur's. "Why?"

"I'm thinkin' of something you mentioned a minute ago. A 'test flight,' you said. What's the matter with havin' a test flight right here in the gym? He's supposed to work out with a sparrin' partner in ten or fifteen minutes."

"I'd have to think about it."

"Why? Because you hate money?"

Boots was silent for a considerable time. "Lend me a pencil," he said finally. Then he looked at the Soldier. "How much does he weigh?"

"Two hundred and twenty."

"I see." Boots attempted some arithmetic on the back of an envelope. "I've got this figured out so that a hundred units is just right for a horse in racin' condition," he explained. "The average colt will go close to 1100 pounds, so—you say the Soldier weighs two-twenty?"

"About two-twenty," Arthur said. "Give or take a portion of potatoes."

"It comes out about a fifth of the quantity," Boots said. "Twenty units, say. Any more might be takin' a chance."

Arthur moved closer. "How would you give it to him? Is it tricky?"

"No," Boots said. "Just a regular injection same as here, like vitamins."

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Arthur smiled with the warmth of a lynx. "He's used to that, Bootsy. He don't mind the needle. It's a standard thing with these meatballs. They get vitamins all the time." He began to rock the Soldier back and forth. "The bum sleeps like a bear," Arthur said, "—a season at a time." He leaned closer then. "All right!" he shouted. "Come out of it!" and the Soldier, an obliging fellow, opened his eyes.

Soldier Fresno, in a long career, had never been a subtle performer in the ring. He had endeared himself to a whole generation of television viewers by displaying on most occasions the simple style of an army tank. He was a sweet soul, everyone agreed, but his reflexes had become so blunted by the punch absorption of a dozen years that he was now a stumbling facsimile of the warrior he used to be. People still paid money to see him fight, but it was apparent that he hadn't far to go.

"This is Doctor Murphy," Arthur said, in explanation of Boots. "A friend of mine from Terre Haute. He happened to be passin' by."

"It's nice to see ya, doc," the Soldier said. He got down from the rubbing table and extended a bandaged hand.

"Doc's sort of a fan of yours."

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"Well, 'at's nice. It's real, real nice," the big man said. "I appreciate it, doc."

"The doc here happened to have some vitamins with him that aren't on the market yet," Arthur lied. "The fact is he's lettin' us have some for less than cost."

The Soldier agreed it was certainly nice to have a professional man take an interest. It reminded him of the time in Cincinnati when he was supposed to fight Ezzard Charles.

"All right, all right," Arthur said in his own charming way, "don't talk us to death. Just turn around."

Obligingly then the Soldier turned, and Boots gave it to him quickly and deftly—twenty units in the portside.

"I never felt it, doc," the Soldier said. "I never felt a thing."

Yet even as he spoke, his voice seemed reinforced with a tonal quality it had not possessed a minute before. It was the sort of thing that could give an unprepared man something of a chill. Boots looked quickly to Arthur for confirmation of this. Arthur had paled. He was watching the Soldier move through the standard paces of a dressing-room "warmup," slashing and hooking the air with imaginary blows. There was no bottled magic that could renew the patched and tread-worn hide of him, but the Soldier was gliding, rather than stumbling, through a cohesive pattern of action he had not displayed in years. He himself appeared to be unaware of any significant change.

"All right, Tarzan," Arthur said nervously. "Let's save it for the workout."

They went outside then, Boots lingering liscreetly in the background. A king-sized sparring partner known as Sugar Joe Friedberg had already climbed into the ring. He was more than ready, having bombarded the Soldier with such success the day before.

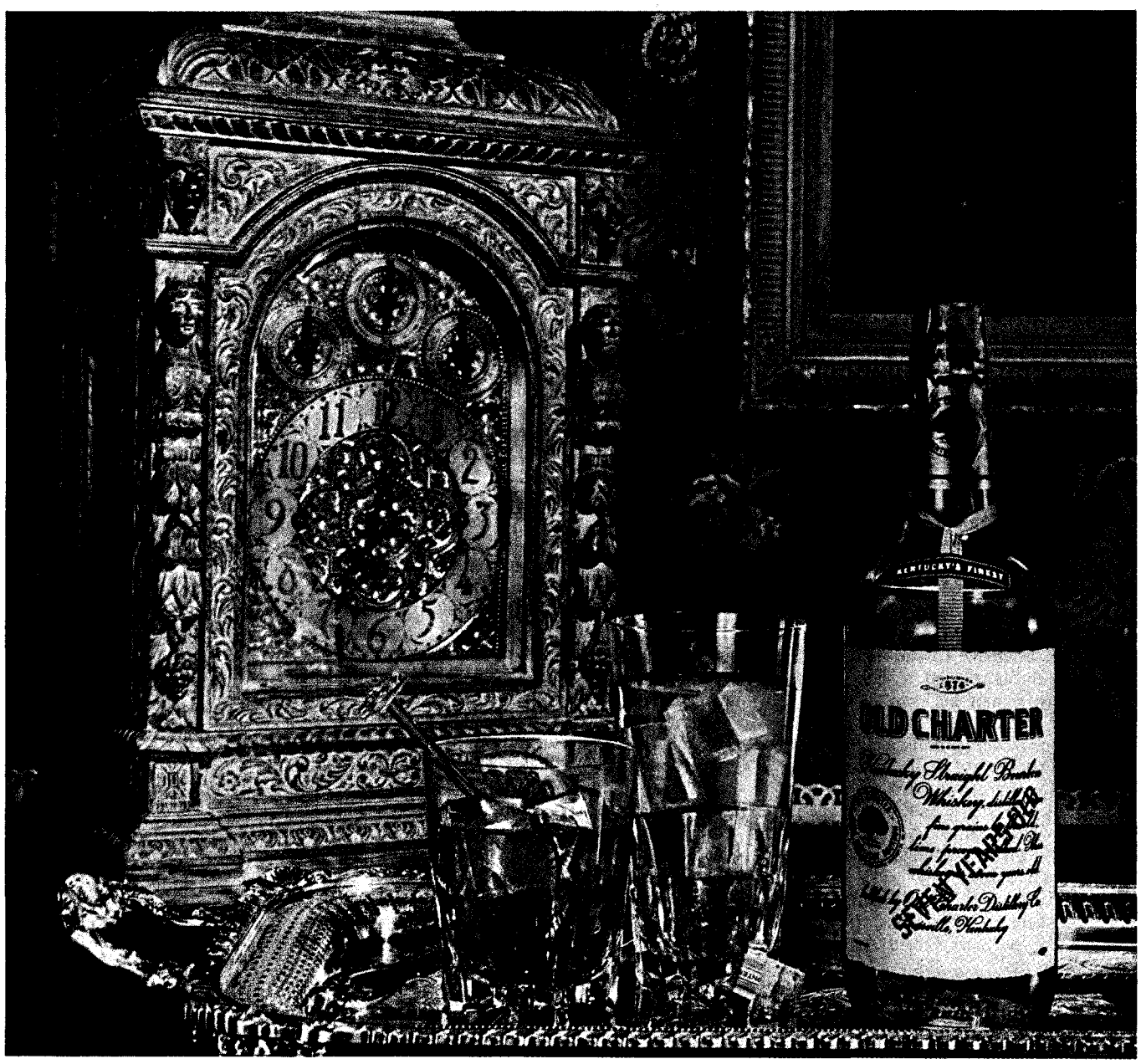
"Go to work, you bum," was all that Arthur said to the Soldier.

The Soldier stretched Sugar Joe Friedberg as flat and motionless as a smoked carp with the first left hook he threw.

It took fifteen minutes to revive Sugar Joe. It is also a matter of record that on the following Tuesday evening, at the arena, Soldier Fresno, swinging with the sweet abandon of a helicopter, knocked out Buster Bigelow in 1:21 of the second round. It was more than a popular victory for the underdog. There was a Cinderella quality to the Soldier's apparently inspired emergence from oblivion that aroused and extended the imagination. It prompted sober family men, who should have known better, to identify themselves with this triumph over frustration to such an extent that they tossed their hats, their beer containers and a number of wooden chairs into the ring. The impact, via television, was more widespread, though it was, of course, less documented in the daily press.

Hours after this first victory, at three A.M. Boots appeared at Arthur's and the Soldier's hotel. He knocked guardedly on the door of Room three-twenty-seven, then looked in.

"It's all right," Arthur said. "They're all gone now." He meant the newspapermen and odd-ball members of the fight mob who had cluttered the room since



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HEEL midnight. He locked the door after Boots had entered. "Anybody see you come?"

"Nobody that would have recognized me. Where's the Soldier?" Arthur indicated the closed door of a connecting room. "He's sleeping?" Boots said.

"Why not? Ain't he always?" Arthur said.

"You think he suspected anything?"

"Look," Arthur said, "he don't have brains enough to catch a headache. Why would he suspect anything?" Arthur laughed without mirth at his own poor joke. "Them vitamins, eh?"

Boots nodded agreement. "How much did we make?" he asked. "How much in cool cash, Arthur?"

"We did all right," Arthur said. He took a slip of paper from one of his pockets. "It's here in black and white. Thirty-five hundred from the TV people and twenty-eight hundred, plus some loose change, at the gate. I bet it all—all but the loose change, at five to one."

Boots whistled softly.

"So who needs horses?" Arthur said. "It's you and me from now on, Bootsy—fifty-fifty, all the way."

"When's he fight next?"

"He fights Luther Felix in Chicago, two weeks from tonight. The same TV sponsor, except that we get twice the dough, plus thirty per cent of the gate."

In Chicago, where Boots and his talent for persuading mute beasts to eloquent effort were better known, he met Arthur by discreet appointment in the eighty-five-cent loge seats of a southside movie house. It was late afternoon, only hours before the Soldier's scheduled engagement with Luther Felix. They sat together in the theater's necessary gloom, neither of them attentive to the images on the screen. Boots placed a vial of liquid, about the size of his own little finger, in Arthur's hand.

"There's twenty units exactly," Boots said softly. "Give it to him the way I showed you and you can't go wrong."

"Why the hell can't you give me a supply of the stuff?" Arthur demanded. "Why do I have to meet you all the time in joints like this?"

"Three guesses," Boots said. "Because I trust you so."

"We're partners," said Arthur in an injured tone.

"I know. So were Hitler and Stalin. We work this way, Arthur, or we don't work at all."

At nine-forty-two, in his dressing room, the eight-ounce fighting gloves were fitted to the Soldier's massive hands. He looked as fierce as a well-fed sheep. There were two hired handlers with SOLDIER FRESNO printed in bright blue letters on the backs of their new white jerseys.

"All right, beat it," Arthur said with his habitual courtesy. "I want to talk to the Soldier alone."

"This is a romance, Arthur?"

"Get out of here!"

The two handlers left, and the door was locked behind them. It was not considered an unusual procedure. Arthur (The Professor) Duffy was of the old, fast-vanishing school of managers who not only knew the technique of the trade but had been practicing "psychological warfare" since before this term had come into popular use. Arthur always warmed up his warriors in the dressing room.

"I ain't seen Doctor Murphy around," the Soldier observed while Arthur gave him twenty units in the starboard side. "He was a real nice feller."

"Yeah," Arthur said, "I'll remember to tell him that." He was watching the big man carefully for his reactions. "All right, let's warm up now."

Arthur, an agile, if not a sturdily constructed man, moved knowingly in a simulated pattern of Luther Felix. He would offer the palm of his hand, first here, then there, for the shadowboxing Soldier. The big man responded to the stimulant as he had before, with fluid cohesion and the kind of vitality that was no longer properly his own. The sweat appeared on his face; Arthur was satisfied.

"That's enough!" he said.

The Soldier would be a legitimate tiger when he stepped into the ring.

There's no use quarreling with the record books. It happened. Soldier Fresno knocked out Luther Felix in 2:03 of the fourth round. Six weeks later, on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, he had the irreverence to knock out Brendan O'Sullivan, at San Francisco, in the middle of the seventh round. Happily there were no unsporting developments. The Soldier conducted himself with such valiance through a wild brawl that the Irish carried him from the ring on their shoulders and painted the door of his dressing room green. It was this sort of public reaction, plus a subsequent victory over Sonny Fialco in Milwaukee, that resulted in the Soldier's being matched to meet the champion in June.

Arthur Duffy considered the appointments of his mid-Manhattan suite. No one could say prosperity had spoiled him, but neither had it improved him. He was, as someone had pointed out, the same engaging vulture he had always been.

"New York and this kind of a layout is where I belong," Arthur said. "Back on the big time, Bootsy. It's the only place I feel at home."

Boots nodded patiently, but made no comment. He then set aside the sheaf of papers and the one large ledger he had been examining. It was four o'clock in the morning, exactly eighteen hours before the Soldier's scheduled meeting with the champion. The Soldier was sleeping the deep sleep of the innocent in an adjacent room. There was no sound other than that raised by the intermittent traffic on Park Avenue.

"You wouldn't have to sneak in and out of here like a dishonest milkman if you trusted me," Arthur said. "What kind of a partner has to look at the books at four o'clock in the morning?"

Boots tapped his own chest lightly. "This kind of a partner. It's the only chance I have to check up on you."

Arthur, a hard man to insult, dismissed the problem. "About the fight," he said. "It won't be as though the Soldier's in there with one of them other humpty-dumpties. This time it's the champion."

"I'm listening," Boots said.

"All right. The Soldier's a national sensation. We agree on that. All I say is that a golden goose has to be protected. It took him nine rounds to take care of Sonny Fialco, and it was seven rounds with the Irishman. I've got an idea that maybe he's buildin' up a tolerance to the stuff. Suppose that this time, instead of giving him twenty units, we make it thirty. There's a million dollars in winnin' that title, Bootsy—a million for you and a million for me."

Boots shook his head. "I don't like it."

"You don't like what?"

"Gettin' this last bit of mileage out of an old retread like the Soldier. Sure, he wins, but he winds up after every fight with his skull lopsided and the same glassy look in his eyes. I say give him a break this time. Let him get knocked out on the level—quick an' merciful, so the poor slob can retire."

Arthur gaped. "Say that again?"

The little man gestured uncomfortably. "I've been a crook all my life, the same as you. It's embarrassin' to get noble all of a sudden. But we never had it so good. There was Buster Bigelow, Luther Felix, the Irishman in San Francisco, and Sonny Fialco. The Soldier came through like a four-horse parlay, and you know why—because there was twenty units of this stuff pumpin' away inside of him each time. Suppose he does win this time. Think of the punches he'll have to take with that open-door style of his. Think of a nice clown like the Soldier walkin' on his heels the rest of his days."

Arthur looked at him disdainfully. "You're breakin' me up, Bootsy, boy. Tell me more."

"I say let the Soldier off the hook for the first time in his life. Let him get knocked out quick and merciful, then put him out to pasture. Another thing," Boots said, indicating the two small vials. "After this, there won't be any more."

Arthur gaped at him. "There won't be any more—what?"

"The formula, Arthur. It was never mine. I've spooked a lot of horses in my time, but as a chemist—look, if you turned me loose in a drugstore, I could just about mix up a chocolate ice-cream soda. I got this stuff from Freddie Piltz, the king of the spooks. He was a friend of mine—and kind of a genius, you might say. He died in Leavenworth last year."

Arthur looked seriously ill.

"I'm levelin' this time, Arthur." Boots held up the vials. "There's just these two. My own idea is that we should pour it down the sink."

Arthur's reaction was a simple one. He reached out with a determined hand and snatched the vials from Boots's grasp. "You got any other funny ideas?"

"Look, Arthur," Boots protested.

"You ain't big enough to argue."

The bleachers filled early, and the ball park was reportedly sold out at nine o'clock. There was a soft summer breeze and a pale moon over the Bronx. Oddly, in the hour before the scheduled battle, the Soldier failed to doze. A handler named Charlie Fitchnik wrapped his hands with as much white gauze and adhesive tape as the rules allow. The gloves, in the case of a championship fight, are always put on in the ring. The Soldier sat on the rubbing table, massive, ugly, battered, undisturbed by tensions. When spoken to, he answered in the polite, hushed tones of a man who has been hit in the larynx too many times.

"Everything all right?" Charlie asked.

"Fine, Charlie," the Soldier said.

At twenty minutes of ten, as was customary, Arthur told the handlers to get out. No one argued or made any comment as he closed the door behind them and turned the key. The Soldier got down from the rubbing table and shed his robe, as Arthur told him to do. The semifinal bout was on, and from time to time they could hear the crowd roar swell to the size of a mountain, then subside.

"There's eighty thousand people out there," Arthur said.

"I know."

"You're fighting the champion of the world tonight. Get it through your head."

"He's a real nice feller."

"Who the hell cares if he's nice?"

The Soldier looked at his hands. "You wan' me to warm up, Arthur?"

"In a minute, yeah. As soon as you get—well, the vitamins."

Arthur drew the twenty units of one vial into a syringe and administered it as he had on each previous occasion. The Soldier responded by moving into the shuffling pattern of his warmup.

"Hold it!" Arthur said.

The Soldier stopped, in his obedient way, but he was restless and anxious to be moving, while Arthur injected twenty units more.

"O.K.! Let's go now!" Arthur said.

The Soldier obliged. He was moving with power and beauty, flashing his heavy hands at the air as Arthur bade him. Arthur smiled, for this was very promising, a tiger swinging by the tail. His only concern was that the Soldier, in his exuberance, might break a hand against the lockers or a wall.

"All right," said Arthur, "that's enough."

But the Soldier, still bobbing and weaving, didn't seem to understand. He had turned at Arthur's voice, his eyes much stranger, wilder than they had ever been. He moved closer to Arthur in the narrow confines of the room, hooking away at imagined targets, as though the charade were real. Arthur jumped back.

"Knock it off!" he shouted. "Knock it off!"

He saw that his words could no longer penetrate the terrible make-believe. The tiny room was an arena. The Soldier heard only the roar of the crowd.

"Stop!" Arthur screamed.

He would have screamed again had not a bludgeoning body blow crashed into him to still his voice as surely as a bullet might have done. He couldn't fall free of the punishment because the alternating thrusts of the trained hands wouldn't let him fall. Arthur neither heard nor felt another thing; the blows continued for a considerable time.

The Soldier was smiling and waving his hands above his head, as though to eighty thousand people, when the door was broken down. He walked off without malice, understanding or regret, as a cop leaned over the crumpled form of Arthur (The Professor) Duffy.

"He's dead," the cop said softly.

THE END

Next Week

A Son Dies

A NEW STORY
By
WINIFRED WILLIS

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Why Willy Schaeffler's ski champs drink tea, the hot refresher

"At Denver University, ski teams drink hot tea for the same reason Olympic skiers drink it. I know Olympic skiers who actually make 'pit stops' to get a cup of hot tea," says Willy Schaeffler. "It refreshes you, helps you feel your best, helps you do your best. That's why we drink two, three or four cups of it every day."

Willy Schaeffler and his Denver University ski teams are only a few of the thousands of coaches and athletes who know that tea, the hot refresher, brings out the best in a man.

Why don't you get the good of tea, too? Make it your hot refresher for a week or so and see how good you feel about it. Lively, satisfying taste... clean, fresh feeling in your mouth . . . and the "just great" glow you have when you're relaxed but on your toes and ready for action. *Take Tea—You'll See.*

Denver University has won NCAA skiing championships five of the six years Willy Schaeffler has coached them. Shown at left checking equipment for a goodwill tour to South America, Schaeffler says, "Tea gives you extra zip. But you don't need a skier to prove that. People all over the world have known it for centuries."

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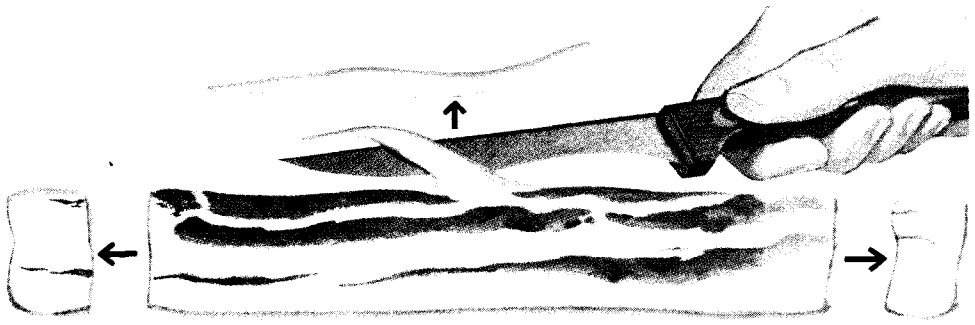

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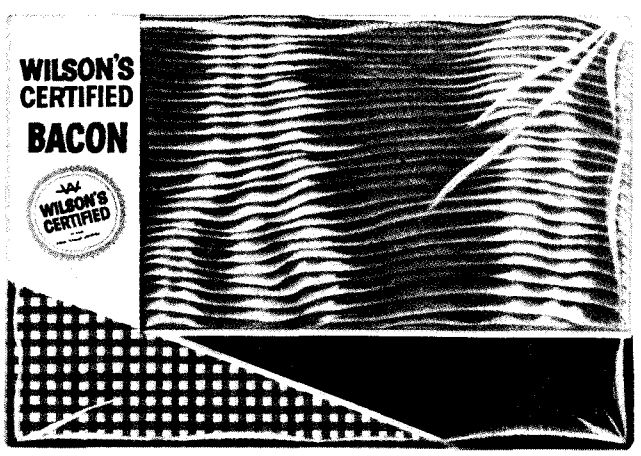

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How We Grant Paroles

By CHARLES C. CHESNUT as told to Phil Dessauer

The problems that face the men who must choose to send convicts back to society—or to keep them in jail.

A youthful car thief came before the Oklahoma State Pardon and Parole Board a few months ago to ask for his freedom from prison. He knew all the answers to our questions: Yes, he was mighty sorry for his past misdeeds; no, he never would go back to his old companions; yes, he was positive he could make good if only he had another chance.

Suddenly James P. Garrett, a member of the board, expressed a curious interest in the prisoner's appearance: "Let me see the back of your head." The young man was puzzled, but turned around to give Garrett and the rest of the board a look. The hair on the back of his head was clipped fairly close, but toward the back on each side it stood out at a forty-five-degree angle, showing the traces of a ducktail cut.

There was no comment from the board. As soon as the youth was dismissed from the room, the members voted not to consider him for parole. Garrett explained later about the haircut. "The ducktail is a symbol of revolt against society. This man hasn't been in prison long enough to get over that feeling."

I'm sure some people would say we acted arbitrarily in denying a man his freedom because we didn't like his haircut. As a matter of fact, not many paroles are granted or refused on the basis of personal grooming, but in this case I have to go along with Jim Garrett.

The attitude of a prisoner toward society is a critical factor. It enables him to get along on the outside, or it drives him back into crime. If parole authorities see any evidence of a rebellious spirit—even in a haircut—they're entitled to doubt that the lawbreaker is ready to re-enter the free world and lead a peaceful life.

This is one lesson I have learned in my more than six years on the pardon and parole board, the last three as chairman. Another is that there is no magic formula, no infallible test, to guide a parole agency in deciding which of its hundreds of applicants for clemency should be returned to the world beyond cell blocks. Each prisoner must be judged individually, and it usually is easier to miss the truth than to find it.

To impress this point on new members of the board, I periodically recount the Case of the Chagrined Chesnut. I am Chesnut, of course, the rather tarnished hero of the incident, which occurred soon after I was appointed to the board.

We were meeting at the state reformatory at Granite, Oklahoma, and one prisoner made a tearful appeal for an emergency leave. His wife had been seriously burned; he wanted desperately to be by her side in the hospital. I know it was a moving appeal, because I was moved not only to vote for the leave but to volunteer to take the frantic fellow to Tulsa, where his wife was hospitalized. Otherwise he would have had to wait until the next day for a bus. So I drove him 250 miles to Tulsa, bought him dinner and delivered him to the home of his wife's parents.

He was most appreciative, and I said to myself, "If ever you have done a good deed, Chesnut, this is it. The Eagle Scouts would be proud of you."

A few days later I found out the results of my scoutsmanship. My tear-stained chum hadn't even bothered to visit his wife. He'd skipped the state just as fast as he could flee, strewing behind him a trail of hot checks. I felt about two inches tall. There I was—humanity's great benefactor—conned like a schoolboy on his first trip away from mother.

Since that day I have developed a remarkable capacity for brushing off "emergencies" and doubting stories sad enough to soften the faces on Mount Rushmore. But there is still no foolproof method for one man to decide whether another is telling the truth, and I'm sure I haven't made my last mistake in judgment.

The fifty states vary greatly in their machinery for pardon and parole work. Twenty states have full-time boards; the rest rely on part-time officials. Only thirteen require any specific experience or qualifications for board members, and the appointments are made by political officials in nearly all states. The Oklahoma board consists of five members—three appointed by the governor and one each by the chief justice of the State Supreme Court and the presiding judge of the Criminal Court of Appeals. Three of us are lawyers, another is a junior-high-school principal, and the fifth is a doctor.

Some professional social workers and penologists scorn this kind of board. They consider laymen incompetent to deal with the complex business of handling troubled human beings. Nevertheless, we carry on as best we can, and I'm convinced our judgment is sometimes more realistic than that of the professionals. We feel that our first obligation is to society, to see that unstable or dangerous men are not released. But it's always a pleasure to find prisoners who are good risks, for nothing is more satisfying than to help reclaim lives that have been wasted or misdirected. Men in prison must have hope of relief; otherwise they live in a despair that breeds irrational, lawless acts.

In Oklahoma the parole board must interview every prisoner when he has served one third of his term. The normal waiting period for inmates serving more than forty-five years, including lifers, is fifteen years, but many come up sooner because of special circumstances.

Not long ago we interviewed a twenty-five-year-old prisoner who had served only five years of four life sentences for kidnaping, armed robbery and rape. He had impressed our staff people in preliminary interviews with his high intelligence and signs of a changed personality.

The young man had taken a prison course in how to win friends and influence people—including parole-board members. He called each of us by name, although he'd never seen us before. He described his scarred past very frankly and blamed it on "emotional difficulty." He had changed his whole outlook, he said, "through self-evaluation of my past problems." When he finished his sales talk, we had to remind ourselves of his serious

This is what the parole board sees: The face of a convict, importunate, contrite, promising to reform. What did they decide in his case? See next page.

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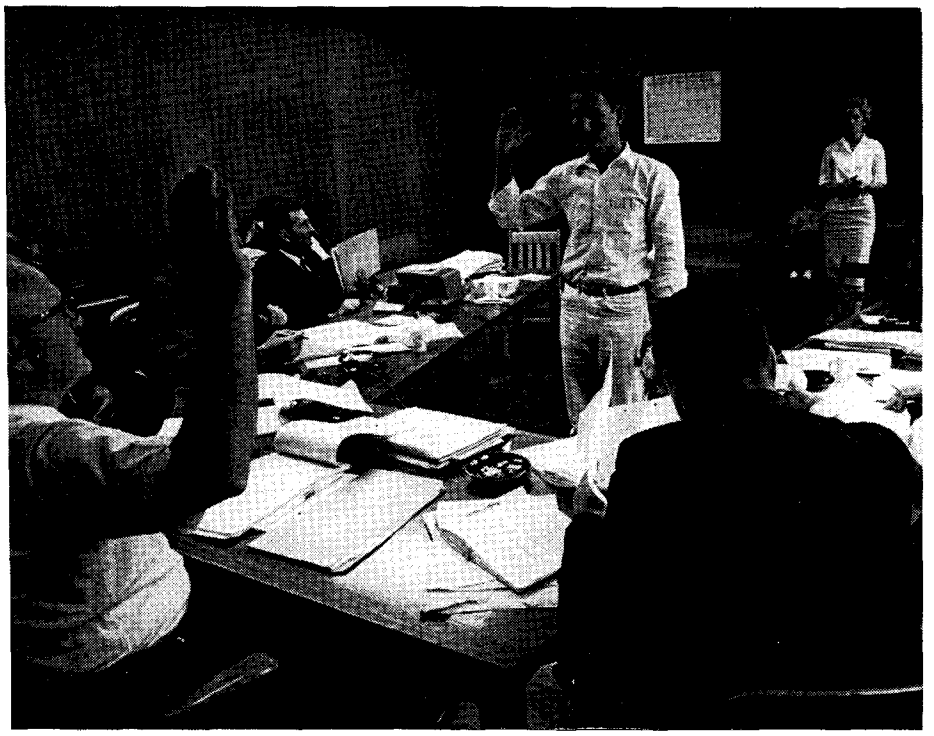
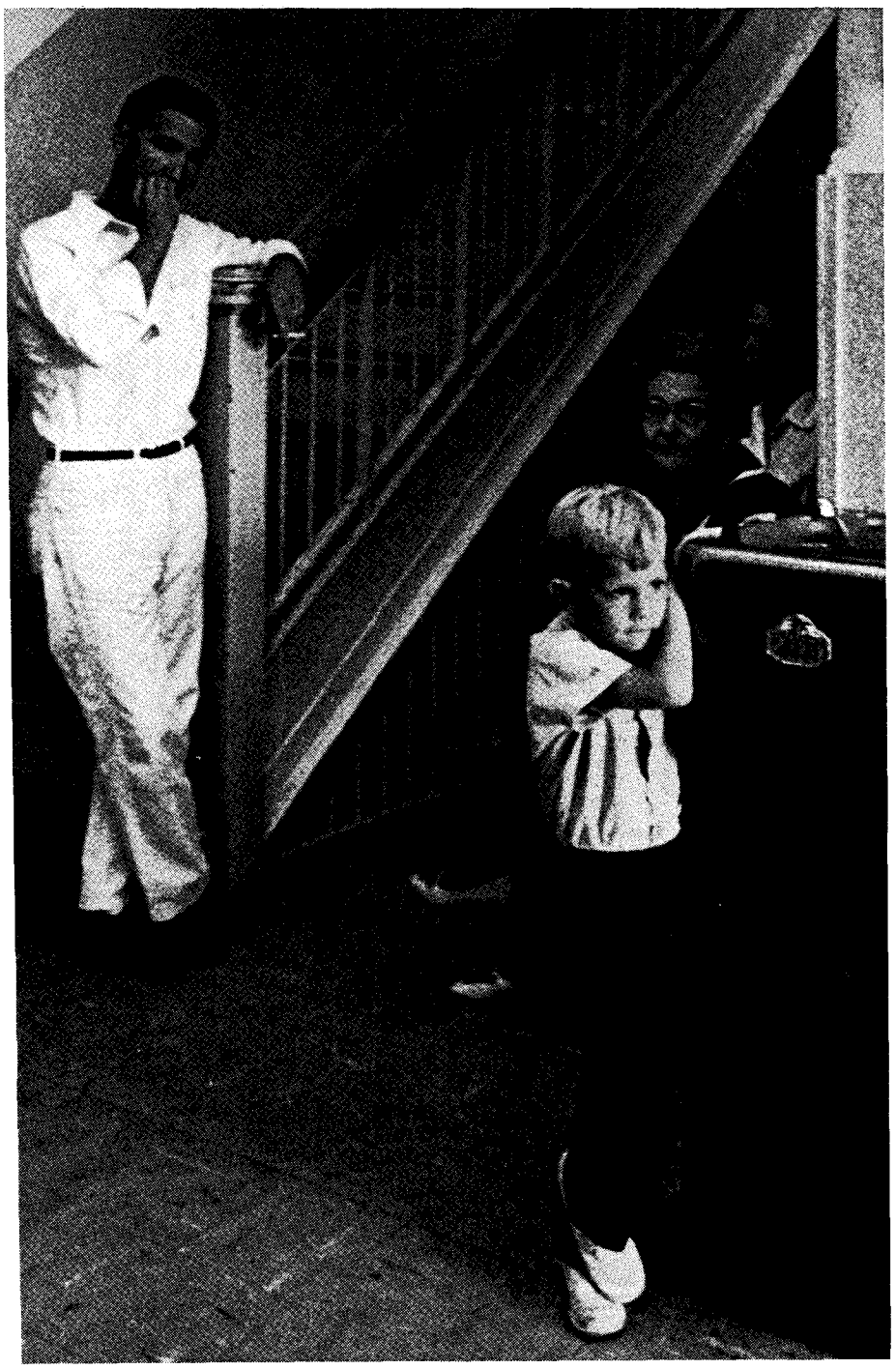


Jerry Hathcock, convicted burglar, appeared recently before the author and his colleagues to put in a plea for parole. (At rear, Hathcock's wife.)



After his hearing Hathcock, his wife, son and mother nervously awaited the board's verdict. At first, parole was denied, but upon later review, granted.

PAROLE

crimes to keep from offering him a parole on the spot. He was a real spell-binder, and most of us felt he was sincere. In spite of his relatively short time in prison, he probably will go out within the next year, for it appears that his incarceration has worked genuine changes in him.

Tough as they are, questions of freedom or confinement are not the hardest decisions of our board. We really feel it in the pit of the stomach when we review a sentence of execution and make a recommendation to the governor. Our choice there is between life and death.

The case that caused us to sweat more blood than any other was that of Edward Leon (Pete) Williams, who was thirty at the time of his appeal. From the time he was fourteen he lived in prison with hardly a break. But during a period of freedom in 1956 he forced a twenty-year-old ministerial student, Tommy Cooke, to drive him from downtown Tulsa to neighboring Muskogee County. There he shot Cooke in the head.

Williams received a life sentence for murder in Muskogee but was condemned to the electric chair when he was taken to Tulsa on a kidnaping charge. On conviction of kidnaping in Oklahoma, a death sentence is permissible but not mandatory. His attorneys argued that no one ever before had been sentenced to death under Oklahoma's kidnaping laws and that Williams actually was being put to death not for the kidnaping but for the murder. This amounted to double jeopardy—trying him twice for the same crime, his lawyers argued.

The State Criminal Court of Appeals upheld the death sentence by a two-to-one vote, and the United States Supreme Court refused to intercede. Our board heard Williams's appeals twice. By the second time he had spent forty-two months in a death-row cell at McAlester.

Three attorneys and a minister argued for him, but the board was impressed most by Williams's own appeal. He told how he had led an "animal existence" most of his life. "When I first came here, I was arrogant and selfish," he admitted. "I had never been concerned about anything but sex and whisky." Sitting alone in his cell, he recalled, he slowly became aware of his wasted life and his terrible crime. With little else to do, he read hundreds of books to try to understand himself. He insisted he was now a different man. "If this board will commute my sentence," he promised, "I will try to contribute something to life instead of taking it."

We heard Williams's case in the morning. At lunch, normally a chance for the board to relax, hardly any of us could eat, and there was little conversation as we sat there wondering what to do about Pete Williams. I think we were all impressed by the change in him, but how valid was his death-cell conversion?

After the noon break, we went back into session. As I began polling the members on Williams's fate, I still didn't know how I would vote. As it turned out, a majority of the board voted not to interfere with the decisions of the courts, and I didn't have to cast a ballot. As I think of it now, I feel I would have had to go along with the way the majority did vote, but I'll admit I'm glad I didn't have to declare myself. Williams went to the chair two days later.

Almost every death case brings some eleventh-hour appeal or claim of new evidence. Usually it is something trumped up in desperation. However, we always explore every possible chance of error before closing the final avenue of clemency.

The penal world is not a Sunday school, and the realities are often harsh enough to make a man wonder at the extremes of the human race. Still, I have seen members of the board moved to tears, and I could recite many acts of compassion. We are much more liberal now than in the past. In the last fiscal year we have had 350 applications for parole and have granted 306. By comparison, only 186 paroles were issued in the two-year period of 1955 and 1956 and only 243 in the following two years. We now grant paroles to about one in every ten among all prisoners. This is low by comparison with some states which are far freer with paroles. But we prefer to err, if we must, on the side of caution. We wind up with fewer parole violators.

In the twelve months that ended last June thirtieth, only twenty-six of our paroles had to be revoked. We figure around 15 per cent of the men we parole will have to be pulled back to prison. This low figure is a sound argument for a well-planned parole system, for statistics show that among men who serve out their full terms, the return rate is 50 to 60 per cent.

One reason we are more liberal than previously is that we now have a staff member, Jim Elliott, assigned to find jobs for prospective parolees. This is extremely important to the prisoners; without a "work program" they cannot be paroled, and many have no friends or relatives to rely on outside the walls. As a result of Elliott's work and the new atmosphere, prisoner morale has improved tremendously. We now have long-termers coming before the board who had given up all hope of freedom. A few months ago we set a record by recommending paroles for eleven life-timers at one sitting.

The pardon and parole board has had a turbulent history in Oklahoma. At one time it was common talk that clemency was for sale at the state capitol. Several years ago, in a scandal that reached all the way to the governor's office, the wife of a prisoner testified she paid $8000 for her husband's parole. As a result of public indignation, a constitutional amendment was adopted in 1944, setting up the present board and giving the governor the power to grant pardons and paroles only on the board's recommendation. Since that time, I believe, the board has lived down its predecessors' past.

Every monthly session of the board is publicized in advance, and anyone is invited who would like to appear for or against any parole applicant.

The press also is welcome, and our meetings are always covered enthusiastically by the leading newspapers of Oklahoma. The open meetings create a nothing-to-hide air that is good for the board and gives the prisoners and their families confidence that no under-the-table dealings are necessary. It also keeps the public informed of pardon and parole matters. This is an area that doesn't touch many people personally, and without publicity it can easily be swept under the rug and forgotten, when in fact it *needs* public attention. Our parole system will never progress without the confidence of people who meet parolees as neighbors and hire them as employees. If the public hears of parolees only when they "foul up," the full story of successful parole work will never be appreciated.

The press is not invited to parole-board meetings in many states, but I think it

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would be a wholesome privilege to encourage. I recall a national meeting several years ago at which I discussed our procedures with a parole official of another state. When I told him that reporters attended all our meetings, he was amazed. "How do you fellows make any money out of paroles?" he asked.

"We don't," I replied. "Paroles are free in Oklahoma."

From my contact with parole authorities in other states I am convinced the attitude of the one I have mentioned here is an extremely rare exception. I believe clemency matters are handled honestly and conscientiously by the great majority of boards. But the presence of the press at our meetings has proved helpful to our board, and I have become a believer in the open-door policy.

Only once since I've been a parole official has anyone tried to bribe me. Some time ago a friend confided that he had been asked to inform me that $250,000 was available for the board members—$50,000 apiece—if we would vote favorably in a certain case. "There's not enough money in Fort Knox to buy this board," I told him sternly. He got the message, and that was the last I heard of the proposition.

Many a case brings us conflicting pressures—from the family and friends of the prisoner, who are trying to help him, and from the relatives of his victims and perhaps other interested parties seeking to keep him out of circulation. We listen to all sides, but try to discount the testimony of obviously prejudiced persons.

Our most remarkable case of unceasing outside interest is that of a life-termer who, sentenced for murder, has served more than twenty-four years in prison. His case has come before the board thirteen times—always with intense opposition from relatives and associates of the man he killed.

Four separate jobs have been arranged for him in other states in an effort to keep him away from his enemies, but in each case they have intervened against him and caused the job offers to be withdrawn. At one point the interference was so persistent that some board members indicated they were about ready to vote for a parole whether the man had a job or not, because of what they considered unfair tactics by outsiders.

I have to concede that I have mellowed considerably in my general attitude toward convicts in the past six years. Before I was appointed to the board, my main dealings with lawbreakers were in court. I had been county attorney in my home town of Miami, Oklahoma, and in my role of prosecutor I usually was convinced that the only good criminal was one in the pokey—for as long a period as possible. But as I studied pardon and parole practices and listened to the men on the receiving end, I became fascinated by the endless variety of human experience exposed at our meetings. I decided it was much better to let a man earn a parole and keep him under supervision during his adjustment outside than to make him sweat out his full term, hand him a five-dollar bill and dismiss him without a job or anyone to turn to for help.

I've learned a lot in the last six years. For example, I know that murderers often make the best parole risks. Most of them are long-termers who know if they are paroled and "mess up," they'll be back inside the walls for an eternity. I also realize that some of the so-called minor criminals are among the hardest to cure. Check forgers and car thieves fall into their old habits much too easily to be likely prospects for parole. I know that about nine out of ten major crimes—at least in our jurisdiction—can be laid to alcohol. It is depressing to sit on a parole board and hear story after sordid story of lives destroyed by intemperate drinking. We forbid parolees to drink or to visit anyplace where liquor is sold.

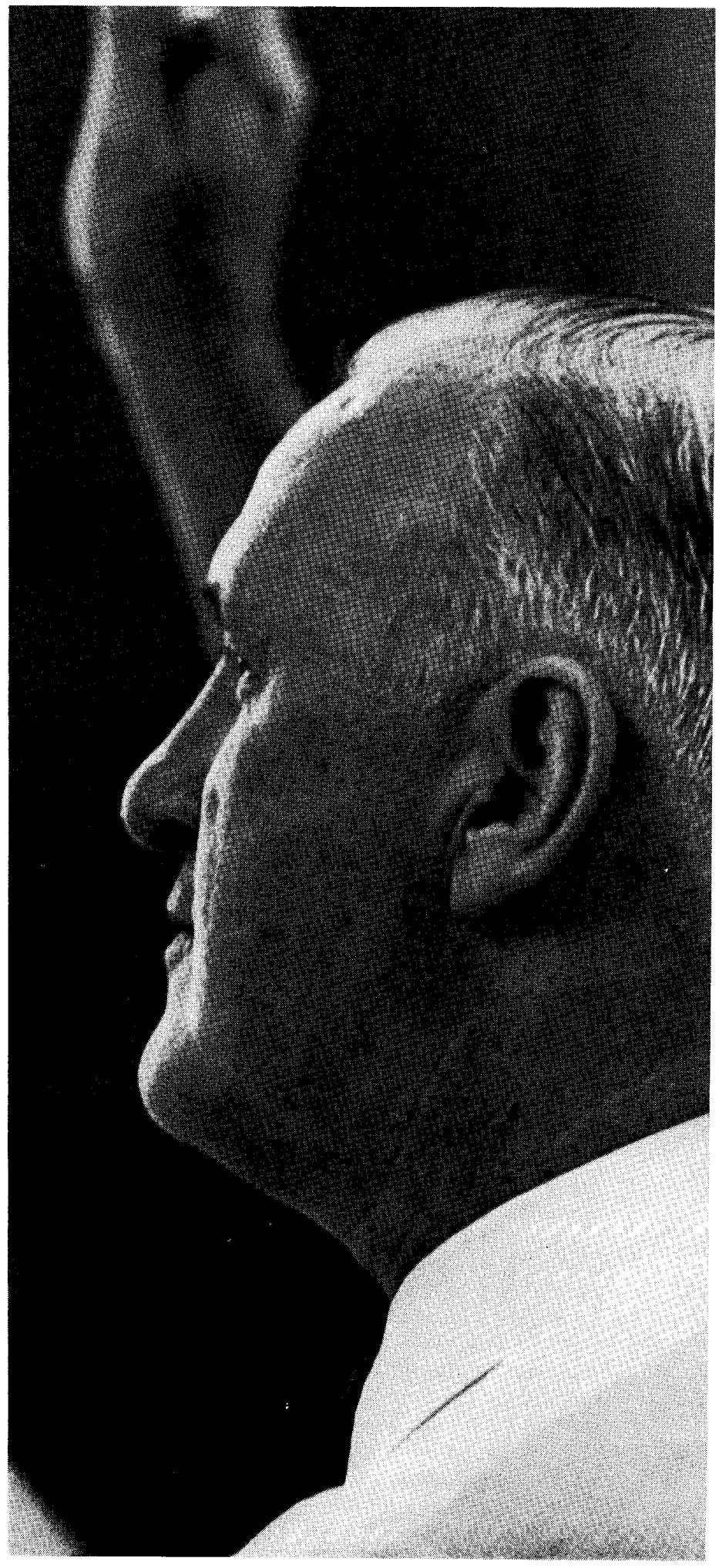
Another thing I've learned is that some convicts with bad reputations have long ago outgrown them. They become known as dangerous criminals when they are young toughs, but by the time they come up for parole they're likely to be middle-aged men with hardly any kinship to the Cain-raisers of twenty years before. Such a man is George Kimes, who with his late brother Matt ranked with the Daltons and "Pretty Boy" Floyd in the shoot-'em-up days, when bank robbery was more common in Oklahoma than reckless driving. When George first arrived at the state prison in McAlester—after a gun fight in which a deputy sheriff was killed—he was a swaggering roughneck who got into trouble repeatedly and once led an abortive prison break. But when he came before our board for a parole in 1957, he was fifty-three years old, a serious, prison-educated man. And guess what this onetime desperado's hobby was in his middle age—oil painting.

"I've lain up in the prison trusty building for ten years, reading and trying to get a different slant on life," he said in an interview. "I think I've got it. I would like to talk to these young kids who contemplate a life of crime. They always want to see me when they are sent to prison, because I made headlines. Those old headlines sicken me now. If those kids only knew what a brief crime spree had done to my life and the lives of my mother, father and two sisters." We recommended a parole for George, and I'm happy to say he is still outside, no longer under supervision.

Our board depends greatly on our own staff and the professionals who run the prisons. About two weeks before our monthly meeting they give us a complete rundown on every man coming up for parole. When we call in the prisoners for hearings, one at a time, we try to put them at ease. We had one customer who was so frightened that he couldn't speak. His divorced wife, who felt partially responsible for his trouble, moved in as a pinch hitter and delivered a fine speech for him. Another man was such a good salesman that his boss pleaded that he needed him back: "My sales force has fallen apart since he was arrested."

At the hearings we try to judge each man's temperament, inquire about his feeling toward society, check on his churchgoing habits, his potential home life, the job he expects to have and his medical record, and assess his general prospects for making good on the outside. We judge sex criminals harder than any other kind, and I have a special feeling against public officials convicted of betraying their trust.

I'm convinced it would be fine therapy for young criminals, especially first offenders, to sit through a series of clemency hearings and get a firsthand look at this parade of convicts who have long since lost their bravado and their illusions about the glory of crime. I'd like for some of those young bully boys to hear converts like George Kimes and the old pro who told us recently, "If you turn me loose and I go out there and mess up, I'd have to grow a beard. I couldn't look at myself in the mirror." THE END



Chesnut: "It is always a pleasure to find prisoners who are good risks, for nothing is more satisfying than to help reclaim lives that have been wasted."

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TOO LATE TO SCREAM

THE POLICE HAD TO CONVICT SOME ONE. WOULD IT BE AN INNOCENT MAN? **PART 3** / BY LESLIE FORD

Nat Ryan had reluctantly agreed to go to Baltimore to act as best man for his law-school roommate, Archie Chalmers. Two nights before the wedding, Chalmers's fiancée, Mary Melissa Seaton, was attacked outside her house by an unknown assailant. Ryan, who had taken the girl home from a party and then driven on to Washington, did not learn of the crime until the next afternoon. While the police searched for the missing best man, Detective Sgt. Dave Trumper questioned the girl's parents and Chalmers's mother, who insinuated that Ryan was responsible for the attack. However, the police found evidence that someone had been watching the Seaton house for at least several weeks from a tree opposite the girl's window. Ryan got in touch with the police, then returned to the Seaton house, where he found Mary Melissa trying to comfort her family and the badly shaken Chalmers.

"Oh, Archie, don't, dear." She went swiftly to him, taking his head, holding it to her as she would a hurt child's, until he stiffened and pushed her away.

"I promised your father—not to touch you again." He got up and went jerkily to the windows. "I'm sorry—so sorry! What is there I can say? If it would help any I'd die. I wish I could." He was crying then, sobs racking him as Mary Melissa stood by the sofa, her face tender, her own eyes filling with tears.

"Don't, Archie dear. There isn't any use." She turned slowly to Nat. "Hi. It—it's a mess, isn't it? But you mustn't say it's your fault. It isn't. Can't we make some sense, daddy?"

She went to a chair nearer her father and sat down, slipping her bare feet from her red leather shells, raising her face then, the pale violet circles under her eyes unbearably moving. She had covered the bruises with makeup, so Nat did not see them. At that moment she looked simpler and lovelier than he'd ever seen her.

"It's all right, daddy, to give Archie the devil about drinking if you want to, but it's not going to help any, and you can't clobber Nat. It isn't fair."

"I shouldn't have let you ——"

"You just shut up. I'm doing the talking." She smiled at him. "And daddy, you quit looking like a—a banker. Please, daddy."

She got up and went over to him. "If we're going to start placing the blame, we've got to start with the day lilies. Or with the gas pipes. And"—she hesitated and went on—"if you hadn't been so angry with Archie, I wouldn't have insisted Nat drive away and not come up to the house with me. I didn't tell you, daddy. You felt so awful I didn't want to. But it's your fault as much as anybody else's. I wouldn't have told you ever if it weren't for Nat. It's just not right to blame him."

Nat Ryan looked away. Seeing her father was seeing a stone image turn slowly to dust, his shoulders suddenly sagging, his face drained of color.

"Oh, daddy, I'm sorry." She put her arms out and he caught her, straining her to him, his face pressed against her dark head. "Please, daddy." She led him to a chair and sat on the arm of it. He was like Archie then, his head in his hands, his mouth working soundlessly.

"I just want you all not to be silly," she said simply. "And, you see, I don't think it would have made any difference what any of us did." She turned to Nat. "You remember when I told you I thought somebody was watching me? When I said I felt naked? Last night at the Paddock? Well, it wasn't the first time. I've had a feeling that somebody was around here. Don't the police think so? Isn't that the reason they told me to leave my lights on and they'd have the police dogs here? That's why I moved out of my room."

Ryan stood motionless. The guilt he'd been wearing dissolved into guilt deeper and more unforgivable. *I should have looked. He could have been there.*

"And I'm not the first one. That's what he told me. He told me other names. I knew two of them. But he could have been lying. I just don't believe even those girls—or anybody—would shut up and not try to help the police to catch him, so he couldn't hurt somebody else. It's what mother says; it's just pusillanimous."

She reached down for her shoes and got one of them. The other lay there, a small scallop of red leather. It brought back the one Nat had seen in the gray sedan, about the same size, the same narrow last. That touched the edge of his mind at first as curious and then became a fact they might use. It oughtn't to be hard to find out who was the Cinderella and who her friend was.

Mary Melissa reached down for it. "I'm sort of bushed; I'll go to bed." She went to Archie and kissed his cheek. "Don't feel so bad, Archie. I'm not so pristine, but I'm really not ruined."

"Oh for Heaven's sake, Mary Melissa."

She smiled at him. "Don't be like my uncle. He wants me to go crawl in a cellar and hide."

As she passed Nat on her way to the door, she kissed his cheek too. "Thanks," she said softly. "I thought you'd sort of—well just like Archie. My 'sometime sophistication' is sort of tattered, I guess."

The ache in the throat, the knife in the belly—but her lips on his cheek were cool and lovely. He didn't have to jerk his face away. A new kind of love seemed to be born in his heart, or a new depth for the old—tender, not urgent.

She put the other shoe on. At the door she turned back. "Night, dears," she said softly. "You're all sort of wonderful."

The silence lay there, no longer angry, no longer bitter. At last Talbot Seaton got to his feet. "She's alive, that's what matters. Thank Heaven, she's got courage. If I was hard on you, Archie ——"

"I can't take that, sir. I could all the rest."

"All right then, we'll skip it. But I take back what I said about your not coming. I think she needs you. . . . You too, Nat."

Across the road Detective Klingan saw them come out onto the porch and saw Talbot Seaton put his hands briefly on the shoulders of the two younger men. Detective Klingan had got his signal and got his orders from Sergeant Trumper. "Leave Ryan alone; he isn't the rapist."

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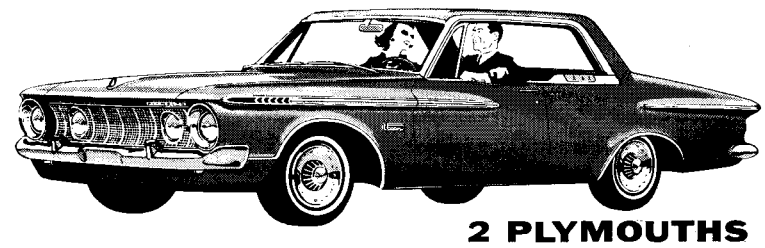

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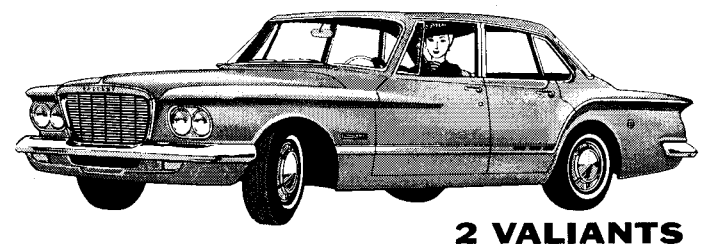

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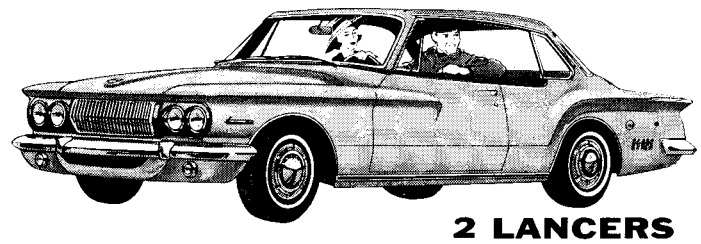

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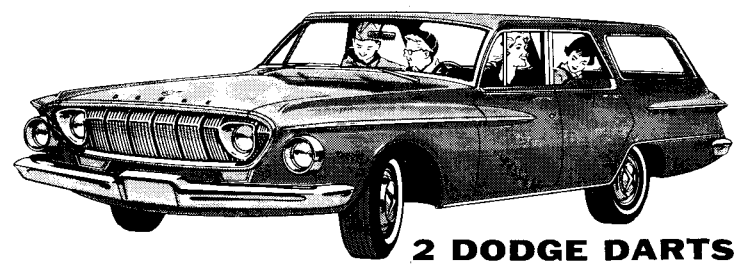

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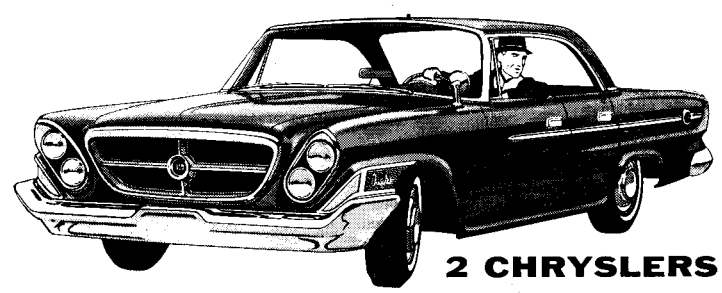

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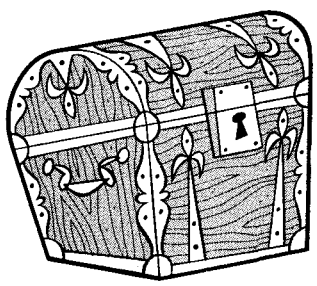

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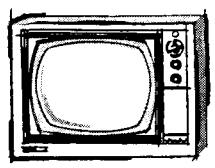

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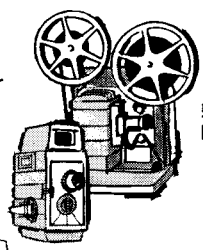

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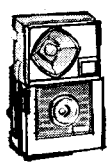

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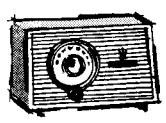

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CITY_____ STATE_____

MAKE OF CAR_____ MODEL_____ YEAR_____

FOLLOWING TO BE FILLED IN BY DEALER—SALESMAN:

SALESMAN'S NAME_____

DEALER'S NAME_____

DEALER'S CODE NUMBER_____

ENTRIES MUST BE DEPOSITED BY JANUARY 31, 1962 SP

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SCREAM

As they got to the planks across the trench, Nat said, "I'll get my stuff out of your car."

"Leave it; it's O.K.," Chalmers said. "Mine's in the trunk." Nat stopped, looking at him. "We're moving into town. The area of agreement between my mother and myself has often been small; it's now nonexistent. Anyway, I have a duty that requires me to be closer to the scene of action. I'm going to find that subhuman obscenity, and I'm going to kill him. Are you with me or against me?"

"With you," Nat Ryan said. "I think I ought to go to the police station first."

"That's where we're both going. Gifted as we are, I doubt if we can compete with the professionals. Let me restate our program. They're going to find him; I'm going to kill him. You're going to rig an alibi they can't beat. I don't mind shooting myself when it's all over, if necessary, but I don't intend to be led to the gas chamber."

He went on to his car. "I'll go ahead; you follow. We'll get rid of our gear first." He reached down inside. "And take this for me, will you?"

"Sure." Nat took the vodka bottle, noting that it was full but had been opened. To be sure it wasn't three-quarters branch water, he tasted it. It was all vodka. "Sorry, old friend." He screwed the top back on and stowed the bottle in his glove compartment.

It was dusky out there, with trees all around, but there was still enough light for Detective Klingan to see Nat take a drink of a colorless liquid, presumably not water. Presumably gin, in terms of Detective Klingan's experience; until the day he would be asked if he'd ever inquired into the color of vodka.

At 8:30 P.M. John Isham, tall and sad sack, came to rest against the doorframe of Captain Justice's small office. "Anything new, captain? Printable or un?"

Justice looked up at him. "The best man isn't missing. I guess you got that. Nothing else I can think of."

"I hear you got a detailed description."

"We aren't saying anything about it; we don't know if she got a good look at him. Don't want you to tell him."

Isham nodded, flowed upright, started to go and turned back. "In these deals, you get 'em right quick or you don't?"

"If you'd get out, we'd like to get back to work. I thought you were a day man. You aren't on a crusade, are you?"

"Maybe so," Isham said. "Be seeing you boys." He ambled back into the hall and down the enclosed staircase.

Dave Trumper turned from the files. "I wouldn't swear to it, but I guess you can trust that fella this once. You got the message the Crime Lab sent down? The tree man came back to tell Joe Scala he forgot to say this character who was up there in the tree could be a gymnast of sorts. He found a cracked branch, says our man probably had to be agile not to land on his head."

He tapped the pile of cards he'd pulled from the files. "There's a gymnast in here, the burglar we caught coming down a drain pipe. But he's at the Cut."

They heard the elevator door grunting open. "I guess that's the best man." Trumper put his cards in the desk drawer. "Or both of 'em." They heard the double tread of feet in the hall, and then they were in the door. Trumper saw two steady-eyed, good-looking young men in rumpled seersuckers, white shirts, bow ties, beat-up shoes, neither of them looking like a society lush or a dog on the suicide brink.

"Can you tell us what happened?" Nat Ryan asked evenly. "All we know is that it did. The Seatons didn't tell us anything and we couldn't ask."

Captain Justice nodded. "I don't see why you shouldn't read the first couple of the reports. Here's Lieutenant Hulan's first report—when he answered the call early this morning. And here's his report of what Miss Seaton told him and Sergeant Trumper this afternoon."

They read, with the eyes of the three policemen steady on them. It was not until they were in Hulan's second report—of what Mary Melissa had told the two officers—that Chalmers looked up. "You say she insisted I was along with them." He looked at Hulan, then at Trumper. "Why 'insisted,' I mean?" He turned to Ryan. "I was with you, wasn't I?"

"You were with us. Right where we found you, on the back seat, dead drunk and out cold. We were trying to get you away from your friends before any of them saw you. There were a lot of them around. Mary Melissa stepped in a mole run, and I grabbed her when she was falling. We got away quick. We thought they'd see you out front, but I hit a drain cover and you jolted over on your face. That's where you were when we got to the Seatons'. She wanted you home before

A politician is a man who finds the solution to every problem taxing.

Al Spong

the storm broke. I got you there and that's where I left you, in your garage. Where is my note? I stuck it in your bottle, you louse, where you couldn't miss it. I told you I was going to Washington; I'd be back for your dinner."

Captain Justice glanced at Trumper as Mrs. Chalmers's eyewitness account of Mary Melissa's abduction came out in a new light. Ryan's bitter voice changed her whole picture of the car coming to the Chalmers house, Ryan in his white dinner jacket all she could see, not her son in a dark jacket on his face in the back seat.

"I must have got it," Archie said quietly. "I can't remember. The first I remember is old Sergeant Garvey opening the front door for me."

They went on reading, Trumper following by their faces which page they were on, sick first, then sicker or sickened with shock, as they came to the hand, the wet mouth, the knife. They finished at last, silent, sick with nausea.

"All right," Justice said. He took back the reports. "Now then. It doesn't look like Mr. Chalmers can be much help. Mr. Ryan?" Nat Ryan came up out of the fog of her night of horror.

"One thing isn't there. Didn't she tell you about her—about what she felt on the terrace at the club, when she thought somebody was watching her? She said she felt like she was naked."

"What's that, Mr. Ryan?" Trumper leaned forward.

"Give him a chance," Justice said quietly. "Suppose you start over, Mr. Ryan. Start from the beginning."

But Trumper interrupted when Ryan was telling them the reason Mary Melissa wouldn't let him take her up to the house. "She was afraid her father would know Chalmers was drunk and postpone the wedding."

"So you postponed it the hard way," Trumper said.

"Keep quiet, Trump. . . . Mr. Ryan, you told us you left Mr. Chalmers a note saying you were going to Washington. You have any reason to go there?"

"He was fed up with me," Archie said.

There was the first flicker of light in Ryan's eyes that Trumper had seen. "That's as good as any."

Trumper's eyes lighted a little. *You were getting away because you're in love with the girl. That's one truth the Chalmers dame told us.*

"All right, then. Let's go back." Justice looked down at the notes he'd been making. "This gray sedan. Did Miss Seaton look in it?"

"No, sir. I did."

"You said the people might have seen somebody. What people?"

"The people in that car. Miss Seaton said they must be nonmembers; it was against the rules to park there. We didn't see them. We heard them, over behind a big magnolia behind the hedge. The girl's slipper was in the car. We just assumed they had a reason for getting out."

"And left a slipper? What kind?"

"A party slipper. White satin with one of these high needle heels. They were gone when we came back around."

Nat heard footsteps out in the hall without realizing Hulan had left until he saw him then coming back into the doorway. The captain turned his chair to give himself room to get up.

"Well, I guess that's all for tonight," Justice said. "Miss Seaton's coming down at ten in the morning to look at some photographs. If you want to come too, you might think of something you haven't told us." He eased them out into the hall. "Thanks for coming." He stood there while they started down the stairs; then he went quickly back to the office. Trumper was putting the phone down.

"Seaton doesn't know when they first missed the white satin slipper. His wife and the girl are asleep. He'll let us know in the morning."

Justice nodded. "You had an idea, Hulan?"

"Yes, sir. That car. This rookie I told you about? He had a gray sedan in the report I got from him. So I just now got hold of him. He said it looked like a stolen one, but the tags weren't right. There was a man driving it—alone, dark hair and a sports shirt."

"He get the numbers?"

"He got the letters and the first two digits," he said, and handed the captain a slip of paper.

"Good work. See what Vehicles can turn up on this, Trump—wait just a minute." He went into his office, unlocked his desk and took out a thick black-jacketed book, the file of a case that had not been closed. It was a file Trumper knew well, the case called the heartbreaker, the one he'd thought of when Mary Melissa Seaton had laughed.

"Hulan said this morning Mrs. Seaton couldn't find one of the girl's shoes. I got this out. Remember in this there was a shoe we never found? Or have you forgotten it by now?"

Trumper shook his head.

"I don't say it's connected. But that shoe just got me to thinking. One other thing too. Were you around when we had a shoe clerk? Back before we were a separate department, still in Detectives. I was lieutenant. Seven, eight years."

Trumper's face lighted. "I remember him. Edward something or other. Or was that his last name?" He reached for the phone to call Detectives and brought his hand back. "They wouldn't have him. He ——"

"That's right. He wasn't charged. I remember the store manager saying the publicity'd murder them. They sent the woman on a cruise to forget it."

"Yeah." Trumper nodded. "What I remember is his sister, crying her head off, promising he'd get treatment."

Justice went over to the coffeepot in the corner. "Well, the same thing could happen now. I mean if we get this fella, he'll get off too, no prosecution. Miss Seaton and her father are seeing the inspector in the morning. When he gets through telling 'em what she'll be in for ——"

"I don't blame him, do you?"

The captain turned slowly, not mild any longer. "I hear another word like that out of you, you'll be out there with Klingan, you hear?"

He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "One other thing. Those two young fellas. They didn't come here for the fun of it. You watch yourself, Trump, and quit shooting your mouth off. 'If it was my girl I'd kill him.' They've thought of that already. That's why I got rid of 'em. . . . Ryan didn't notice you leaving, Hulan, soon as he mentioned that gray sedan, but they're plenty bright."

The iron stairway came out on a catwalk above the first floor and between the Traffic Court and the Chief Magistrate's Court. Off it was the pressroom, a low-ceilinged vault with high, recessed windows. Alone in it John Isham was flopped out on the couch, listening. When he heard the hollow iron sound of footsteps, he got up, moving to the door, leaning bonelessly on the jamb. He moved out as Chalmers and Ryan came onto the catwalk. "Chalmers?"

The taller one with dark hair and bluer eyes said, "Yes. Who are you? Press?"

"Right. John Isham by name—short for Judas Iscariot, if you hear Dave Trumper. You Ryan?"

"That's right."

"If they catch the fellow, will the Seatons let it get into court?"

"Would you?" Archie Chalmers asked.

"Me, Mr. Chalmers? If I had the guts I'd go after him and kill him."

"Antisocial, isn't it?"

"Is it? I had a friend, sort of like you, going to marry a girl, got out a twelve-gauge, called Sergeant Trumper on the phone and blasted himself to pieces. Two days before he was going to get married. To a girl like your girl. The same thing happened. She never gave 'em any description. All she did was sit there and scream. Now she's sitting in a corner out at Mount Vale Sanatorium, staring at a blank wall. Any man comes in sight—her father, the doctor, me their old buddy—she starts screaming all over. Believe me, I've tried to find that fellow."

There was a little silence. "What did the police do?" Nat Ryan asked.

Isham shrugged. "All they could. The girl couldn't tell 'em anything. Her sister had seen her and the boy out in front in his car, saying good night. She heard the car leave. The kid didn't come in, so she figured they'd gone for a drive. Later she heard the car come again. She didn't hear her sister come in the house, but she was half asleep. Didn't know anything had happened till the boy managed to call the police. Then she went out and found her sister sitting on the steps. That's when she started screaming."

Isham had a cigarette in his hand, not lighted. He dropped it on the floor,

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SCREAM carefully wiping it out with his foot. "I was down here, heard the call and followed Trump out. We found the boy. He'd been tied up, his ankles and wrists cut to the bone where he'd fought to get loose, trying to help the girl. They guessed he'd been gagged, he didn't have much of any mouth left. I'll give the cops one thing. She'd lost a shoe. They raked nearly the whole county trying to find it. There wasn't a trace. They got the mate to that red sandal upstairs, still waiting."

He took another cigarette out and lighted it. "I guess what I'm saying is, your girl was lucky. So were you. You going home, in case I should call you?"

"Farthingale Alley, Number Nineteen," Archie said. "Come and have a drink."

Isham's sleepy green eyes opened for an instant. "A fair wind I wish you," he said. "If I can help, let me know." He ambled back into the Press room.

They went on down and got into the car. Chalmers gripped the wheel, his head pressed to his hands, and sat there for a moment. *A bride-to-be, a lost shoe, a boy bringing his girl home, the boy blowing himself to pieces, the girl at Mount Vale staring at a wall, screaming when any man came near her, no trace of the shoe.* Archie started the car then, and they drove through the night-silent streets of the city to Farthingale Alley, a Joseph's coat of tiny houses in the heart of the old town.

"Did you notice the quick brush-off we got when Hulan came back? You were talking about the car and the white slipper in it."

"I noticed," Ryan said.

They went on into the house. The stairs opened from the one living room. There was a small kitchen in what had been a back porch. Their gear was in a heap in the middle of the floor. Archie picked up a bag and stood holding it, staring into the fireplace. "Mrs. Seaton was hunting a slipper," he said.

"Yes. I heard her say so."

Archie still stood there. "You read what she said. He wanted to take her to the carriage ——"

"Shut up, for Heaven's sake. I read it."

Ryan picked up his stuff and went up the crooked steps, into the tiny front room and shut the door, leaning against it. *We'll get him and we'll kill him. By Heaven, we will.*

When he went downstairs a few minutes later, Archie had poured them drinks—bourbon, not vodka. They sat there silently for a long time, the stillness of the night broken by the rumble of an occasional truck, a church bell in the distance striking the hours. It struck two as Archie got up. "I'm turning in."

He took the glass that had been sitting untouched beside him and went out in the kitchen. Nat heard him empty it into the sink and rinse it out. He came back and went over to the crooked steps.

"Forget what I said about you and the alibi, Nat. I may be a louse, but I pay the price tag. In this instance it includes taking the Bar—I won't have the clean hands I hope they require. So you're to keep yours. You just stay out of this. I'll do the finding and I'll do the killing. It'll be deliberate, willful and with malice aforethought, and I won't let anybody hire Enoch Chew, our local Darrow, to pull all the stops to get me off."

Something's happened to those two. Trumper saw it at once when they walked into Homicide at ten the next morning. *Like a rookie grows up just overnight when he runs into his first real one.* They looked through the photographs he took from the files. Both shook their heads.

"I suppose you've gone through the delivery people, the trench crew, all the rest of them that have been around there."

"That's routine, Mr. Ryan."

"Sergeant Trumper, I talked to Mrs. Seaton this morning," Archie said. "She says the slipper she's missing is white satin with a high needle heel. I checked with the club. The only nonmembers who were there had their cars parked by the boy. All of them are accounted for."

"We checked that too."

"We understand there was a shoe missing in another case like this. The case of the girl at Mount Vale."

Trumper sat still and impassive. *Judas Iscariot's in on this.* He leaned forward. "And if there is one," he said deliberately, "you want Miss Seaton to go out there too?" His eyes, like hot marbles, moved from one to the other of them.

IN THE NEXT POST

Bob Feller

ON

THE BASEBALL HALL OF FAME

"Look, you two. I don't know what you're planning, but I want you to listen to me. The attack on Miss Seaton was no hit-and-run deal. That fella's been watching her for weeks."

He told them about the locust tree, stopping again to let them absorb it. "You wise guys come in here to tell us about our business when you couldn't protect the girl one night. Let me tell you—you keep up whatever you're planning and you put that girl in real danger. You let the fella think you're trying to outsmart him, he'll get even—and he could come back to finish the job."

Ryan had got up and gone to the window, crawling cold with the fear it could be true, the man could come back. He stood staring down blindly into the Saturday emptiness of the street, seeing, without knowing he was doing it, a car pull in behind Archie's and a man get out, stopping, as most did, to look at Archie's black foreign sports car with its oyster-white leather gleaming in the sun.

"What you ought to be doing," Trumper was saying to Archie, "is watching that girl, not watching us. I wouldn't leave her alone for five minutes. Let me tell you this: It's not just the slipper making us think it could be the same man, it's him waiting at the gate for you people. That's what happened to the other girl. Her sister had gone in their place alone. Why didn't he attack her? Was he waiting for the one going to be married? We're thinking: Was that part of the *modus* here? Makes you sick, don't it."

He stopped again for an instant. "We don't know it's so. But he told Miss Seaton he'd watched her and he hated her kind of people. That's people like those other poor kids too. Mr. Ryan ——"

Nat turned back from the window. "You can help us," Trumper said. "This car, the gray sedan you looked in. There's a chance we can find it. Anything about it special? Did you touch it at all?"

"Yes, I did touch it." He could see himself there on the asphalt, leaning over the narrow grass edge, his hands on the car. He held them out now, palms flat. "I braced myself against it."

"Good. Let's get your palm prints." Trumper shoved his chair back. "The rain could have washed them off, but we'll take a chance. We'll get your right footprint too; we've got one there in the mud at the Seatons'." He didn't say it was the shoeprint of a man who limped the way Ryan limped.

"Let's go over to the Bureau of Identification. You stay here, Mr. Chalmers. Miss Seaton and her father are upstairs with the inspector."

When they came back, Chalmers was still there, Mary Melissa with him. She turned abruptly when they came in, her eyes defensive, until she saw that Nat was with Trumper.

He came on in. "Will you look at these pictures for us, Miss Seaton?"

Chalmers turned to the door. "Nat, will you stay?" he asked abruptly. "I've got to go. I'll be out at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Sergeant Trumper, if you want me. I'll leave word at the desk." He strode out without looking at Mary Melissa.

She turned to Nat. "Daddy's got to go to the bank, but I've got the car. You needn't stay if you're busy, or ——"

"I'll stay."

She went to the desk where Trumper had the photographs and the artist's drawing. "I'll look at these, if you want me to. But I think I ought to tell you. My father and I—just don't think I could really go through with it. I didn't know till the inspector told us. He says it's just awful. Nat, you don't know ——"

"I've read some trials. I know, all right." *We'll never let you do it, baby—not when it's all our fault.*

"I'm sorry, Sergeant Trumper."

"That's all right, Miss Seaton." *I wouldn't let a girl of mine do it.* "But we want to know who it is, so we can keep an eye on him."

He opened the desk drawer and took the police artist's drawing out. "This was done from the pink form you checked yesterday." She stood there, reluctant for an instant. "Sit down. Just take it easy." He pushed the drawing over where she could see it. It was the head and face of a man with bushy black hair and glaring eyes. She drew in her breath as she looked at it, but her face was blank.

"If you'll give me a pencil—I'm not good at it, but I've had some drawing. Maybe I can show you."

He watched her tear the sheet off the block and with a half dozen strokes bring into life a face that for the fraction of a moment he thought he had seen somewhere. Her next few strokes, making the hair different and adding a dark open-neck shirt, took away the flash of remembrance he seemed to have had.

"But he wouldn't be glaring, or his teeth showing, would he, when you find him?" A few more strokes changed the eyes and took the snarl from the mouth.

Trumper took the drawing. "You're pretty sure of this?"

"Yes. I really saw him, in the lightning." She closed her eyes as if to wipe out the revulsion the image brought.

"Could you look through these for me?" He turned over the pile of glossy prints that Chalmers and Ryan had looked at, watching intently as she turned them face over off the pile. Halfway through she drew back a little and moved her hands to her lap, holding them tightly.

"Is that him?"

She had to swallow before she could answer. "I—don't know. There's something—the eyes and mouth. And the sort of clean look. And he's cocksure, I'd forgotten about that."

When she'd gone through the pile she came back to it. "There's something about him. Maybe it's just the clean look. I can't explain it, I guess."

"I think I know." Barbershop clean. The neat man on the bench flicked through his mind. "We'll see." He didn't want to tell her he doubted her. He'd done that before and been so wrong it had scared him. "We might get him in a line-up. You'd know him if you saw him?"

"Oh, yes. But I ——" She got to her feet, back where she'd been when she came from the inspector's office. "I told you! I just can't! I'd die!"

Nat Ryan was beside her then, his face set. "You're not going to."

"Take it easy, Mr. Ryan." Trumper's voice was quiet. "Frankly, we never expected her to. We know there's nothing dirtier to go through."

As they started out, he said, "One other thing. When was it you wore your white satin slippers last, Miss Seaton?"

"I never wore them. They were for my wedding, to go with my dress." She'd stopped at the door, but she came quickly back to him. "You understand, don't you? I mean, why I couldn't go into court as a witness? I just couldn't stand it."

"Sure." He said it as gently as he could. *I understand, nobody better.* "Don't worry, sugar. We'll get him some other way." He wished he believed it.

The man whose car was standing behind Archie's outside Police Headquarters had been just passing by for fun, his kind of fun, and had not intended to stop until he recognized the black foreign sports car there. *What's he doing down here?* He drove on around the block, and pulled in to the curb right there in front of Headquarters. A minute of calm had explained it as clearly as if he were inside the building seeing Chalmers as he'd seen the drunken fool's high-horsing mother sail smiling in and smiling back out on the third floor yesterday morning.

He didn't have to be told she was down there to hush up what he knew would never have got in the paper if the girl hadn't made up her story of the prowler. It was part of the game; the chance of one acting different from the rest was what made it exciting. It might get him a few powder burns but nothing to hurt him. They were the ones who'd get burned—if they were such fools as to tangle with him.

He strolled over to the entrance, sat down on the granite steps, took out a cigarette and lighted it, right there under their noses. With his white shirt and bow tie, like Chalmers's, a summer suit, not cotton like his so it looked like he'd slept in it but nice wrinkleproof fabric, he wasn't a bum they could tell to move on. He shifted his straw hat to a jaunty angle and sat there, waiting for the bridegroom whose wedding he'd turned into garbage.

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SCREAM His malice and glee were so great that he didn't notice Chalmers, not until he was down the granite steps, striding long-legged across the sidewalk. The pleasure turned to anger. It meant he had to hurry to get to his car if he wanted to follow him, and it was only when he had to hurry that his martyred hip showed, then or when he limped purposely in front of his sister to let her never forget what she'd done to him. Nobody else dared to think he was a cripple. He had muscles of iron—just like a panther. He told himself that as he moved his trained body, holding his spine straight while crossing the pavement, hating Chalmers for his long easy stride and his height, angry at himself for not having worn the specially built shoes that gave him an added two inches.

For a moment he thought he had to give up; Chalmers was in his car, but he didn't start up. He sat there staring at nothing at all. He didn't even turn his royal fat head to see who was so close to him he could have spit in his face.

Chalmers started up then, slowly, not moving the way he should have with a car as packed with fabulous class and power. *He drives it like it was any old crate. If it was me, I'd show 'em. I'd have some style.* He stayed behind, in his cream-and-tan car, until Chalmers turned into Calvert Street.

When Chalmers turned into his home block, the two-toned car went on, swung around and came back past the house. *Gone in to hole up like a rat, drink himself blind, to forget it's the day he was going to get married.* The two-toned car went on, made a turn past the church, and kept on down Catherton Road. The gas-company crew was there, filling the trenches, but the detective who'd sat in a car across the street yesterday was gone. Maybe tonight it'd be safe to go back to the tree. *If they don't have dogs.* He didn't know they would, but they might, and dogs he was afraid of. Until he was sure the girl's family had got out of the mistake they'd made getting in the police, he wasn't taking a chance. *I'd better call her and tell her a few things.*

His eyes were bright then, his mouth watering at the taste. *I'll call her now. From over York Road.* He smiled as he swung the car around and headed that way. *Two birds with one stone.* There was another reason for going there. That was where what he thought of as his insurance was, his ace in the hole in case anything went wrong. He'd kept it up, in a manner of speaking, for years, and he liked to check on it once in a while.

He liked to think that the stage lost a great actor when his phantasmagoric world was in orbit. It had many stages, its apogee still to come, and sometimes he trembled when he held the knife in his hand. The apogee was murder, and someday, sometime, he knew it would come. It was his sister he really wanted to kill, but he couldn't do it. His father had stopped that with the will that left her the money—to go to his lodge's old-people's home when she died. His face twisted with rage as he thought of it.

He parked near a drugstore on the next corner. He sat still a moment, deciding who he'd be when he dialed the Seatons' number. The name he'd like best in the society pages was Randolph G. Perryman, a cousin of the Chalmerses. He dialed and when a colored maid's voice answered, he said, "This is Mr. Randy. Can I speak to Mary Melissa?"

The woman's voice was sharp over the line. "Randy don't 'Mister' me, and if you was him, you'd be calling her own number. You ain't Randy and I'm going to call the police."

He cut off the angry blast with a shaking finger. Then he dialed the number of one of the bridesmaids. He put on an English accent he'd practiced.

"Oh, I say, I am sorry. This is Reggie Montgomery. Could you help me? I've come for the wedding. I say, isn't it ghastly? But I do want to give the girl a ring and I've forgot her private number. So stupid when she wrote it down for me in Venice. She may have told you about the mater's *palazzo.*"

"Just a second, I'll see." His heart chilled again as he waited, and he was about to put the phone down and get out when she came back, giving him the number. "Why don't you come out and have a drink around five?"

"Oh, you *are* kind. But I'm at Friendship, just taking off; I told Sir Anthony I'd be back in New York this evening. Do look us up next time you're in London."

He put the phone down, holding his arms tight across his breast to keep from laughing aloud. His face gradually changed then, as he remembered this girl's picture as he'd seen it in the papers. She was dark and small. Someday she'd be a bride instead of a bridesmaid, and then she'd meet Reggie Montgomery. His eyes glittered as he reached into his inside coat pocket and took out the most precious of the possessions he carried with him. It was a single sheet of paper, pale gray, real stylish, a firm name and address printed, very high class, across the top. Below it was a handwritten list of names, several crossed out, with dates written beside them. The last one was Mary Melissa Seaton—the date, June twentieth. There were others below hers, not crossed out yet. At the bottom he wrote this girl's name.

He dialed the number she'd given him, listening to the phone ring, breathing more quickly each time, counting the rings then, seeing her creep across her blue bedroom to where he knew the phone was on the table beside the four-poster bed. He let it ring on. She could have been out of the room. Then his face began contorting again with fury. He was cursing under his breath until he saw a policeman stroll into the store, and he put the phone down quickly.

I'll call her tonight. I'll tell her. He could see her in the bed in the blue room where he'd watched her with his binoculars, practically there beside her—see her turn on the light when the blue phone rang, see her reach for it, sitting up, laughing. *You won't laugh this time, you sly little rat.*

He got the cream-and-tan car and drove to a block of row houses in a neighborhood once prosperous, now overrun with poor whites from the Carolina mountains. The alley that ran through it was littered with trash, rusty old garbage cans spilling out rotten muskmelons and moldy bread. There was a row of corrugated-iron garages on either side of the alley, and he drove the car into one of them. He was padlocking the door when he saw the policeman coming out of the broken gate up the alley. A spasm of alarm shot through him again, until he saw the woman and dirty kids hanging behind him. *Her husband's got drunk and beat her again.*

He tested the padlock and turned down the alley. At the end of it, across at the corner, was a tavern with a sign COBBY'S over the front in red and blue neon. Only the proprietor was there, wiping off the bar. "Hiya, Alvin," he said.

Alvin handed him the keys of the car and the padlock. "Thanks a lot, Cobby. Sure you didn't need it?"

"You kiddin'? When do I get a chance in this racket? Sundays to ma's farm and back's all I use it. If you didn't, the battery'd be dead. The cops ain't found yours yet?"

Alvin shook his head. "Since Thursday, and they got the nerve to brag on their record. Let's have a beer."

Cobby opened two bottles and pushed Alvin a glass. "What's that brother of yours doin' complainin' about my beer?"

"My brother-in-law," Alvin said coldly. He poured his beer into the glass. He didn't drink out of bottles like Cobby. "I see a gendarme in the alley. Cop to you, Cobby. What's he ——"

"Rats to you, Alvin." Cobby grinned at him. He tilted his bottle, and brought it down on the bar. "No foolin', though; that's what he's after. Fellow down at the Mecca Restaurant complained he saw some rats. They got an inspection on, Sanitarian fella scourin' the block. Your sister home? They ——"

The last words were said to an empty stool and the customer that Alvin had pushed aside in the door. Cobby strolled over to look out the window, not at Alvin but at the cop. "Have a smoke?" He held out a pack of cigarettes to the new customer, who took one and with it a rolled bill that was the pay-off on the number he'd hit yesterday.

"Let's have a beer," he said.

"You can have Alvin's; he just poured it."

"He trainin' for the Preakness?"

Cobby shook his head. "Cops huntin' rats. Must 'a got a pet one. Fade away, fella, here comes one of them."

The policeman coming in as the customer disappeared in back was not concerned with either numbers or rats.

"Hi, officer," Cobby said cheerfully. "I help you?"

"I'm checking some car tags. This one here yours?" The officer showed a number that Motor Vehicles had pulled out along with all the rest that had the letters and two digits the rookie at Northern had remembered from the gray sedan.

Cobby looked at it. "That's mine. You want to see it?" He motioned to the keys to the car and garage lying on top of the cash register. "Right up the alley, Garage Number Six."

"You keep the keys here?"

"Where else would I keep 'em?"

"Anyone else drive it?"

"I'm a philanthropist?" Cobby asked grinning. He hoped Alvin hadn't got into an accident and not told him. But he was not telling anything about Alvin. "You're welcome to look, officer."

The officer looked. The car was not a gray '57 sedan. It was cream-and-tan, modern and no sign of a paint job. He was taking the key out of the padlock when he looked up the alley and saw a friend of his come out of another of the garages with a short, neat-looking man.

"Hi there, Mike, how's the old rat catcher?" He waved to Mike Kulac and took the keys back to Cobby.

Officer Kulac helped Alvin close the garage on the gray sedan without tags. "I took 'em off," Alvin said. "They were last year's, but these hillbillies can't read and they'll steal you blind. I didn't have the dough for new ones this year. I'd have sold it, but they kill you on a straight sale, and next year maybe I can trade it in."

"You sure don't get much, sellin' outright," Kulac agreed. "How many families you got living here?" He took out his notebook.

"Only ourselves, me and my sister and her husband. She and I own this house. And two across the street."

"And you can't dig up fifteen bucks for some tags?" He stopped himself from grinning when he saw the man's face.

"We've had a—good deal of sickness," Alvin said stiffly.

"Me and my big mouth." Officer Kulac was sorry. Just when the guy was calming down, trying to co-operate, showing him the kitchen, clean as a pin, with all the food covered, he had to make a crack and upset him. Then he saw the big rat in the trap under the sink. "You got 'em too, though. Can I look in the cellar?"

"You can look if you like."

Alvin went to the door and switched on the cellar light, holding himself stiffly in control till Kulac got down there. Then he sagged against the doorframe, his body starting to tremble. Why had he lied about owning the houses when he'd just said he didn't have money for the tags—when anybody could see they weren't poor, not poor like poor people? *I shouldn't have let him in at all. I should have made him get a warrant. What if it's a blind and he's not a Sanitarian but a detective? What was the other one doing at Cobby's, looking at his car? What'll I do? Sister! Oh, sister!*

He heard himself actually calling her then and brought his hand up over his mouth, his eyes going desperately around the room, to the polished case in the open cupboard. His father had been a butcher, and his sister had kept his favorite knives from the old country—one of them, the one he'd told her he'd broken, now upstairs hidden inside his mattress. He started across the room and stopped short. *Not the knife—there'd be blood.* Then a sudden stitch in his side almost doubled him up in an agony of fear as he remembered the license plates for his car right in plain sight upstairs on his desk. He shut his eyes and straightened up, breathing deeply and slowly to reduce tension, the way he'd been taught in his judo lessons. He took a sudden fierce hold of himself then, and when he heard Kulac coming, he'd got out into the hall, standing by the front door, ready to open it.

"That darkroom's a honey. You a photographer?"

Alvin held on to the doorknob, afraid he would faint. He'd forgotten the darkroom. His voice sounded all right when he managed to speak. "My brother-in-law. A hobby is all." He turned the lock to pull the door open. "You can see we're clean people, officer."

"You are that," Mike Kulac said. "But you've got runs. A little kid was bit bad. I'll go upstairs while I'm here, if you don't mind."

Alvin's mind was suddenly clear, his hand on the doorknob steady as iron. *If you do you'll never come down alive.*

TO BE CONTINUED

Parrots don't know what they are talking about, and that makes them almost human.

Herbert V. Prochnow

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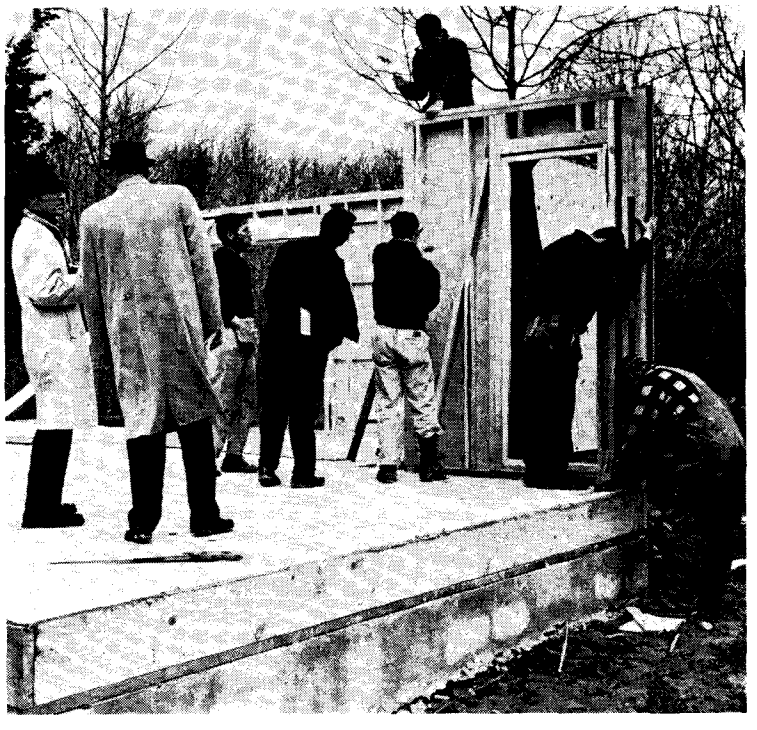
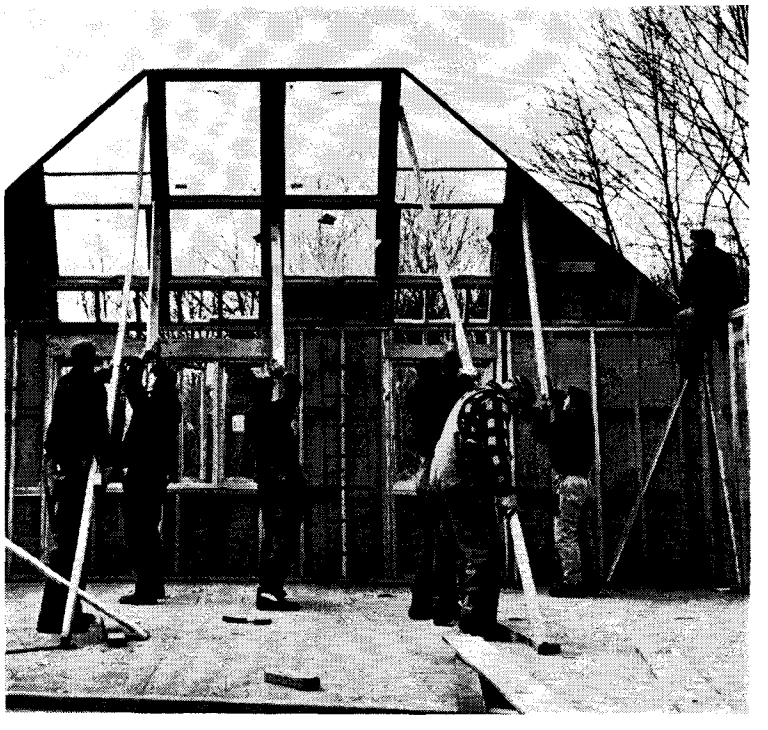
NAILING DOWN ANOTHER LADIES' HOME JOURNAL FEATURE

Journal editing hits the nail on the head with women by being uncommonly authoritative and realistic. We go to great lengths to make it so. For instance, building a featured house ourselves (pictured here on the way up: one of the Journal's famed Portfolio Houses) to be sure everything we say *works does work*; testing 23 versions of a recipe to find the one most tasteworthy; or reading 22,000 manuscripts to get a half-dozen good short stories. There are easier ways of making a magazine, and we could probably use them without a single *man* detecting the difference. The chances are, though, that we would no longer be THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN.





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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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FAREWELL, GREAT

The other day I saw in the theater section of my favorite newspaper a headline—THE SHEIK RIDES AGAIN!—over a story about the recent revival of interest in the late Rudolph Valentino. The story reminded me of my embarrassing embroilment in the riots which followed the movie idol's sudden death in 1926. In fact, I was arrested at Valentino's wake, after a brisk running battle with the New York mounted police. Finally collared and jailed, I was haled into court to face charges of I knew not what misdemeanors and felonies.

It is a true story; yet it occurs to me that its details may seem to verge on the implausible. The death of the handsome young movie star was surely a sad event. And his wake—when his body lay in state in Campbell's Funeral Church, so that his admirers might file by and pay their last respects to their hero—should have been a solemn occasion. Why then the riots and the clanging ambulances and the mounted police charging in at the gallop? Why should I, a reasonably respectable and peaceable young man, with no special interest in the late sheik of the silent screen, have become so entangled in his obsequies? And why should the mourners have ceased their keening to cheer my defiance of law and order? Obviously, if I am to emerge from this recital with my reputation for veracity intact, some explanation is in order.

Note that my mishaps occurred during what Westbrook Pegler has termed the Era of Wonderful Nonsense. In the mid-'20's Coolidge Prosperity was well under way. Another world war was inconceivable; serious depressions, according to eminent authorities, were a thing of the past. The public, having no major crises to worry about, concentrated its attention on what Frederick Lewis Allen called "a series of tremendous trifles."

Millions worked up a head of emotional steam about whether Floyd Collins would escape from the cave where he was trapped, whether Gertrude Ederle would swim the English Channel, whether there would be acquittal or conviction in the gaudy Hall-Mills murder case. It was a time of contagious mass excitements. Crowds flocked to the Scopes trial in Tennessee to hear William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow debate whether men were descended from monkeys. Others thronged to watch couples in a dance marathon totter toward exhaustion, or to see how long Shipwreck Kelly could perch atop his flagpole.

Among these excitements, and longer lasting than most, was the Valentino craze. The nation's more susceptible womenfolk, from flappers to grandmothers, were under the spell of the young Italian-American star who had brought a new torridity to cinematic amour.

The mania began with the first showing of a silent film called *The Sheik* in 1921. Valentino played the lead: a romantic Arab chieftain, passionate, masterful, irresistible. He snatched Agnes Ayres from her steed. "Stop struggling, you little fool," flashed the subtitle. Hot stuff. Overnight he became a star. Millions of women began to idolize him.

The adoration increased with each succeeding film of the great lover. With the appearance of *The Son of the Sheik* in the summer of 1926, the Valentino worship became feverish.

On the morning of August sixteenth came the shocking news, on the front page of even the staid *New York Times*, that the handsome thirty-one-year-old star had been rushed to a hospital in New York for critical surgery—appendix and ulcers. In the next few days the bulletins were reassuring. Then, front page again: PERITONITIS FEARED, CONDITION ALARMING. On Monday, August twenty-third, huge headlines: VALENTINO DEAD! THOUSANDS OUTSIDE HOSPITAL WEEP AND PRAY. The stories from Hollywood said that Pola Negri, who recently had announced her engagement to Valentino, was prostrated by grief, with two physicians trying to control her hysteria.

Valentino's manager said the body would lie in state for several days so that mourners could have a final look at their hero. This announcement set off a saturnalia of sentimentality that lasted for two weeks, quieting down only after poor Valentino was at last laid to rest in an elaborate Hollywood Mausoleum.

Many of the strange, typical celebrities of the day got into the act with lavish manifestations of grief. Among them were Mrs. Frances (Peaches) Browning, whose marital adventures with "Daddy" Browning had provided a field day for the artists of the *Daily Graphic*. Also Mrs. Richard R. Whittemore, still in mourning for her husband, the bandit hanged for murder after a sensational trial.

Strangest of all was a small, earnest-looking man who, introducing himself as Dr. Sterling Wyman, Miss Negri's New York physician, bustled into the headlines as impresario of the complex funeral arrangements. He was gracious and accessible to the press. He discoursed learnedly on the details of Valentino's fatal illness. The authoritative *Times* identified him as "the author of *Wyman on Medico-Legal Jurisprudence*." A few days later he was exposed as a notorious impostor and fraud, with a long record of arrests and convictions, and fancy aliases such as Ethan Allen Weinberg and Royal St. Cyr. His proudest coup had been engineered in 1921 when, posing as an officer of the U.S. Navy, he had escorted the Princess Fatima of Afghanistan to Washington and introduced her to President Harding. (He drew eighteen months for that one.)

I have sketched in this unlikely but authentic background of events with the hope that today's readers, thus inured to the improbable doings of the 1920's, will give credence to my own peculiar part in the proceedings.

In that summer of 1926 I had paid only casual attention to the Valentino headlines. I was not one of his fans. Besides, I was preoccupied with my own concerns, which had reached a turning point. For nearly four years I had been practicing corporation law in Wall Street, with a pleasantly rising income but growing dissatisfaction. I suffered from a yearning to write, and the drafting of 200-page corporate mortgages was not my idea of vibrant prose.

Early that spring I had met Grace Cutler. With a rare flash of good sense I fell in love with her immediately and permanently. She was a young newspaper reporter, doing modestly paid night assignments for the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*. The only way I could pursue my courting was to accompany Grace on her assignments. This was a new and fascinating world to me. Why couldn't I, too, be a reporter? Grace approved of the idea.

After we were married on May twenty-first, I became more cautious. Now I had a husband's responsibilities. A cub reporter in those days got only twenty or twenty-five dollars a week to start. Had I not better delay my plunge into journalism until we had saved up $10,000 or so from my legal earnings?

My bride was brave and wiser than I. She argued that if I really wanted to make the change, the sooner the better. We were young and could stand a spell of living on a shoestring. Each year we put it off the decision would be harder, with new excuses for prudent delay.

By the end of July she had so bucked up my courage that I applied for a job with the New York *Herald Tribune*. The city editor, after warning me of my folly, agreed to give me a try as a reporter at twenty-four dollars a week, beginning at the end of August.

Thus, when the news of Valentino's death hit the headlines on Monday, August 23, 1926, I was serving my last week with the law firm of Chadbourne, Hunt, Jaeckel and Brown. It was still my custom to accompany Grace on her evening assignments, not only for pleasure but to learn something more of my new trade.

On that Tuesday evening Grace and I met for dinner in a small Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village. We had *scaloppine*, washed down with what was called "red ink." This was supposed to be a wine of the Chianti family, but the kinship was not close.

Cheered by the wine, I looked forward to an entertaining and instructive evening. "Well, Grace," I said, "what's the journalism lesson for tonight?"

"I'm afraid it's pretty gruesome," she said. "They've got poor Valentino laid out for public view in the Gold Room at Campbell's Funeral Church—Broadway and 66th. They've rigged him up in full evening dress in a fancy silver casket. My city editor says the fans are putting on a regular mob scene outside, scuffling to get in. The pressure of the crowd pushed in one of Campbell's big plate-glass windows. Three cops, a photographer and some of the women were cut so badly by the glass that they had to be taken to the hospital. It sounds kind of ghastly—I don't want to drag you into this."

It also sounded kind of dangerous, I said. A girl could get hurt in a mob like that. This was the very time she needed a man's strength and judgment. "I will protect you," I said.

On our way to the subway I remembered that the Allens and the Fowlers were coming to our apartment for dinner the next evening. "They like rum swizzles," I reminded Grace. "Let's drop by Henry's joint and buy a couple of pints of his fine, five-day-old Bleecker Street rum." We did, and I tucked a pint bottle of the potent stuff into each of my hip pockets. While we walked on toward the subway it began to rain, and I was glad I had brought my umbrella. We took the Interborough Line to Broadway and 72nd Street.

As we came up from the subway, we saw a dense column of people, mostly women, shuffling southward along the east side of Broadway toward the funeral parlor six blocks away. Police kept them in line. From the other side of the street an even larger crowd, straining against the police lines, was struggling to dash across and break into the column which was approaching the Mecca of mourning. Every now and then a group of frantic women would elude the foot patrolmen and make a wild rush, only to be turned back by mounted police.

With Grace holding aloft her reporter's police card as a passport, we made our way southward down the cleared space. The rain had stopped, but the paving gleamed wet under the arc lights. It was 8:30 P.M. As we neared Campbell's, the thwarted crowds on the west side of Broadway grew more turbulent. The cops were having a hard time. Here and there the street was littered with women's shoes, trampled hats, bits of torn clothing—evidence of forays which had failed.

Now a veteran sergeant of foot police intercepted us. "Where you think you're going?" he demanded. Grace showed him her reporter's card. He softened. "The Brooklyn *Eagle*, huh? I was born and raised in Flatbush. Whole family used to read the *Eagle*. What can I do for you?"

"The editors want me to go into the Gold Room where the casket is," Grace said apologetically. "You know—get the atmosphere."

"It's awful in there, miss," said the sergeant gloomily. "Women screeching and fainting. No place for a nice young lady like you. But—well, seeing you're from the *Eagle*, I guess I can slip you in. How about this guy—er—this gent'man with you. He a reporter?"

"Not yet," Grace said. "He's my husband."

"Then he can't go in—sorry—not unless he goes back about ten blocks and stands in line three or four hours. Then you might not find him again all night, not in this mob. Tell you what, mister," he said, turning to me. "You stand on the northeast corner over there, in that space we've cleared by the lamppost. You got my permission. Stay right there until your wife gets back."

I took my place as directed, and the sergeant escorted Grace toward the maelstrom around the entrance. That was the last I saw of the kindly sergeant.

Alone on the corner I was in an exposed position, a sort of no-man's land. On one side, ten feet away, trudged the south-bound column, silent now except for a subdued moaning as it approached its grim goal. Across the street the mob was bigger and noisier than ever. The

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BY BEVERLY SMITH JR.

LOVER

An innocent bystander's account of the wild day he paid his respects to the most romantic star the movies ever had.

weeping and wailing were mingled with shrill imprecations directed at the mounted cops. Hysterical women, foiled in every rush by the hard-working horsemen, regarded them as personal enemies. "Cowards!" they screamed. "Cossacks!"

For ten minutes or so I stood on my corner, leaning on my umbrella and trying to look inconspicuous. Then the mounted patrolman guarding my sector, cantering back after helping repel another feminine charge a half block to the south, spotted me. He reined in his horse and glared. "Hey, you!" he shouted. "How'd you sneak over there? Get back across the street."

"I'm waiting here for my wife," I yelled back, standing firm.

The ridiculous excuse seemed to exasperate him. He touched the flank of his horse and rode straight at me. I dodged instinctively and dashed out into the street. The cop wheeled his horse and followed. I flourished my umbrella, feinted to the left, dodged to the right, and made an end run back to my corner.

The cop rode at me again. "I got permission to stand here!" I yelled. "From the sergeant." I'm not sure he heard me above the tumult. If he did, he paid no heed. Again I dodged, ran, feinted, ducked. As a former track man I was still fast on my feet, and the horse was more handicapped than I by the wet, slippery asphalt.

As I once more sprinted safely back to my post, I heard a louder roar from the crowd. They were cheering me. There were cries of "'Ray! . . . Attaboy! . . . That's showing 'em, Mister!" They were all for me; I was the first person successfully to defy the hated "Cossacks."

There is something stimulating in the cheers of the multitude, however irrational. I caught my second wind and went on with the game. My triumph did not last long. As I dodged and weaved, I heard the ominous clop-clop of hoofs converging from north and south—reinforcements coming up. For perhaps another ten seconds I managed to outmaneuver them all. Then just as I darted back to my corner, I felt the tap of a night stick across my brow. It didn't hurt me, but it splintered the right lens of my horn-rimmed glasses and threw me off stride. A hand reached down and grabbed my coat collar, tearing the fabric halfway down the back.

My original pursuer, whom I shall call Patrolman John Jackson of Troop B, vaulted down from his saddle and handed the reins of his foam-lathered charger to one of the fellow troopers who had helped in the roundup. He seized my arm. "You're under arrest," he growled. As he led me away, the crowd booed.

At this moment Grace reappeared, justifiably concerned. "Oh, dear, are you hurt?" she cried.

"Not a bit," I reassured her. "Just rumpled. I feel fine."

Actually I did not feel fine at all. With the excitement of the chase over, I realized I was in a bad spot. I remembered now those two infernal pints of rum in my hip pockets. They would be discovered when I was frisked at the West 68th

Rodolpho Alfonzo Raffaelo Pierre Filibert Guglielmi Di Valentina d'Antonguolla (Rudolph Valentino). Above, as the smoldering Son of the Sheik.

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Screen siren Pola Negri (center), probably the most sensational of Valentino's mourners. She was "prostrated by grief."

GREAT LOVER

Street Police Station. "Possession and transportation of intoxicating liquors...."

The New York police were usually lenient toward liquor violations, but I had heard that if they were angry enough they would sometimes throw the book at a defendant. And the hand gripping my arm was trembling with rage.

Fortunately the paddy wagon had not been summoned. Maybe on the walk to the station house I could talk my way out—or part way out—of the hole I was in. I began by politely asking the officer his name, which I jotted down. Then I handed him my legal card, showing me as an associate of the imposing firm of Chadbourne, Hunt, Jaeckel and Brown. Covertly mopping my brow, I began:

"Mr. Jackson," I said gravely, "I'm afraid you've got yourself in real trouble...."

"Trouble!" he snorted. "How about you? Disorderly conduct, resisting arrest, fugitive from justice, dangerous weapon—the spike of your umbrella might have put my horse's eye out."

"Nobody hurt your horse," I retorted. "I'm the one who's been injured. I am a member of the bar in good standing. I was present on proper business, escorting my wife, who is an accredited newspaper reporter. A sergeant, your superior officer, gave me specific permission to stand on that corner until my wife returned. I told you that, but you tried to ride me down. Then you and your mounted pals took out after me, cornered me, tore my coat, clubbed me, smashed my glasses. It's a blessing I still have my eyesight. All this—and the terrible humiliation of public arrest—before thousands of people."

"I never heard you about the sergeant," Jackson said in a low voice.

"So you say now. You know what false arrest means? It means the arrest, without proper inquiry, of a citizen who has done no wrong. It means I can sue you for damages and probably the Police Department besides. This was false arrest with bells on, and the damages, from what I know of juries, will be heavy."

As I held forth further in this vein I almost convinced myself that the arrest had been a travesty of justice, a blot on the proud escutcheon of New York's Finest. Orating thus, I felt Jackson's grip slackening. I looked at him as he strode beside me, his eyes fixed on the ground. He was a sandy-haired, well-built, nice-looking man. But now he seemed dead tired, bewildered, uneasy. He was sweating. I felt a twinge of sympathy. Maybe I was carrying my bombast too far.

Grace, trotting along beside us, had also noticed Jackson's dejection. Speaking purely out of kindness, she struck what turned out to be the right note.

"Now, Beverly," she said, "Officer Jackson was only trying to do his duty. With all that mob of women screeching at him, anybody could make a mistake."

"That's right, ma'am," said Jackson eagerly. "It was enough to drive a man nuts. I was bucking those crazy women from nine o'clock this morning—twelve hours without a letup. It was the worst day I ever had on the force. Those women were clear out of their heads. All ages, schoolgirls to real old tough biddies about seventy."

"I saw some men there too," said Grace, defending her sex.

"All the less excuse for them," said Jackson, "unless maybe their wives drug 'em there."

"That's why my husband was there," Grace said. "I got him into this. He came along to protect me."

"Protect you, huh?" Jackson started to grin. Then his face clouded as he remembered the serious situation. "Oh, my! If I'd only of known. Why did I have to stick my fool nose into this?"

Sensing the friendlier atmosphere, I hastened to help it along.

"Listen, Mr. Jackson," I said. "I was just hot under the collar when I talked about suing you. I wouldn't do that. You were doing the best you could under tough conditions. Forget it."

"You really mean that, Mr. Smith?" Jackson asked. "That's what I call decent. I didn't mean any harm. You didn't mean any harm." He paused for a minute in thought. "Honest, I'd turn you loose now if I could. But my buddies helped me make the arrest. I turned in my horse. If I show up empty-handed at the station, there will be hell to pay. I got to take you in. But I'll go easy on you, and you go easy on me, and we'll both come through O.K. Don't you and the Missus worry."

All three of us had been more tense than we realized. Now, with surging relief, we became as chummy as old friends. I complimented Jackson on his horsemanship. He told Grace her husband was the slipperiest eel he ever tried to catch, then improved the doubtful compliment by saying I was "a regular Red Grange for broken-field running."

"Red Grange with an umbrella," Grace said. She and Jackson laughed.

I didn't join in because just then the green lamps of the police station came

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"The crowds grew more turbulent. The weeping and wailing were mingled with imprecations directed at the mounted cops."

into sight. The incriminating pints grew heavy in my pockets. Time was running out. I decided to entrust my fate to our new friend. "Mr. Jackson," I said, "I've got a little problem. We're expecting guests, so I stopped off in the Village and bought a couple of little pints of rum to take home. I've got them in my hip pockets now. When they search me. . . ."

Patrolman Jackson stopped, frowned and pondered. "Well, now," he said judicially, "I don't see anything so bad in taking a little alcoholic beverage home, for consumption strickly on the premises of your own domicile. Personally, that is. But some bluenose sour-puss—we got a few of that kind on the force—is liable to get technical on you. That could be bad. Tell you what. Right now—I'm not looking, see—if you was to slip those two pints to the little lady here, she can put them in that big handbag of hers. . . ."

No sooner said than done.

At the police station I was booked and put through the routine. Patrolman Jackson hemmed and hawed and said he guessed there had been some disorderly conduct, but it was kind of complicated and maybe there was some sort of misunderstanding and —— The desk officer cut him short.

"Never mind that now, Jackson," he said. "Captain Hammill called up about this case ten minutes ago, from the scene of the disturbance. Says you should take your prisoner down to Night Court."

Uneasy again, Jackson, Grace and I caught a taxi to Night Court on West 54th Street. Grace waited in the courtroom for my case to be called. I was turned over to attendants who locked me in a room among a lot of other prisoners. They were the dregs of the city's night life: pickpockets, panhandlers, canned-heat derelicts, petty thieves.

In this depressing atmosphere my apprehensions returned. Were Jackson's superiors preparing to make a fuss about the case? Would they sway Jackson's testimony? Within an hour, though it seemed much longer, I was led into the courtroom. Grace waved and smiled encouragement.

Jackson, solemn under questioning by the magistrate, gave as accurate an account as possible of the evening's confused events. He emphasized that he had not learned, until we were on the way to the station, that I had the sergeant's permission to wait on the corner.

With my broken glasses now in my pocket, I could not see His Honor's face clearly, but imagined I could discern the hint of a smile on the judicial features. In my testimony I confirmed all that Jackson had said, adding that he had had a trying day, and that the screaming of the mourners had evidently kept him from hearing my shouts about "permission."

"How did your coat get torn, sir?" asked the magistrate. (I was cheered by the "sir.")

"Just an incident of the general rioting, Your Honor," I said.

He thought for a moment, evidently puzzled but amused. "An unusual case," he said. "I don't quite see how it reached this court. Apparently there was an honest misunderstanding. Charges dismissed, with no reflection on Mr. Smith or Patrolman Jackson."

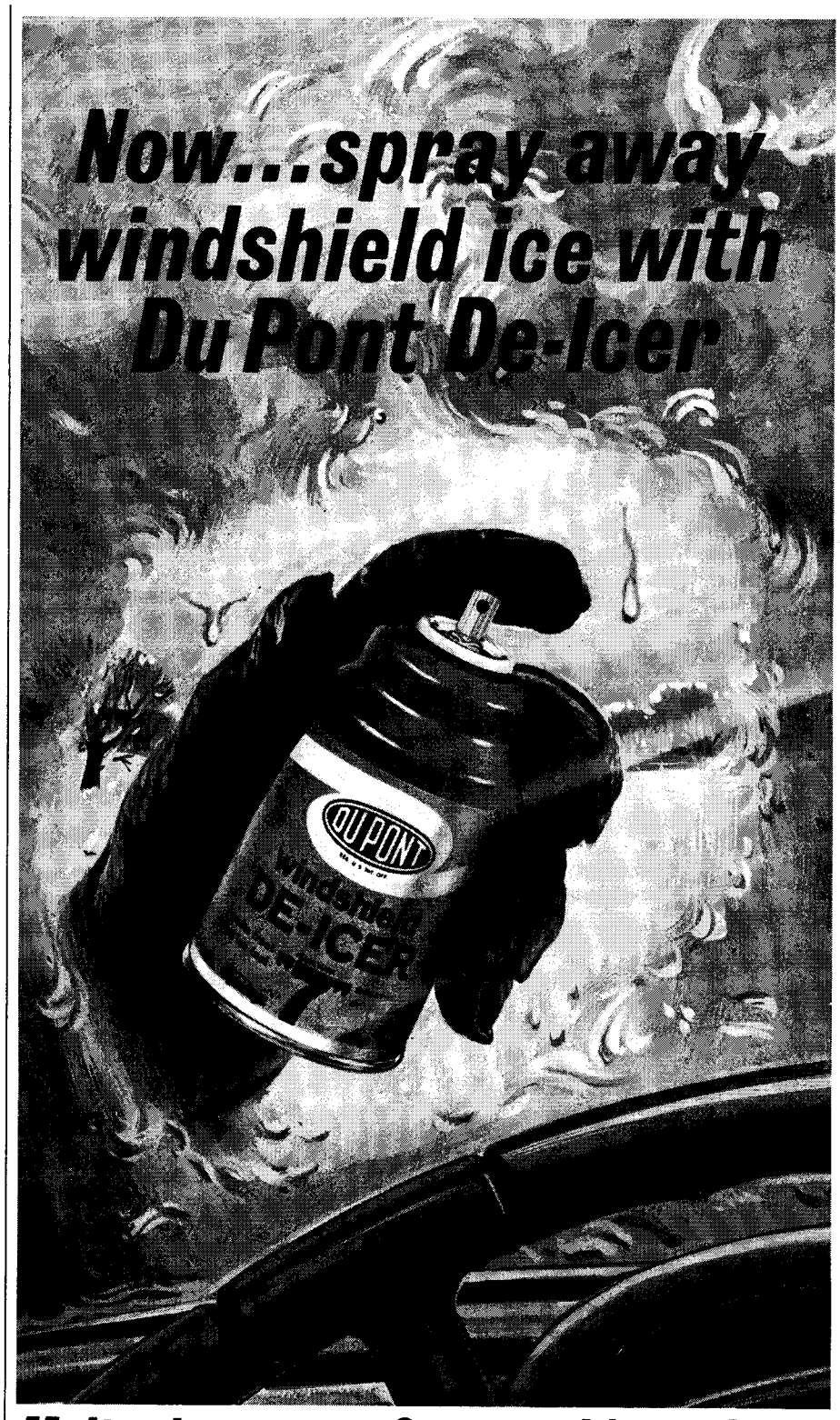
Jackson, Grace and I left the courtroom and strolled down 54th Street, walking on air. "Some day!" exclaimed Jackson. "Now I better get home to the family. But first, Mr. Smith, you got to let me pay for the broken glasses and the tailor repairs for your coat." Grace and I joined in assuring him this was impossible; we would just charge it off to experience. On this cordial note, and with warm handshakes all around, we parted.

Grace and I took the subway to Brooklyn and went into the *Eagle;* she still had her story to write. After a general lead about the riotous wake, she concocted an ingenious story. It told of a henpecked young husband—anonymous—who had been dragged into the rumpus by his foolish wife, a rabid Valentino fan. Determined to see the body, she parked her spouse on a corner and fought her way into Campbell's. On her return she found her husband being led away by the police. And so forth.

Grace wrote the story discreetly. There was no mention of the Demon Rum, and there was a special tribute to the skill and patience of the mounted officer who had made the arrest. Evidently the editors found it amusing: they gave it a big two-column play under a fine photograph of the police struggling with the mob.

The next day Grace got a call from the city editor of the New York *Daily News.* He had been delighted with her story (which was exclusive) and offered her a job at twice her pay on the *Eagle.* She took it. This eased the financial strain of my first eighteen months on the *Trib.* By that time my raises were catching up on the cost of groceries. And so we lived happily ever after.

I'm not sure what the moral of this true story is. But it may serve one useful purpose. If I ever apply for a job with the Federal Government and must answer the question: "Have you ever been arrested?" I can simply say, "Yes. For details see attached article." THE END



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night off

continued from page 21

"It's like the Tower of Babel," said Sister Sarah. "But that was finished. Will you teach 'em for us?"

"We'll try, if they'll come and listen," replied Hook.

"How many would you need?" Brother Japheth beamed.

"One should be enough."

"Two will come, and two will listen," said Brother Japheth.

He was back in ten minutes, his face aglow with hope, his massive arms draped over the shoulders of two of the angriest men Hook and Dave had seen. Respect stirred briefly to other estimates of them. Unstable or not, these riggers were rugged boys. They'd had the judgment not to resist Brother Japheth frontally.

Dave and Hook were at pains to be conciliatory. They made it clear that their interest in the problem was purely technical. The riggers were not to blame for ignorance of the availability of prefabricated steel towers. Their presence offered a feasible solution which Dave and Hook expounded with impersonal clarity.

Without the presence of the churchmen and maidens it might have worked. This evening the linemen were talking to more than closed minds. Vanity as well as greed glared back at them. Dave's conclusion was drowned in a torrent of contemptuous rebuttal.

"Impossible . . . unsafe . . . them little toy towers. . . . You ain't bending pretzels now, boys . . . back to copper wire. . . . Butt out of this before you get hurt ——"

"How would we get hurt?" inquired Hook gently.

"Try it and see," replied the boss.

"We might, if you guys won't." Dave met his eyes.

It produced brief impasse. The riggers had had time to estimate the linemen too. Now their exchange of glances was guileful; their voices took on ingratiation. "You undercuttin' honest workmen?"

"This here is our contract."

"It is," agreed Brother Enoch, "and now we're satisfied it's possible, we trust you will honor it."

"We told you what to get," said the boss rigger.

"Tinhorn tower boys don't even speak our language."

"We could try—with our coats off," said Hook.

"Gentlemen, we are in a church," said Brother Japheth.

It provided a second of silence. Dave tried again. "A rumble won't raise this beam. If you guys were being clipped, we'd be with you. This is a church, and you're getting good money."

"It isn't your money," said the boss rigger.

"We'll be at the Bijou," the other gave ultimatum to Brother Enoch.

It was Hook who accepted it. "Can we count on that?"

"Any time, lineman."

"We'll see you later," promised Hook.

"I ask you fellows not to fight," said Brother Japheth.

Reassured for at least the safety of a withdrawal, the riggers turned on their heels and walked out of the church. The linemen's feet moved to follow them and then drew up before the intervening bulk of Brother Japheth. Sister Sarah and Brother Enoch were already supporting his preservation of the peace.

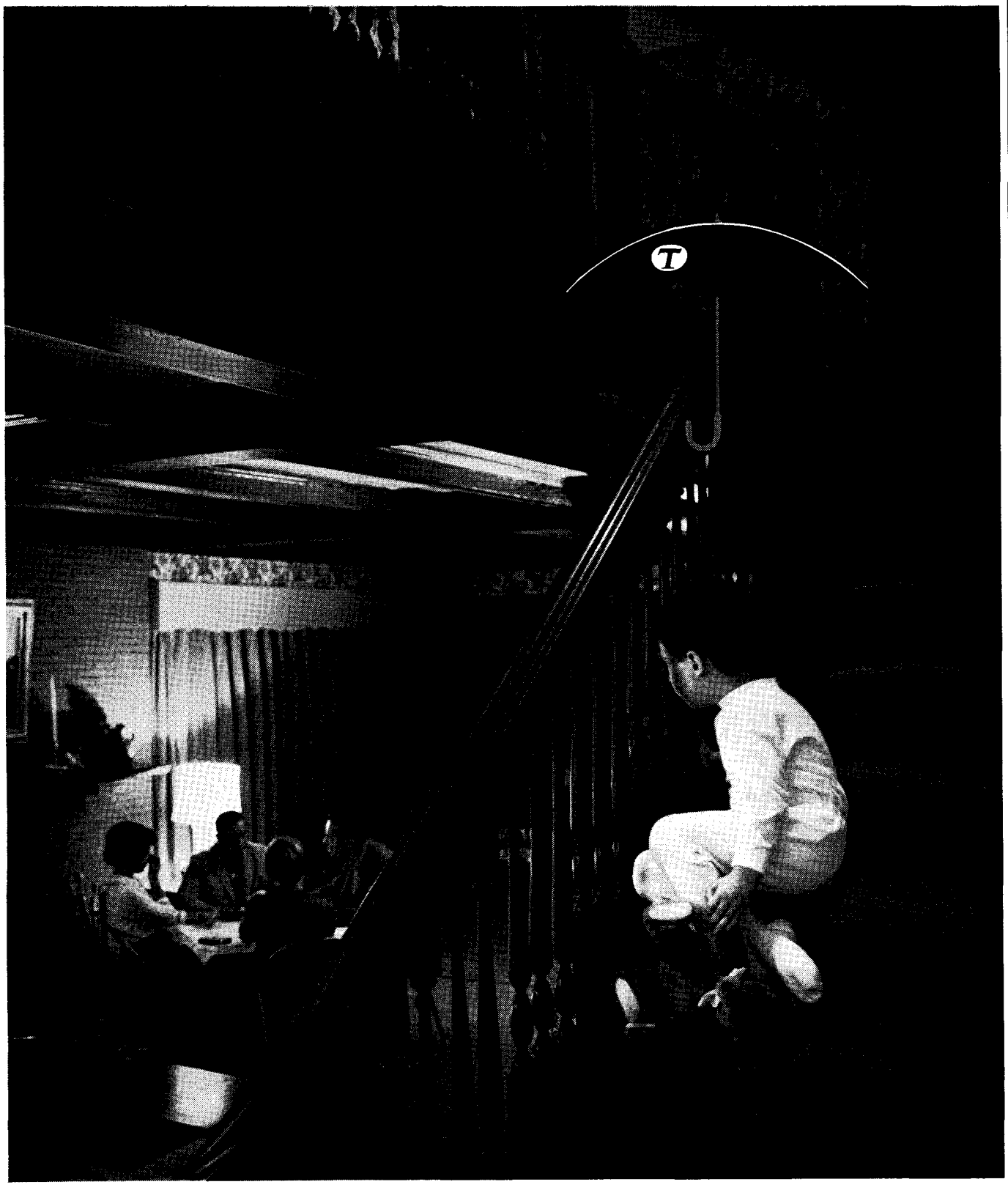
All regretted the rancors that had arisen. The churchmen firmly declined the linemen's offer to bring in a gang and raise the beam. They had been more than generous with the essential skilled advice. The contract was not their responsibility. Gratuitous performance of it would deprive the riggers themselves of opportunity to repent and fulfill a just bargain. Providence would find a way.

"It better, before we find them." Dave was burning.

"Some lemonade will cool you off." Tucking a restraining arm in one of Hook's, Sister Sarah led them back to the white tablecloths. As lemonade went, it was good. The supper served with it was even better. It outraged the linemen that they were no longer in a position to enjoy the rewards of their substantial contribution. They didn't have to exchange looks about that because each of them knew what the other was thinking. There would be six of those riggers at the Bijou; it was nothing to walk into on a full stomach.

Fortunately the admiring maidens seemed too preoccupied to notice their guests' restraint with the fried chicken. The dinner conversation was a barrage of interrogation about every mentionable activity of the Bijou. Freer minds might have reflected on the incongruity of this obsession. The shadow of the riggers eclipsed normal observation.

When Sister Sarah asked Hook the mathematical odds against improving two pairs with single draw, he replied absently, "Three to one."



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"No wonder the Bijou is a gold mine!" she exclaimed. "The encyclopedia says eleven to one."

"Excuse me, miss. I never read the encyclopedia."

"You should," she reproved him. "We've watched how hard you boys work for that money. You should get something permanent for it."

It was another warning wasted. Both linemen had heard such solicitude for their welfare progress to discussion of the miracle by which two can live more cheaply than one. Tonight their ears were ringing with the riggers' last words. As soon as it was decently possible they arose together for polite farewells.

"Just nine," said Sister Sarah, "and we're ready."

"Ready?" Hook gulped.

"You're escorting us to the Bijou."

"That's where the games are," smiled Sister Naomi.

"You boys need chaperones," agreed Sister Ruth.

They had entered the honky-tonk flanked by an eager maiden on each of their four arms before the full implication of it struck the stupefied linemen.

"They'll think we're hiding behind these girls!"

"They won't think it long," said Hook grimly.

"Hush," said Sister Sarah. "Brother Enoch is speaking."

He was indeed speaking to the astounded silence of the main room.

". . . so this establishment is donating its resources to our building fund, till midnight. Our church will be open to all, and we wish to share the joy of its creation with the whole community. Most of the usual diversions here will be available, with the house percentage going to the church.

"Our members will assist the professionals at the tables and in the dispensation of lemonade at customary refreshment prices. Our maidens will offer companionship as hostesses on the floor at a dollar a dance. For your further enjoyment Brother Japheth has consented to assure us that there will be no intoxication, disorder, profanity or belligerency."

The Saturday-night pleasure seekers were absorbing this with shock and amusement. Then the linemen heard the hopeful voice from the phalanx of riggers. "How about the alley, boys?"

Their feet were moving with willing response when again Hook and Dave felt the clutch of soft and strong white hands. "We came for games, remember?" said Sister Naomi.

"But no poker for you until you've read the encyclopedia!" Sister Sarah was leading Hook firmly to diversion awaiting at a long green-baize-covered table. "In this game," she instructed, "the player takes these little white cubes in one hand—or have you played it?"

"Once or twice," said Hook, reaching for the dice.

There was, momentarily, no way out. Sister Naomi was explaining to Dave a diversion in which a little ball danced around a spinning circle of numbered concavities.

There was one consolation—Sister Ruth and Sister Rachel had crossed the room with a supporting force of additional maidens and were guiding the riggers, with equal firmness, to other diversions. From a position on top of a bar now converted to the exclusive service of lemonade, Brother Japheth beamed like a benign colossus on the order and decorum below him.

Two hours showed Hook and Dave that in at least one respect the Bijou was not changed. After they had flapped empty pockets to each other, Hook dug out the twenty dollars that was always carried apart from the kitty.

"That's our jail money," protested Dave.

"You won't need it tonight"—Sister Sarah appropriated it—"and it'll buy you ten dance tickets apiece."

They had begun to consider this an inspired use of their emergency resource when the boss rigger tapped Dave on the shoulder with a dance ticket. "Rest up for later, lineman; this is my dance."

"This ticket was bought with stolen money."

Dave took it calmly from the boss rigger's fingers and put it into his own pocket. Over his shoulder he could see another of the riggers trying to cut in on Hook and Sister Sarah.

"What do you mean—stolen money?" demanded the boss rigger.

"From the church, for not working," said Dave.

"That don't make it your money."

"Our money is church money now," said Dave.

"Boys!" Sister Sarah was paling. "Brother Japheth will have to remonstrate ——"

"He should have long ago," said Dave and, pushing her out of harm's way, he slapped the boss rigger, just as he heard Hook's palm exploding into the face of the other one.

Afterward neither of them could remember a better fight. It had begun nearly as they expected. It had not worked out so, because of the two riggers behind each lineman when the punching started. It hadn't worked out as they expected because of the other linemen in the room who had seen Dave and Hook closing up, back to back. It had not worked out as the other linemen expected because of the ranch hands, miners, cat skinners and truck drivers who, in their turn, were becoming restive with the unfamiliar stimuli of lemonade and tranquillity.

The most that Hook and Dave could claim was that they had been on their feet to the last. They were groggy and weak, but still willing, as a path began to open in the milling bodies around them. Down it advanced Brother Japheth with the irresistible majesty of a reaper going through wheat. His face was beatified with inner conviction of virtue, his mammoth arms served it with a slow motion that seemed to brush its disturbers aside. Clearer heads might have noticed that the disputants, so brushed, continued to repose with content upon the floor. The linemen's heads were far from clear; they could not even resist the closing of gentle hands on their throats.

"I asked you fellows not to fight," said Brother Japheth, and the rest was lost in the crash as he brought their heads together.

"It is, therefore, the sentence of this court," intoned Brother Enoch from the bench, "that for disturbing the peace, profanity, disorder and belligerency, these defendants shall serve an indeterminate sentence in the county jail. In recognition by this court of the pernicious effects of idleness upon unstable character, this sentence shall be held in suspension pending the performance by these prisoners of such useful services as may be suggested by Brother Japheth, to whose custody they are herewith remanded."

"This way, fellows." Brother Japheth led them to the waiting trucks outside and regarded the black eyes and bruised faces with the composure of a mind on higher things. "The prisoner called Hook will take these trucks for the steel. The prisoner called Dave will show the rest of us how to get started in the church. Let's go, fellows. Brother Enoch is changing his clothes to help."

Outside the church half the able-bodied men in the community were also waiting, in patience and overalls, to help. Under the shade of a nearby tree Sister Sarah and Sister Naomi were supervising the squeezing of lemons. The first two glasses were borne in their own hands to the tower bases, where Hook and Dave were driving the work forward. The maidens kept their faces as straight as if they had spent their lives smiling on four black eyes. Sister Sarah's voice was soft with forgiveness. "You don't know what this means to us, boys."

NEXT WEEK

New Mexico

A Report By
PAUL HORGAN
Pulitzer
Prize-Winning
Author

"We're beginning to get the idea," said Dave.

"Rumor says you want a church built," grinned Hook.

A Sabbath of improving rest and meditation in the jail had restored most of the involuntary penitents not only to condition but to willingness to work. Only one disagreement marred its further progress. The riggers, perhaps from repentance, perhaps in willingness to see their skepticism vindicated in failure, lent able hands to the erection of the towers. Not until the gin poles and winch lines were rigged did their boss condescend to address the linemen with admiration and an evident touch of conscience. "You guys know you're inside the safety factor?"

"I think we all been, for quite a while," said Dave.

Brother Japheth and Brother Enoch, however, had overheard the colloquy. Now they declared themselves with calm insistence. Their church had no intention of allowing outsiders to assume improper risk in its service. They themselves, with some final instruction, would climb up the precarious height to make the final hookup.

"We don't aim to shirk," said Brother Japheth.

The linemen looked at each other, at the bulk of Brother Japheth and the snowy hair of Brother Enoch. Hook spoke. "We know that. We seen you, not shirking, at the church and the Bijou and the jail and the court and here today. But Dave and I were the ones that said this could be done. And that's what's the matter."

And before the churchmen could reply they were beyond pursuit or recall, racing up the step-bolt legs of the towers with an agility that made the riggers nod to one another.

"Ready?" called Dave from his perch.

"Let it happen now," replied Hook.

With the fluttering of his hand signal, the winches on the tractors began to growl. The gin poles, high on top, dipped like fish rods taking nibbles. Motors roared, winch lines tautened, pencil-bar slings quivered and held, blocks squealed, the deceptive strength of the fragile-looking tower lacing trembled and endured its load. Slowly the gigantic rooftree lifted clear of the floor with only an imperceptible sway in a perfection of balance. Then the motors roared, the winchdrum cables sang a key of higher confidence and the beam ascended, level, straight and steady, to the waiting hands high above.

Dave's glove flashed in signal, the rising motion stopped, the beam swayed gently to the knowing leverage of spud wrenches, locked to the slam of bolts and rested in final position as the chatter of the linemen's ratchet wrenches was lost in the spontaneous cheering of the crowd below.

By four o'clock the last of the dismantled steel towers was on its way back to the depot yard. Brother Enoch addressed the workers under the striping shadows of the rooftree and its firmly joined rafters. "The indeterminate sentences of this morning's court are herewith revoked. In appreciation for services performed under them, our ladies are preparing a box supper ——"

Dave and Hook broke for the door together, only to find it blocked by the bulk of Brother Japheth and the smiling entreaty of Sister Sarah.

"Sorry," said Dave, "one box supper will last us."

"At least I can thank you," she said. And after a negligent brush of Dave's cheek, she planted a firm kiss on Hook's bruised lips. Again Dave could feel emotion tingle in the air. Again, in Hook's eyes and voice, he could feel presentiment of the deeper purposes of all box suppers. Hook was softening visibly.

"Maybe just one more," he was saying.

"You must!" Sister Sarah was firm now. "We want you here while Brother Japheth and I announce our engagement."

They drew up on the pass again to look back. Sunset was animating valley and village with the same multicolored splendor they had admired forty-eight hours ago. Now its brightest rays took iridescent reflection from the golden red eminence of the firmly emplaced rooftree.

Hook rubbed his bruised lips gently. "I claim it was a change."

"Busted flat, beat up, throwed in jail, worked her out and here we are again?" Dave's smile was quizzical.

"We met new people," said Hook. "What were you saying about those two thousand miles of Indians?"

"I should have said I was sorry for 'em."

"I see what you mean."

"All right," said Dave. "But no wigwam suppers." THE END

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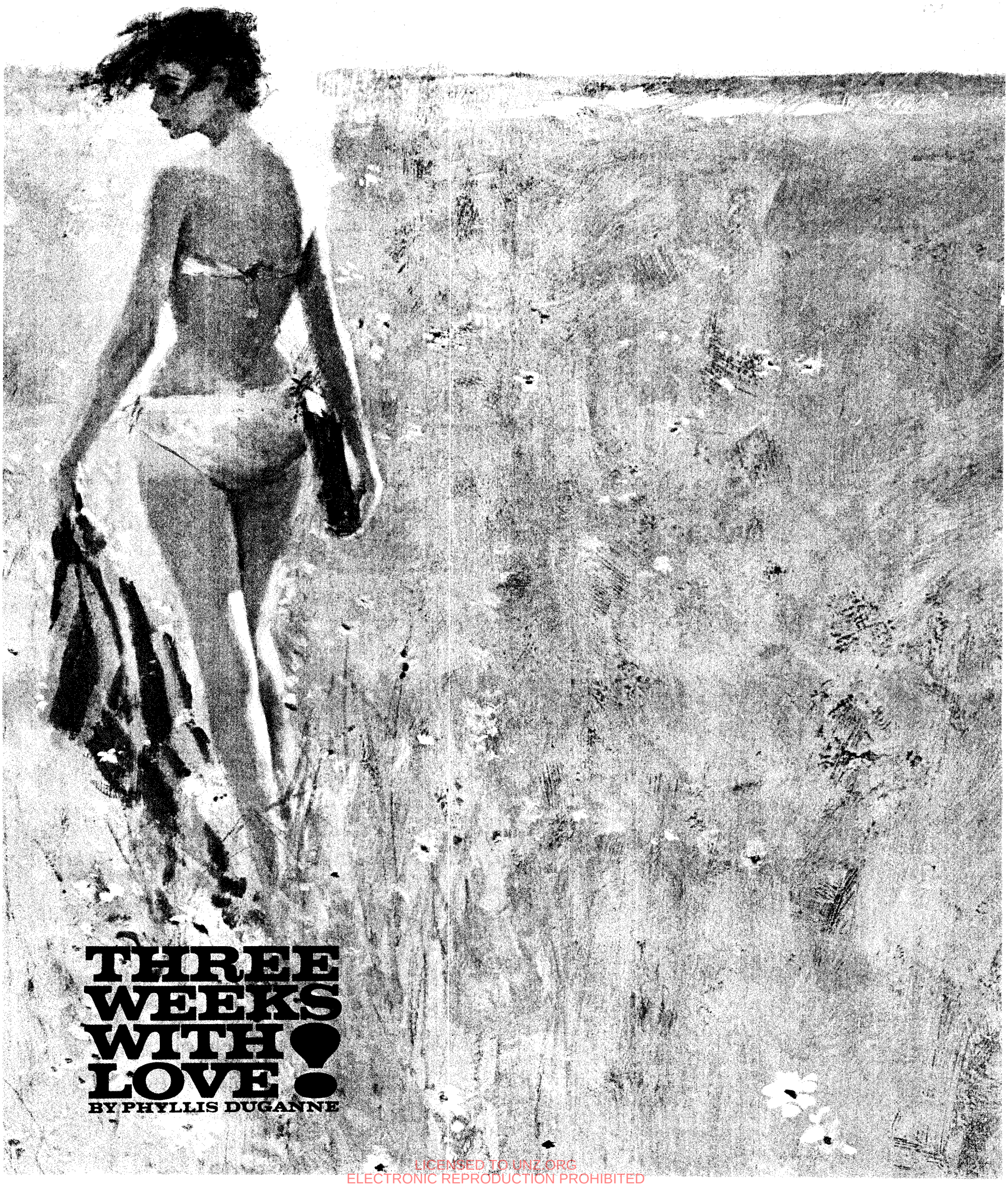
A few days, a few nights, & her entire life was changed



THREE WEEKS WITH LOVE!

BY PHYLLIS DUGANNE

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Judy Wayne did not want to take a vacation. She did not mind the August heat of Washington—though it was hot—and the thought of being away from her job for three weeks was a dismal one. In the pleasant, air-conditioned office in the State Department Building she looked unhappily at Arthur Morrison.

"Why don't I stay here?" she asked. "I can translate that last batch of reports from *Señor* Martinez——"

He laughed. "I think we've both earned a rest. We shan't be leaving for South America before October."

Her eyes flickered, and her heart jumped. Did that plural pronoun mean that he was taking her, with the Commission? She had never dared ask him outright.

"Where will you go?" he inquired.

She had not the faintest idea. She could fly home to her family in Arizona, but she did not want to go home. Judy Wayne wanted to see the world. She had had four years of college on the Pacific Coast; she had seen the Potomac, but not yet the Atlantic.

"Why don't you go to Maine?" he suggested. "We had a summer place there for years, and I know a typical down-East boardinghouse I can recommend."

Now, a week later, she could see from the taxi window the weathered shingles of the long building, with the bottle-green water splashing against brown rocks beyond. She did not, at first, see the people in the rocking chairs, but they saw her, with interest and speculation. They saw a tall, slender young woman, with thick chestnut hair blowing in the wind, as she stood looking about her. Even standing still, she emanated a vigor that was both exciting and alarming to them. The driver carried her bags up the wooden steps to the porch, and Miss Blunt, proprietor of Blunt Point House, rose from her chair, while the others rocked. Judy turned, and her quick smile included and warmed everyone there.

"You had your supper?" inquired Miss Blunt. She'd had a sandwich and coffee in Bucksport, Judy told her, and Miss Blunt sniffed. "You want to go to your room and tidy up a bit before you eat?"

Judy's smile had warmed them, but her deep laugh made them feel hot. "Mr. Morrison told me about your cooking," she said. "You are Miss Blunt, aren't you?"

"Bathroom's at the end of the hall," said Miss Blunt.

Judy laughed again and ran up the stairs. It took her less than ten minutes to change her dress, wash her face and hands, and draw a bright scarlet lipstick across her mouth. When she returned, her supper was on the long dining-room table—steaming clam chowder and blueberry muffins wrapped in a napkin.

Miss Blunt sat down across from her. "This is your first visit to Maine?" Judy nodded, her mouth full of muffin. "Glass of milk," said Miss Blunt and rose to get it. "There's pie or apple pudding," she added. "Cold. How long you been traveling?" Judy told her.

Illustration by Coby Whitmore

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LOVE

"You'd better get into bed, soon's you're through."

"I think you've got something there," agreed Judy.

The sky was still bright from the sunset when she turned down the patchwork quilt. It was paler, but still glowing, when she fell asleep, and it was blue, with racing white clouds making shadows on the meadow which sloped from the house to the shore, when she awoke.

She was the first guest to descend the stairs, and even though she wore rubber-soled sneakers, Miss Blunt heard her, and emerged from the dining room.

"Breakfast's not for ten minutes. You want I should show you about?"

She set a brisk pace on the winding path trodden in the meadow grass. The field was dappled with wild flowers. "Good heavens!" cried Judy. "What's that building?"

"That," said Miss Blunt, "is the Archer cottage."

Judy laughed. "What are they—giants?" she asked, looking at the towers and turrets of a huge house. A large stable stood at a respectful distance behind it, beyond a tennis court.

Miss Blunt was rapidly descending a rock ledge at the rim of the grass. "Blunt Cove," she announced. "Some people swim here." She jerked her head in the direction of the Archer place. "Private beach beyond those rocks. No trespassing." She sniffed. "My father sold that land to old Mr. Archer in 1899, and the Archer family has been trying to buy Blunt Point ever since."

"May one look?" inquired Judy, and looked. A man in swimming trunks came down a flight of stone steps from the lawn above, ran across the sand and took a neat, shallow dive into the water. "So!" said Judy. "I was right the first time. They *are* giants! He must be six feet four. Who is he?"

"Pendleton Archer," replied Miss Blunt. "The baby. Others all married."

Judy watched Pendleton Archer emerge from the water. "He's a beautiful baby," she commented. "What does he do?"

She had expected Miss Blunt to sniff, and she was not disappointed. "What do any of these people do?" she retorted. "Drive cars sixty miles an hour up and down my road, race motorboats along my shore day and night, have noisy picnics. Time for breakfast."

Judy followed her obediently. The Archer activities sounded like fun, and she tried to remember the names on the letters of introduction which Mr. Morrison had given her. She was almost certain that the name Archer was on one of the envelopes.

After breakfast she unpacked her suitcases. She had packed hurriedly, but she had forgotten nothing essential except Arthur Morrison's letters. She shrugged. There were other ways of getting acquainted, and Judy Wayne made friends easily. Almost too easily, she reflected when she came downstairs in her bathing suit and was held in interminable conversation by the occupants of the rocking chairs. There was not a boarder there who would ever see sixty again.

At the cove a warm wind blew from the west. It carried voices and laughter from the private beach, and Judy lay on her bath towel and listened. "Who do you think I am, Pen Archer—Joe DiMaggio?" a girl's voice rose, and almost simultaneously a large red beach ball bounced over the rocks. Judy caught it and got to her feet. A head appeared above the rock barrier, a blond head, with a piquantly pretty face. Judy smiled and tossed the ball. "Thank you so much," said the head, in a cool, clipped voice. Its eyes had not looked at Judy; its scarlet mouth had not smiled. *I'd better go in the water and warm up*, thought Judy.

Luncheon at Blunt Point House was a serious business, uninterrupted by conversation. Afterward, on the porch, Judy perched on the railing, facing the rockers. "Very pretty girl on the Archer beach, this morning," she remarked.

"Ay-yah?" murmured Miss Blunt. "Yellow hair?"

"Quite yellow," said Judy.

"That would be Lowell Bishop," Miss Blunt informed her.

"Lowell?" Judy repeated.

"Her mother's maiden name. Too good to leave go of."

"I see," said Judy.

After supper she took her place among the rocking chairs. Evenings were purely conversational, since the porch was too dark for knitting or needle-point. Having no grandchildren, Judy found little to contribute. "Think I'll go down and bay at the moon," she told Miss Blunt. "It's my coyote blood."

She had forgotten the picnic, but halfway down the path she saw the glow of a bonfire and heard the sound of a guitar. The Archers had not put up a no-listening sign, so she made herself comfortable, wedged in an angle of two smooth rocks, her sweater wadded into a pillow at her back. The guitar player was adequate, though one could hear better playing almost anywhere in Arizona. The guitar stopped, and the sound of a harmonica, soft at first, suddenly filled the night. *Land of Júbilo, The Yellow Rose of Texas.*

She should have gone home for her vacation. She had been here a little more than twenty-four hours, and she had had it. She started to get up, when the harmonica player began *Riders in the Sky*, and she dropped back.

"Play *Show Me the Way to Go Home*, Pen," a girl's voice urged.

So, thought Judy, *Pendleton Archer could do something—and do it well.*

Another feminine voice, clipped and cool, said, "Oh, let's go up to the house and dance."

Ex-coal miner, brilliant actor

Richard Burton

COMING IN THE NEXT POST

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PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE HAMILL

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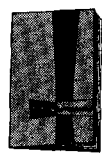

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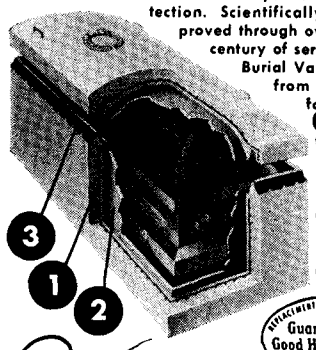

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LOVE The harmonica resumed, and ceased abruptly in the middle of a chord. Something bounded across the rocks, and the moonlight revealed a slender figure in white, holding an oblong silvery object high in one hand. A second figure leaped the barrier, broad-shouldered and at least six feet four.

"Lowell, you devil, give me that!"

"Try and get it!" The cool voice was less cool. "I'm tired of your old harmonica. I think I'll throw it in the water!"

"You do, do you?" Pendleton Archer's voice was low and quite unhurried.

Judy smiled to herself. As Miss Lowell Bishop had undoubtedly intended, Mr. Archer's long arms caught and held her, but not before the harmonica flashed in the moonlight and descended smartly on Judy's bare leg.

"I think I'll throw *you* in the water," said Mr. Archer. "That's my favorite harmonica."

"There's no sand in it," Judy remarked from the shadows. "Just a bruise on my left leg."

Miss Bishop whirled. "Who's *that?*"

"Who are you?" retorted Judy. She added, "Whoever you are, you're trespassing on a private beach."

Miss Bishop said, "Oh—it's just one of Blunt's boarders."

Mr. Archer's laugh was deep and low, like his speaking voice. "She has you there, Lowell," he said, and walked across to Judy. "I'm sorry about the bruise," he added.

Judy held out the harmonica. "I'm going to suggest to Miss Blunt that she put a backstop up," she said.

He stood, looking down at her.

"Come *on*, Pen!" called Miss Bishop.

Mr. Archer shrugged, grinned at Judy, and walked away. Judy dug her heels into the coarse sand. Even if she had not forgotten Mr. Morrison's letters, she would not have presented them now.

In the morning she walked to the village. "If you'll wait a while, you can drive in with the grocery truck," Miss Blunt told her. "It's three miles there and three miles back."

"I like to walk," said Judy.

Miss Blunt's eyes were quick. "We're going to have a young man for supper and the night," she said. "Salesman from Bangor. Stops here every Wednesday."

The morning was pleasantly cool, with gray clouds like rolls of dust scudding across the sun. She bought a package of stamped envelopes at the post office, saw a bookstore next door and went inside. Pendleton Archer was looking at a book. Passing him, Judy made a more accurate calculation. She was five feet seven. If she had passed closer, she figured that the top of her head would have touched his ear. "I'd like to buy a ball-point pen," she told the clerk, and, behind her, Pendleton Archer's voice spoke.

"You're the girl who rescued my harmonica," he said.

"That's right," said Judy.

"I'm really very grateful."

"Don't give it a thought," she told him. She paid for the pen and went out, and he went out on her heels.

"May I give you a lift?"

"I like to walk," Judy said.

"In the rain?" he inquired. "I give that cloud up there five minutes to burst."

Judy looked at the cloud. "I especially enjoy walking in the rain."

He grinned. "May I apologize for my companion's rudeness last evening?"

"Do you feel responsible for it?" she countered, and smiled in spite of herself.

He held out a hand, palm up. "Why don't you swim back?" he suggested. "It's shorter and won't be any wetter."

"You win," she conceded and got into his car.

He did not, she observed, drive at sixty miles an hour. "How did you ever happen to come to Blunt Point House?" he asked.

She hesitated. If she mentioned Arthur Morrison, she would undoubtedly become socially acceptable to the people who, Miss Blunt told her, were known as the Summer Complaint. "Stuck a pin in the map," she answered.

He looked at her. "You must have had a very detailed map." The speedometer had dropped to fifteen miles an hour. "Are you enjoying your visit?"

"Inordinately," said Judy. "In the evenings we sit on the porch and talk about our grandchildren."

"How many have you?"

"Twelve. I count the triplets as one."

Even at fifteen miles an hour they had reached the stone gates to his family's place and could see, beyond, the gray shingles of Blunt Point House. He stopped close to the steps, and nine rocking chairs stopped simultaneously.

"Thank you very much," said Judy, and dashed through the rain.

Miss Blunt's eyes were crackling. "Good thing you got a ride home," she commented. "Put up your thumb?"

The haves and the have nots can often be traced back to the dids and the did nots.

D. O. Flynn

"No," said Judy.

"H'm'm!" said Miss Blunt. "Dont mind saying I'm surprised." She looked sharply at her young boarder. "You know who that was, don't you? Pendleton Archer!"

"The baby?" Judy's eyes were positively dewy. "Isn't he allowed to give people lifts in his perambulator?"

Miss Blunt sniffed. "I guess he's allowed to do anything he likes," she replied. "Mostly they act as though they owned the road. Just because they paid for getting the light poles out here, and the telephone wires." She shrugged. "Not that they can't afford it. My land, they paid for the Valley Hospital—operating rooms and beds and everything!"

The salesman from Bangor arrived in the slashing rain at a little after five. His name was Jim Pierce, and Judy liked him at once. He had an engaging, teasing manner. Everyone sat up later and laughed more than usual. He departed after breakfast. "Will you be here next Wednesday?" he asked Judy. She nodded and he said, "That gives me another reason for looking forward to it."

Rain crashed against the gray shingles all day, and the porch was too wet for anyone to sit there. "Sou'easter," Miss Blunt told her. "Prob'ly clear by Sunday." On Friday Judy put on a slicker and walked along the frothing shore. Late Saturday afternoon the wind shifted to the west. The leaden clouds raced out to sea; at six the sun broke through, and the drenched world below glittered in the light of a blazing sunset.

Sunday morning Judy put on her bathing suit and carried her writing case to the cove. She was writing intently when Pen Archer's voice called,

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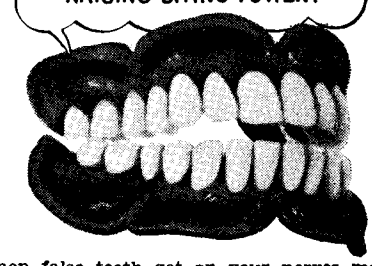

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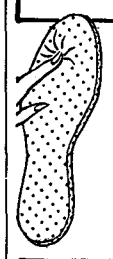

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Permission to land?" He was a few feet ffshore, seated in a red kayak.

"Permission granted," she said. He auled the kayak to the beach and alked up to her. "Is that craft as easy to addle as it looks?" she inquired.

"Want to try it?" He steadied it, as she ot in, handed her the double paddle. Don't go out too far until you've got the ang of it," he advised.

Three minutes later she said, "I see hat you mean," as she surfaced beside he capsized shell. "I'm better on a buck-ng horse."

He rescued the kayak. "You're from he West, aren't you?"

"Arizona."

His eyes were a deep, almost cobalt lue. "If you'd like to ride," he said, "we ave three horses in the stable."

Judy smiled. "Partner," she told him, 'you've made a deal."

When she returned to the house, Miss Blunt asked, "What was Pendleton Archer talking about a mile a minute?"

"How did you know? You can't see the ove from here!"

"I don't miss much," said Miss Blunt.

She was on the veranda in the morning vhen Pen Archer drove up. He said, 'Good morning, Miss Blunt. Is your harming boarder about?"

"You probably mean Judy Wayne," he said. "I'll call her."

He was wearing riding breeches and a white sweater. "Like to come and meet he horses?" he asked Judy.

"You mean, ride? I'll put on some slacks." Her footsteps were quick on the stairs, quick descending.

Pen Archer looked at her approvingly as she got into his car. Her slacks had a Western cut, trim and boyish. "I don't want to rush you," he said, "but I'm tak-ng off on a cruise in a few days, and I'd ike you to meet our stableman and show you some of the trails."

Judy was aware of mixed emotions. The opportunity of riding would make her vacation more enjoyable, but two more weeks with no companions under sixty would be hard to take. He stopped on the crushed gravel outside the stable, and Judy's gaze lingered on the house beyond, which looked even more massive, and uglier, at close range.

Pen grinned. "It's something, isn't it?"

"It's rather wonderful, in a way."

He laughed. "It keeps the rain out."

He introduced the stableman, whose eyes warmed as Judy swung into the saddle with an easy, accustomed grace. Pen Archer rode well, which, she reflected, made at least two things he could do.

They rode for a while in silence. "There's an old wood road about a mile farther on that I want to show you," he said.

"Have you a watch?" she asked. "Luncheon at Blunt Point House is on the stroke of twelve. The first stroke."

"Why don't you skip it?" he suggested. "This road comes out on the shore, and there's a place where we could buy a couple of lobsters and eat them on the beach."

"Miss Blunt would have a fit."

"Let her." He grinned. "Who are you working for?"

She looked at him again. "Who do *you* work for?"

"I'm self-employed," he answered.

"Oh? Doing what?"

His eyes were teasing. "I am collecting material for my autobiography."

"Nice to have something to keep you busy," she murmured.

He laughed. "Miss Blunt must have given you one of her thumbnail sketches of my character," he said, and she flushed.

It was after four when she returned to Blunt Point House. Miss Blunt greeted her. "You've had quite a day of it!"

"I've had a lovely day," said Judy, and ran up the stairs, suddenly wanting to hold the lovely day secret and untarnished. On the porch after supper she refused to be drawn out, and she retired even earlier than the oldest old lady.

She had not really expected to see Pen Archer in the morning when she crossed the field to the stable, nor did she. On Wednesday he was talking with Bill Barter, the stableman, when she returned from her ride.

"Sorry I couldn't ride with you," he greeted her. "I've been helping buy groceries for the cruise."

"When do you go?" she asked.

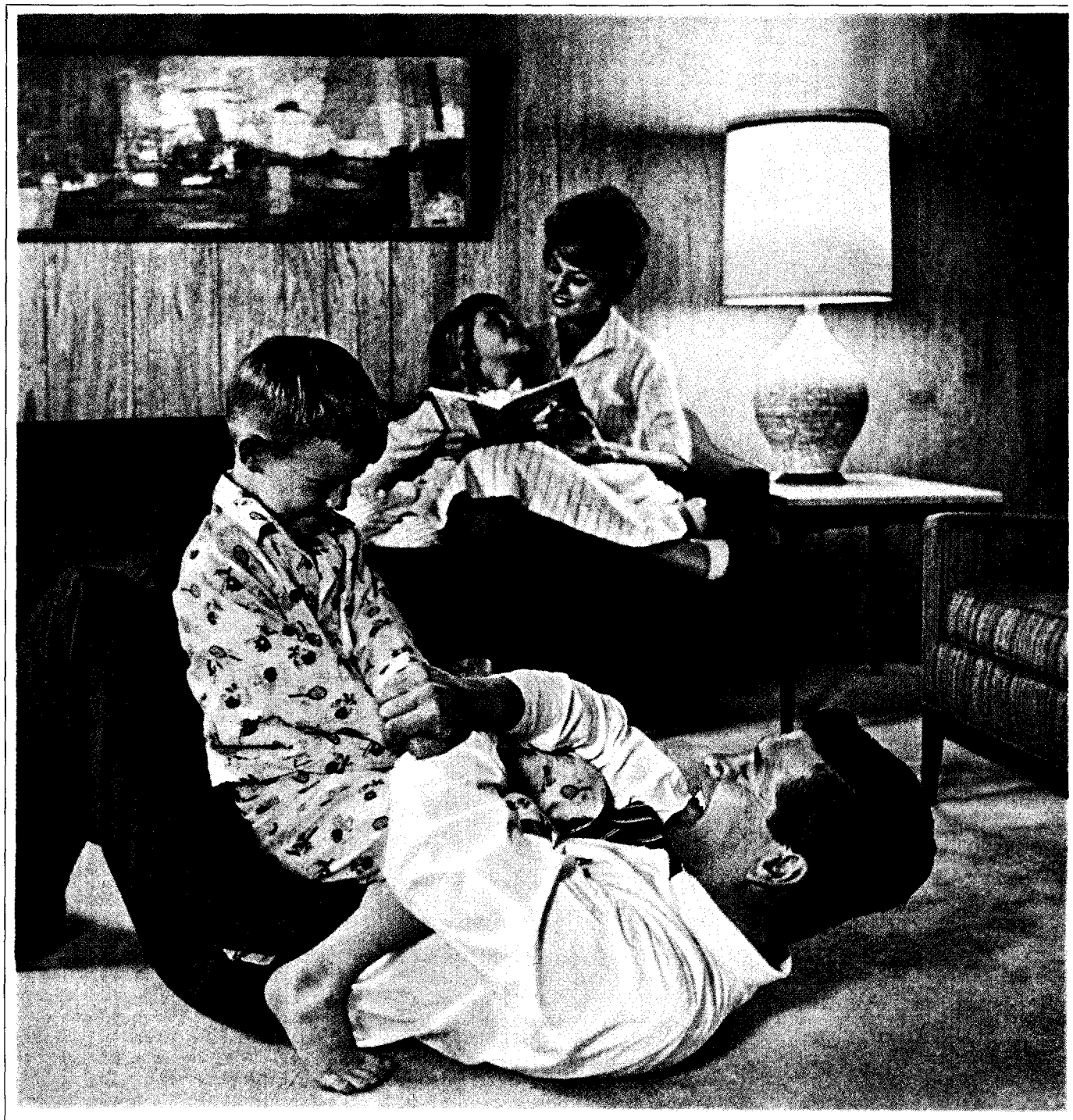
"Tomorrow." He kicked a pebble. "If you'd like to use the kayak while I'm away, you're welcome to it."

Jim Pierce arrived at five o'clock. "There's a square dance in the town," he told her. "Would you care to go?"

"I'd love it," said Judy, and Miss Blunt looked approving.

She enjoyed the dance. Driving back in Jim's car along the hairpin turns of the road to the Point, he said, "You certainly know how to square-dance, Miss Wayne. Most summer people don't."

"My name is Judy, and I'm not a summer person," she said. "Back home we call them dudes."



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LOVE "Next Wednesday," he said, "we could drive up to Ellsworth to the movies, if you'd like—Judy."

In the morning, from her bedroom window, she saw the yacht that was taking Pen away, a trim black ketch anchored off the Archer cove. After breakfast she saw a mahogany dinghy come ashore and return to the yacht, with two passengers. Now she knew. The yellow-haired Miss Bishop was one of the guests. She wondered where they were going. She remembered Pen Archer's admonition. *Don't go out too far. . . .*

The long week passed. Next Wednesday would be the thirtieth of August, and she would fly back to Washington on September third.

Miss Blunt's dinner, on Wednesday, surpassed her previous efforts. She urged spiced crab apples and homemade pickles on Judy and Jim. "Have a nice time now," she told them.

Parking in the lot behind the theater, Jim said, "I think my taillight's out," and went to look. "It is. There won't be a garage open after the picture. Maybe I'd better get it fixed now."

"Oh, well," said Judy. "What's a taillight?"

It was a question which she was to remember, in the Valley Hospital, the next morning, though not immediately upon awakening. She opened her eyes and looked at the room. She started to sit up, and the cast on her leg was heavy, the pain sudden and sharp. Then, suddenly, she remembered the crash, the sound of it, the searing pain, and darkness. She was wide awake now, concentrating on remembering. Voices, people in white, and the sickly sweet, blotting smell of anesthetic. . . .

She reached up for the electric buzzer dangling above her pillow and pressed it. A nurse appeared. "Good morning."

Judy skipped the amenities. "How is Mr. Pierce?"

She had just come on duty, the nurse said, but she understood that Mr. Pierce was unhurt. She went out noiselessly. Judy's eyes widened at the apparition in the doorway. Pen Archer wore a striped dressing gown, and his head was wound with gauze. "What are you supposed to be?" she demanded. "A sheik?"

He said, "Judy! Are you in much pain?"

She moved, and winced. "How did you get here?"

He stood looking down at her. The accident had been entirely his fault, he said. He had got bored with the cruise. "I jumped ship at Eastport," he told her. "Hired a drive-it-yourself and headed for home. I was going too fast on that last curve before our gate, and I didn't see the car you were in until I hit it."

"The taillights were out," she said quickly. "We should have had them fixed." Behind Pen another figure had appeared in the doorway. "Who are *you?*" she asked.

"I'm Doctor Rand, Miss Wayne. How are you feeling?"

She had never heard of Doctor Rand. "Confused," she said.

He smiled. "That's the medication. You have a nice, clean break, and you'll be as good as new in no time."

"How much time?" she asked.

"Three weeks, maybe," he said easily.

"Three weeks!" cried Judy. "I'm flying to Washington in three days!"

Doctor Rand smiled again, indulgently. "What are *you* doing here?" he asked Pen. "You can go home, you know."

"Oh, no!" said Pen vehemently. "I really don't think I'd better. I may have—you know—internal injuries."

The doctor glanced at him sharply. "Oh?" he murmured. "I'll take a look at you later. Toddle off now."

The last day of August remained a blur in Judy's mind. On the morning of September first, Pen, his head still bandaged, appeared as she was having breakfast. He deposited a stack of books and magazines on the bureau. There would be a telephone in her room in an hour or so, he told her. The nurse came in with a florist's box. Jim Pierce's card said: I'll be in to see you tomorrow."

Miss Blunt arrived. She said briskly, "I brought you some ——" She saw Pen and sniffed. "Some garments," she added. "What a terrible thing to happen! The way people drive!" Pen retreated. Miss Blunt left. The nurse returned and helped Judy change from the hospital gown into one of her own nightgowns. A man brought the telephone. Pen came back.

"You do look funny," she told him.

"I look funnier without it," he said. "The top of my head is shaved."

"But you're all right?"

He did not meet her eyes. "I want to get some X rays," he said. "You mustn't worry about anything, Judy."

She said, "Ha! That's what you think!" and looked up to see Lowell Bishop on the threshold.

As on their previous encounter, Lowell ignored her. "I called my mother last night, and she told me about the accident," she addressed Pen breathlessly. "So I flew back. How are you?"

Pen made an odd sound, almost a groan. "I'm still under observation. Can't leave the hospital. Not allowed callers."

"Oh?" said Lowell. She looked at Judy in her prettiest nightgown. "Oh," she said, a second time. "In that case, shouldn't you stay in your own room?"

Judy's eyes blazed. "Go away—both of you!" she cried. "And close the door!"

Five minutes later the door opened. A nurse handed her a telegram:

MONDAY IS HOLIDAY. EXPECT YOU AT YOUR DESK TUESDAY MORNING. INTERESTING NEW DEVELOPMENTS.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

"Do you wish to send an answer?" asked the nurse.

"No," said Judy, and seized a pillow and put it over her face.

"Judy!" Pen was back. "Darling, does it hurt so much?"

She removed the pillow. "No," she said. "It's—oh, you wouldn't understand!"

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"All shoes off? Okay, now in the 'Twist' . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Please tell me," he urged. She told him, and he stroked her hand. "No job is that important," he told her soothingly. "You can telephone your employer ——"

"And tell him that I won't be back for three weeks!" she interrupted. "When he needs me! Now I probably won't get to South America! Mr. Morrison will have to find someone else ——"

"Mr. Who?" asked Pen. "You don't mean Arthur Morrison?" She nodded.

He was stroking her bright hair now. "Just what do you do?" he asked finally. She told him. "Look," he said. "Why can't I take over your job until you can go back? I'll call Arthur ——"

"*You'll* take over!" she cried. "I suppose you speak and read and write Spanish fluently?"

"Yes," said Pen. "I do." She stared at him. "You see, my father was our ambassador to Spain when I was a kid," he added mildly. "I went to school in Madrid for five years."

Judy's sniff sounded amazingly like Miss Blunt's. "And you're an expert typist, of course?"

"Expert," he agreed. "I was pretty fair at hunt-and-peck in college, but then in the Pacific my aide was so inaccurate that I learned the touch system."

"What were you doing in the Pacific?"

"You know, Navy," he said. "I got out two months ago."

"No," said Judy. "No, I didn't know."

Pen stood up, all the way. "What am I waiting for?" he murmured. "I'll get hold of Arthur."

"What about your X rays?" she inquired. "And complications?"

Pen grinned. "I guess my hair will grow back," he replied.

For the next three days Judy's hospital room reminded her of a full session of Congress. Miss Blunt called again. Pen was in and out, reassuring her, bringing her presents. Mrs. Archer called on Saturday. "I'm so pleased that Pen is going to Washington," she told Judy. "I've always wanted him to go into the State Department." Judy blinked.

Jim Pierce drove down from Bangor. He felt, he told her, entirely responsible for the accident. His steady eyes met hers. "I wouldn't go so far as to say that I'm glad you'll be here longer, Judy, but in one way I am. You might get to like Maine enough to stay."

Her eyes were steady too, and honest. "I'm a wanderer, Jim," she said.

Pen flew to Washington. Tuesday afternoon he telephoned her. "Arthur wants to speak to you," he said.

Mr. Morrison was sympathetic and understanding. "You'll be back soon," he assured her. "It's an ill wind, you know. I'm delighted to have Pen aboard."

"Yes," said Judy thoughtfully.

Pen called her daily. He asked her advice, checked on names and addresses in South America. "I shan't be able to get up this weekend," he said. "But a week from Friday I'll hop a plane."

She had been in the hospital for two weeks and a day. On Friday morning a hairdresser from the village shampooed her hair. For the fourth time in an hour she reached for her mirror, and was uncapping her lipstick when Pen's voice cried, "Hold it!" She smiled and was still smiling when he bent over and kissed her mouth. "Hold it a little longer," he added. "Lord, I've missed you!"

"I've missed you," she admitted.

A nurse said, "Oh, excuse me!" and rustled off.

"Maybe you'd better put on your protective coloring after all," Pen conceded. He pulled up a chair and held her hand.

"Now, tell me everything," she said.

He frowned and looked down at the white bedspread. "Yes," he said, "I will, of course." He did not look at her. "You may not like some of it, at first, Judy." He hesitated. "Mind if I smoke?"

"Of course not!" She was smiling, but her eyes were puzzled.

He lighted a cigarette. "The thing is," he told her, "that Arthur wants to keep me on permanently. He feels that there will be situations where a man would be more, say, acceptable, in conference with our South American neighbors."

He paused, and Judy did not stir. Then she said quietly, "I see."

Pen looked at her. Her smile was steady, her eyes bright. He said, "You darling! I'm a brute to tease you! You don't believe for one minute that I'd go to South America unless you were coming too! I'd jump ship again!"

Her smile quivered. She put her hand to her mouth, and then looked at her fingers. She reached for her lipstick.

"Hold it!" said Pen.

There was a rustling. "Oh, excuse me!" said the nurse again. THE END

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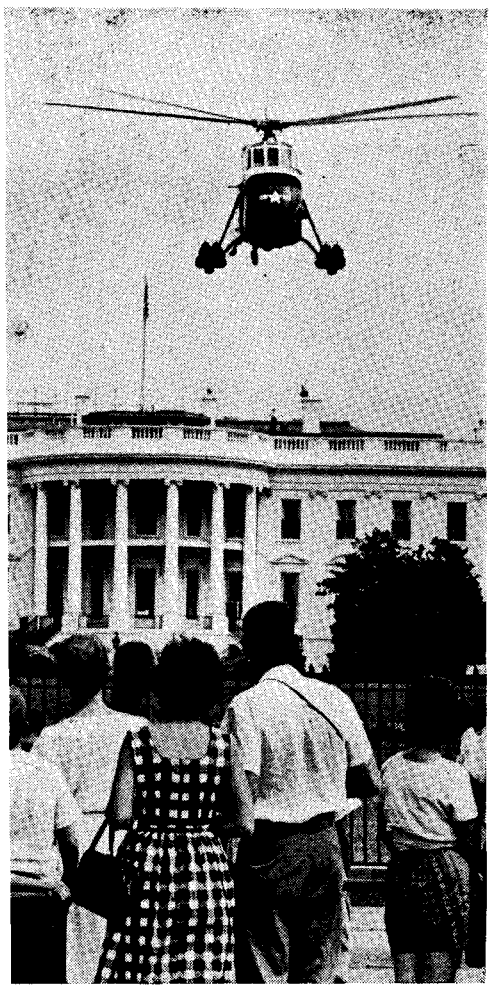
THERE GOES THE PRESIDENT!

An inside view of the intricate planning which assures Mr. Kennedy's safety on his whirlwind trips.

BY PAUL F. HEALY



The Presidential getaway.

Late one Wednesday morning President Kennedy told his special assistant, Kenneth O'Donnell, that he wanted to go to Palm Beach, Florida, for a long weekend. As Kennedy resumed working at his White House desk, O'Donnell made telephone calls that affected the immediate plans of hundreds of persons and their families.

Immediately Secret Service agents, a special flight crew, air police, helicopter pilots, Army Signal Corps technicians, secretaries, aides, correspondents, photographers and the First Family's domestic staff sprang into action.

Within two hours a White House communications center was set up in the Palm Beach Towers Hotel, ready to serve as a temporary nerve center for the nation. Twenty-four hours later the President was lounging at the oceanside swimming pool of a Palm Beach friend. From poolside he could telephone any point in the world. Or he could jet back to the White House within three hours. So prepared, President Kennedy shed his Potomac angst for four days—swimming, golfing and beachcombing. Just as easily, Kennedy frequently moves his White House headquarters to a summer home on Cape Cod, to his in-laws' farm at Newport, Rhode Island, or to his country estate near Middleburg, Virginia.

Transporting the President to any of his four retreats is now a standardized operation. And in an emergency his office can be set up practically anywhere within hours. Last March Kennedy decided to discuss the Laotian crisis with Prime Minister Macmillan amid the sunny surroundings of Key West, Florida. When Kennedy and his distinguished guest arrived at the Key twenty-four hours later, a "little White House" was at their disposal.

Press Secretary Pierre Salinger points out that Kennedy gets more work done when he is away from the Washington pressure cooker. "It gives him a chance to think," Salinger says, "and to hold key meetings quietly, without disturbance."

While he is on the road, the President is surrounded by a staff of assorted specialists equipped with the latest electronic devices. For security reasons the President must move according to an exact timetable. Once last August Kennedy boarded his plane after a weekend on Cape Cod and was told that Philip Stern, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, and four newsmen had not shown up for the flight back to Washington. Kennedy gave the word to take off without them. The ship was taxiing down the runway when the five men raced into sight in a rented limousine. Impatiently Kennedy allowed his plane to taxi back to pick up the latecomers.

Kennedy hates to let even the weather slow him down. Arriving at Otis Air Force Base at Cape Cod on another weekend last summer, the President was advised that the ceiling was too low for the helicopters to carry him to his house at Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, twenty miles away. A motorcade had been formed to take him there instead. Kennedy made his own weather estimate and said, "Let's try it anyway." Surprising the spectators, he used the motorcade to ride 500 yards across the field to the "grounded" helicopter. He made the hop to Hyannis Port without difficulty.

Besides airplanes and helicopters, Kennedy has at his command a custom-built bulletproof limousine with a removable transparent plastic top, a large electric golf cart which he uses on and off the golf course, and four boats. One is the 92-foot Presidential yacht, rechristened the *Honey Fitz*. The three others, all moored at his place on Nantucket Sound, are the *Marlin*, a 52-foot cabin cruiser; the *Victura*, a sailboat; and a small 14-foot, jet-powered speedboat.

Sailing has been Kennedy's lifelong hobby, and he feels at home on or in the water. Secret Service agents found this out in Palm Beach the first Saturday after Kennedy's election. As the President-elect walked out of his father's house in swimming trunks, fully dressed Secret Service men assumed he would dive into an outdoor swimming pool. Instead, he kept walking to the beach and plunged into the surf. Anxiously the agents watched him swim a quarter mile out and then ride back on six-foot waves. The next day the agents were in bathing trunks, and a Coast Guard picket boat stood by when Kennedy took his dip.

Kennedy's personal pilot is Air Force Lt. Col. James B. Swindal, a tall, handsome, soft-spoken Alabaman of forty-four. Swindal has logged more than 12,000 flying hours, many of them in combat. He commands a special Presidential crew—including two other pilots, two flight engineers, a navigator, a radio operator, three flight attendants, and four maintenance men. Each Presidential flight also carries four members of a fifteen-man Air Force security guard.

The Presidential plane—designated "Air Force I"—is actually three aircraft. Kennedy uses one of three identical VC-137 jets that form the Air Force's Special Air Mission Fleet. Top Government officials also are transported throughout the world in these planes. When the President flies overseas, an additional "backup plane"—identical to AF I—accompanies the Presidential party in case of mechanical failure or unforeseen emergencies. Usually the "backup" plane is put to use on overseas junkets, transporting Presidential staff members, Signal Corps men and Secret Service agents.

Two weeks before Kennedy began his three-capital visit to Europe last May, Swindal made a dry run of the entire route. With the help of Government officials and local police, Swindal, O'Donnell, Salinger and security agents planned a minute-by-minute schedule for Kennedy in Paris, Vienna and London. Also aboard for the dry run were Lt. Col. George McNally and his detachment of Army Signal Corps technicians. McNally heads up a Signal Corps detail which is responsible for keeping the President in touch with the world whether he is at home or abroad. By the time Kennedy arrived in Europe, an intricate communications network had been set up for him. From Paris, Vienna and London, Kennedy could reach any point on the globe within seconds.

Whenever a President flies across the ocean, ships are stationed 500 miles apart along the route. Some are Coast Guard weather ships on regular duty. The rest are naval vessels diverted from the nearest fleet. They provide radar and radio navigational aids for the Presidential plane and are available for rescue work.

Despite this protective picket line, Swindal is uncomfortably aware that a ditching operation—perhaps hundreds of miles from the nearest ship—would be no picnic. "They say these jets will float," Swindal says, "but I'd hate to be the one to try the theory out."

During Kennedy's stay in Europe, American Secret Service men were

The Kennedys sometimes fly from the White House to the National Airport—about three mile

Photographs by Ollie Atki

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THE PRESIDENT

satisfied with the number and efficiency of the Parisian, Viennese and London security police. But there were uneasy moments. On June second the Secret Service in Paris was warned to expect trouble in Vienna. And the American embassy in Vienna received a telephone call from an anonymous man who whispered in High German, "I just want you to know there will be several assassination attempts tomorrow."

The Secret Service frequently receives such warnings, and it takes none of them lightly. The next day, while Kennedy and Soviet Premier Khrushchev talked at the embassy, German police dogs and hundreds of American, Viennese and Russian security agents patrolled the courtyard and driveway outside. All packages for the Kennedys were fluoroscoped for safety. Even bouquets were inspected, flower by flower. And Viennese police supervised preparation of the catered food served at the banquet for the Kennedys and the Khrushchevs.

The food Kennedy ate aboard his plane was prepared in Pan American Airways kitchens under the watchful eye of a Secret Service agent. (At home, local restaurants prepare the food.)

In Europe Kennedy moved too fast for some members of his party. His plane was about to leave Orly Field in Paris when an official United States station wagon careered onto the field toward the runway, honking wildly. On the runway a Secret Service man shouted, "Hold the plane!" Out of the car jumped the President's valet, George Thomas, and Mrs. Kennedy's maid, Miss Providencia Paredos. Left behind to pack some valuable items, they had been the last to leave the Kennedys' Paris apartment. The crowd cheered as the embarrassed pair scrambled aboard.

Following his London conferences with Prime Minister Macmillan, President Kennedy winged back to his desk at the White House. But Jacqueline Kennedy flew in the opposite direction, for a goodwill visit to Greece and an extended Aegean vacation cruise. During her trip Mrs. Kennedy was shielded from harm by a two-government task force that would have flattered Helen of Troy.

While she cruised the Aegean with her sister, Princess Radziwill, aboard the *Northwind*, the yacht owned by Greek shipping mogul Marcos Nomikos, a U.S. Navy PT boat maintained radar surveillance. In touch with the PT boat was a U.S. Navy landing ship. Aboard the LST two Army helicopters stood poised for action. Greek Navy frogmen were stationed aboard the *Northwind* itself. And Greek coast-guard boats kept watch over the harbor adjoining Marcos Nomikos's villa, where Mrs. Kennedy and her sister stayed.

On land the First Lady was protected by four American Secret Service men and 1210 Greeks. These included 850 uniformed Athens policemen, sixty uniformed and plain-clothes officers of the Piraeus police force, 250 men from the Royal Greek *Gendarmerie* and fifty Greek coastguardsmen. Mrs. Kennedy encountered no personal hazards.

The White House is often asked how much a Presidential vacation jaunt costs. The exact figures are impossible to obtain for several reasons. Costs are borne by more than one governmental department, for one thing. And the operational cost of Presidential aircraft is elusive—the planes would be flown at least once a week by Air Force personnel for regulation "exercise" anyway. But on the basis of available figures, it is loosely estimated that taxpayers contribute over $6000 to transport, house and feed the Kennedy entourage for one three-day trip to Palm Beach. A Kennedy weekend in Hyannis Port costs the taxpayers much less, for hotel costs and travel fares total only half as much as rates for Palm Beach. And Air Force personnel need no per-diem allowances there because they are quartered at nearby Otis Air Force Base. All expenses incurred by traveling journalists, incidentally, are paid by their respective newspapers and magazines.

A newsman's trip with the President tends to spoil him. To get the feel of Presidential travel, come along with me on a weekend trip Kennedy made to Hyannis Port last summer.

At 4:30 P.M. on Friday I dropped my bags at the White House, where a truck was waiting to take them to the airport. Then I took a taxi to a plane chartered especially for the press. We took off at 2:30 P.M., two hours before the President's speedier jet. A contingent of Secret Service men, their coats off and holstered revolvers on their belts, accompanied us. It looked like an airborne convention of The Untouchables. When we landed, the stewardess had the last laugh. "Before leaving," she said softly over the intercom, "be sure you have all your valuables—revolvers, machine guns, hand grenades. . . ."

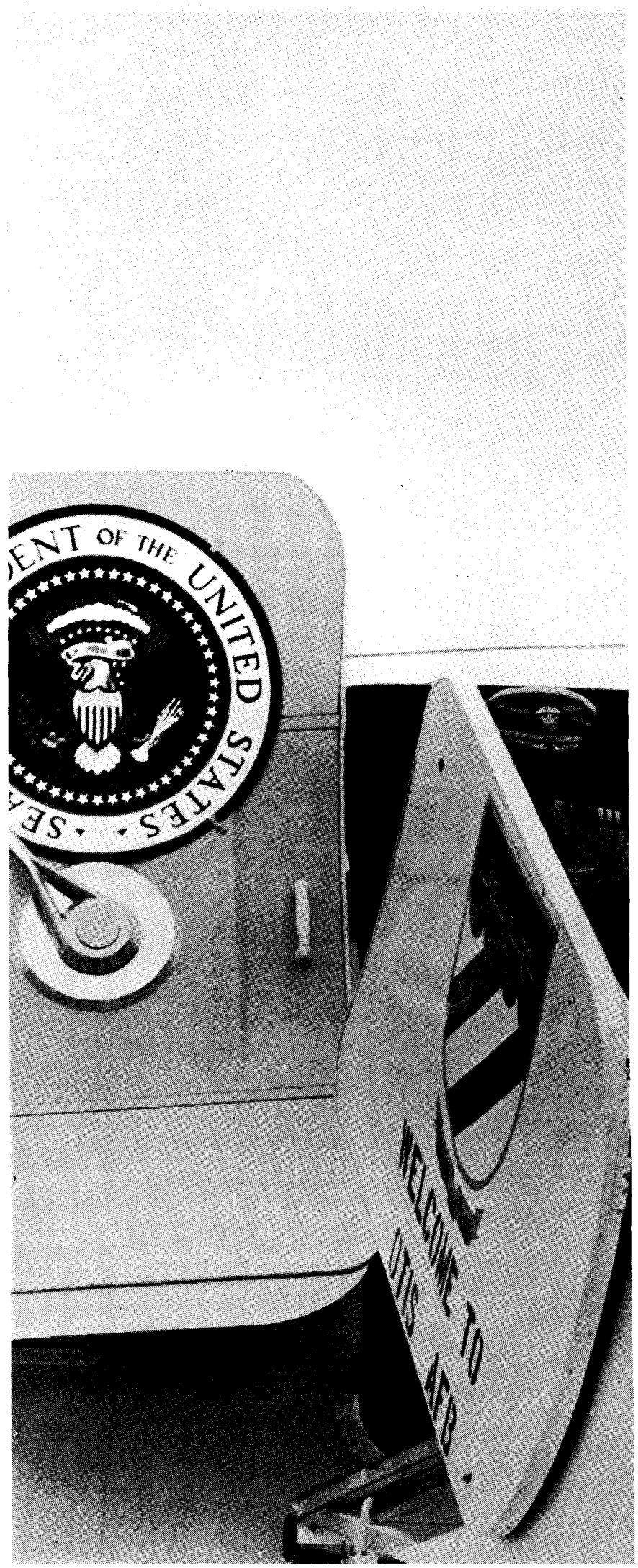
We deplaned at 4:30 P.M. An hour later the Presidential jet eased down onto the runway. A military twin of the Boeing 707 commercial jetliner, Kennedy's plane is half as long as a football field, with swept-back wings and a brilliant orange nose. It halted, and two Air Force security guards popped out of the forward door, hurried down the ramp and stood at attention.

Kennedy descended rapidly, unsmiling and preoccupied, walked past an Air Force honor guard and through a crowd of 100 spectators to a waiting helicopter.

James J. Rowley, the husky, handsome chief of the White House Secret Service detail, followed the President. He has been guarding Presidents since 1939. (A few weeks later he was appointed chief of the entire Secret Service, succeeding retiring chief U. E. Baughman. Jerry Behn, who had been Rowley's assistant since 1949, took over as chief guardian of the President.)

Next to emerge from the plane was Mrs. Kennedy, wearing smoked glasses, a chic, magenta-colored suit and a smile. The Kennedys and Rowley climbed into the helicopter. Ten minutes later the whirlybird dropped gently onto the Kennedys' lawn, by Nantucket Sound.

Newsmen and Secret Service agents rode to Hyannis's Yachtsman Hotel in a chartered bus. The Yachtsman is a mile and a half from the Kennedy "compound"—a cluster of three houses owned by the President, his father and his brother Robert. The "compound" is barred to the press and the public at a point two blocks from the houses. As a result, newsmen seldom see Kennedy



Otis AFB: The President deplanes at Cape Cod after making in less than an hour. A special communications system links

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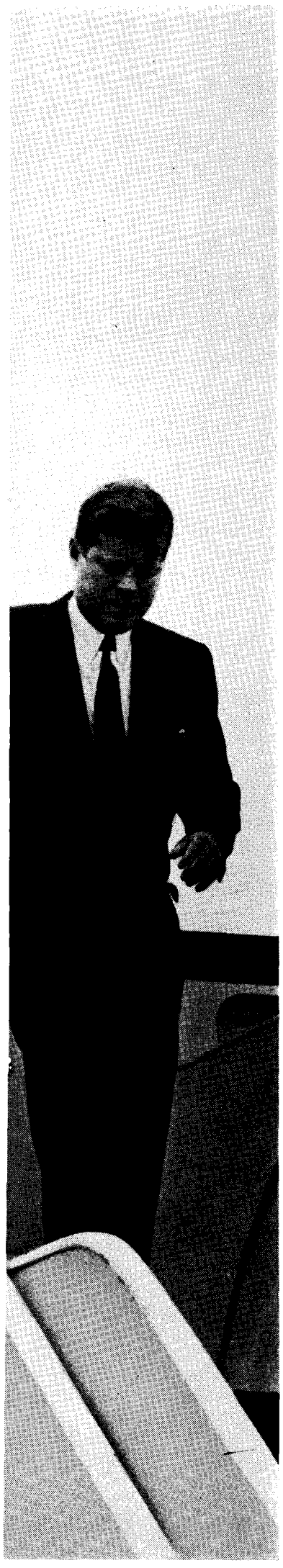


-mile trip from Washington he White House in flight.

during his stay in Hyannis Port—except when he attends Mass, goes swimming or boating, or drives his daughter Caroline and a bevy of her young friends for a candy-store treat.

At 12:15 P.M. Saturday Pierre Salinger held a briefing at the Yachtsman Hotel and informed newsmen that the President would go out in the *Marlin*, his father's power yacht, in fifteen minutes.

At a dock on Nantucket Sound, I boarded a cabin cruiser chartered by two wire-service reporters. It was owned and piloted by Capt. Charles Hinckley, who specializes in fishing parties and President chasing. Hinckley's boat flies a snappy blue flag displaying the words WHITE HOUSE PRESS in white lettering.

The Kennedys cherish privacy, so they had not revealed the *Marlin*'s whereabouts or destination. But the sky was ominous and the sea choppy. Captain Hinckley knowingly sped straight across the sound to Lewis Bay. There, riding at anchor and sheltered from the wind in a small cove, was the Kennedy yacht.

Through binoculars I could see the blue Presidential flag. Then I caught sight of Jacqueline Kennedy in a shocking-pink slack suit. I spied the President lounging in a beige woolen pullover and tan slacks. Then, clearly, young Caroline Kennedy and the President's brother-in-law, Stephen Smith, with his wife, Jean, and their small son, Stephen Jr.

Surrounding the *Marlin* was a small protective flotilla—a Hyannis police boat, two Coast Guard picket boats and a Coast Guard cutter with a machine gun mounted on the bow. Rowley was on the *Marlin* and at least one Secret Service man was on every boat except ours. Two more Secret Service men were stationed discreetly beyond trees on the shore.

I waited for aquatic sports to report, but it was too chilly for the Presidential party to do anything but lunch and feed crumbs to the playful gulls wheeling overhead. After two hours the *Marlin* returned to the Kennedy dock. There I watched the President taxi the yacht passengers to his white shingle house in an electric golf cart.

On Sunday Kennedy did not venture out into the dismal weather except to go to church. Pierre Salinger told us the President conferred during the day by telephone with defense and foreign-policy advisers.

Kennedy was scheduled to leave for Washington at 9:15 A.M. Monday. The Presidential plane always carries four "pool" reporters—one each from the two U.S. press associations, one from the radio and television networks, and one representing the daily newspapers. For this trip I was the assigned newspaperman.

Newsmen like to ride in the pool, for there is always the chance that Kennedy will loosen up and drop newsworthy remarks. On the flight from Vienna to London, he revealed that he had undergone a rough time with Khrushchev and was in a somber mood.

Sometimes Kennedy displays his witty side to his guests. On one trip last summer he was shown a newspaper report attacking his No. 1 adviser, Theodore C. Sorensen, who had vexed Nebraskans by criticizing their educational system in a speech at Omaha. "That's what happens when you let a speech writer out on his own," Kennedy quipped.

When I boarded AF I at *nine* A.M. Monday morning for the trip back to the White House, I stepped into a handsomely appointed flying headquarters. The large passenger cabin is decorated in blue-green and beige. A thick carpet runs wall to wall. The walls themselves are vinyl-covered and decorated with depictions of famous cities. The four "poolers" sit in capacious chairs at a leather-edged table. Popular music emanates from a hi-fi tape recorder in the belly of the ship.

Other seats in our cabin were taken by Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy (working away in shirt sleeves), Presidential staff members and some friends who had vacationed at Cape Cod that weekend. Mrs. Kennedy had remained at Hyannis Port, protected by fifteen Secret Service men.

The President arrived and seated himself in an upholstered swivel chair in the stateroom forward of the passenger cabin. At his elbow was a white telephone linking him directly with the White House. Typewriters and a dictation machine were within his reach.

In another cabin, forward of the President's stateroom, were Rowley, his men and the four Air Force security guards.

With a muffled roar we sped down the runway and were airborne at 9:20 A.M. AF I leveled off at 24,000 feet. Its ground speed: 515 miles per hour. It makes the 430-mile flight from Cape Cod to Washington in less than sixty minutes.

En route we were served coffee and rolls. On Presidential flights made later in the day, passengers are offered a meal and drink each. Press poolers sign chits for this nourishment; bills are paid by their offices. For the President's personal guests, however, drinks and meals are on Uncle Sam.

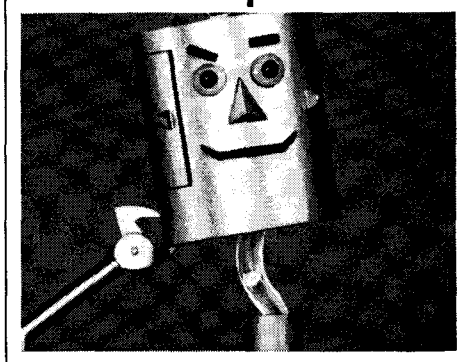
During the flight Kennedy's advisers conferred with him, one at a time. All I saw of him were his crossed ankles and dark brown shoes—extended into the aisle of his stateroom—when the door opened. Engrossed in the mushrooming problems of the Berlin crisis, he had no time for banter with newsmen.

When we landed at Andrews Air Force Base, Maryland, at 10:20 A.M., the President climbed aboard a helicopter with Rowley and three advisers. The chopper whirled off toward the White House, fifteen miles away. A second helicopter, with Secret Service agents and other advisers aboard, quickly followed it.

I climbed into the third helicopter with Salinger, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and my fellow "poolers." We roared over the Potomac Tidal Basin and the Washington Monument at 1200 feet. Suddenly we whooshed down between two enormous maple trees and landed on the south lawn of the White House. By the time I walked the short distance to the rose garden, the President was already working in his rocking chair behind the French doors a few feet away.

The custom-built rocker is the personal icing on John F. Kennedy's multi-ingredient transportation cake. It may also be his favorite mode of movement. For when he goes to Glen Ora, his Middleburg, Virginia, estate for a weekend, the rocking chair is loaded on a truck and usually goes with him. THE END

There are pills for...



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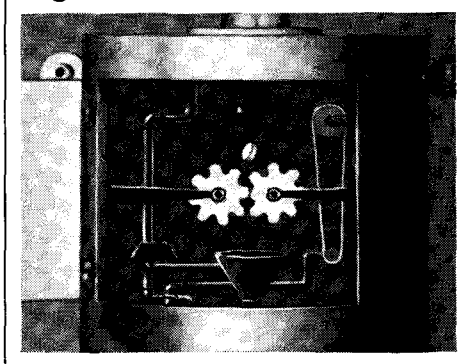

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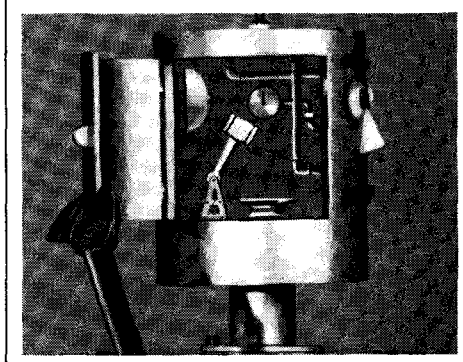

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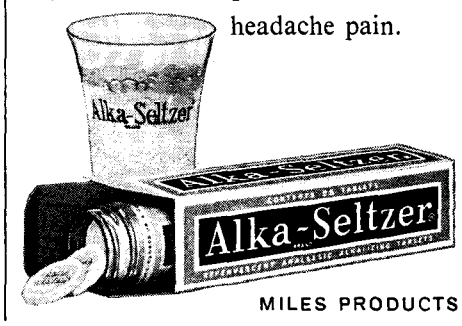

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WHAT NOW FOR THE MIDDLE EAST?

There is a saying in the Middle East that a foreign journalist who comes there and stays a week goes home to write a book, in which he presents a pat solution to all the Middle East's problems. If he stays a month, he writes a magazine article, filled with "ifs" and "buts" and "on the other hands." If he stays a year, he writes nothing at all, for the complexities and paradoxes of this explosive area have left him bewildered and confused.

Recently *Post* photographer John Bryson and *Post* contributing editor Harold Martin spent three months in the Middle East, traveling from Beirut to Cairo, to the Gaza Strip, to the High Dam at Aswan, to Kuwait, to Iran, Iraq, Syria and Jordan, passing finally through Jerusalem's "Gate of Tears and Laughter" into Israel. In the course of this journey they talked to kings and peasants, diplomats and farmers, sheiks and camel drivers, and out of what they heard and saw and felt came a series of articles, the first of which appears on page 11 of this issue.

The articles give no quick and easy answers to the problems of the Middle East, for no facile solutions exist. They do try to identify some of the great forces which are stirring there, and the unities and the divisions which can make for peace or strife there in the future.

The one great fact of life in the Middle East that stands out above all others today is the strong spirit of nationalism which has gripped the Arab mind, and the yearning for Arab unity that is the outgrowth of that spirit. The Arab nations are determined to be free and independent—not only of the Western nations which once held them in thrall, but of the Soviet Union, whose motives they equally distrust.

Here is the strongest element leading toward Arab unity, but in it are the seeds of division. President Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt envisions a union of Middle Eastern peoples that includes not only the Arab world but also a great Islamic confederation extending from Morocco on the Atlantic coast to Moslem Pakistan. Opposed to Mr. Nasser's views are those countries which think of Arab nationalism and Arab unity in more restricted terms. In Jordan, for example, King Hussein has the problem of unifying his own country, which is divided between mutually antipathetic Bedouin tribesmen and sedentary Palestinians. In Lebanon, Christian Arabs see little advantage to themselves in becoming members of an Arab empire which would be dominated by Moslems. Syria, which tried union with Egypt for a while, found it unbearable, and Iraqis and Egyptians have been competitors for power for 7000 years. Iran, though Moslem, is not Arab, and does not share the Arab's dream.

There are economic divisions, too, which make rough the road toward unity. Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and Iraq are rich in oil, Egypt and Syria have little and Lebanon and Jordan have none. The have-not nations are eager to share the riches which their Arab brethren, by the accident of geography, enjoy. Even though Allah enjoins the wealthy Moslem to bestow his largess on the poor, the oil-producing nations are reluctant to form any alliance that would require them to share their billions in oil revenues with their impoverished neighbors.

Our greatest interest in the Middle East, c course, lies in its oil, not because we need it fo ourselves, which we do not, but because it fire the furnaces and lubricates the machinery of ou NATO allies in Western Europe. Our primar concern in the Middle East, therefore, is with th stability of its governments, for only in times c peace can the oil be kept flowing to our friends Thus we are extremely sensitive to any threat o Communist infiltration, for if Soviet-oriente governments seized power in the oil countries they could wreck the NATO alliance withou firing a shot.

So far, even in Egypt, whose economic an military ties to the U.S.S.R. are close, the Sovie can claim no great political victory. Mr. Nasse runs a socialist dictatorship that is far closer t Communism than to democracy, but he arrest Egypt's Communists and sends them to the West ern Desert to clean out old Roman wells an dig irrigation canals.

The internal problems that beset the Arab are much the same in each country: How t break old feudal patterns which concentrate wealth and political power in the hands of a few how to find, in a rainless land, water that wil turn dry deserts into rich cropland; how to de velop industry that will give jobs and hope to a ever-growing population; how to wipe out, in a generation, the ignorance, poverty and disease that are the heritage of a thousand years of torpor

One problem, however, transcends them al and hangs like a threatening cloud not only ove the Middle East but over the peace of the world The present boundaries of the State of Israe were established in 1948, when the Israelis bea back the assault of six Arab armies which trie to strangle the infant nation in its cradle. The 600,000 Palestinian Arabs who fled Israel at tha time have grown in numbers to 1,200,000. Afte nearly fourteen years these refugees still are living on the borders of Israel, their bodies fed and sheltered by the UN, their spirits kept alive by hatred and by their hope that someday they will go back home. Forty million Arabs share their determination that Israel must be destroyed. On their side of the ragged border, 2,000,000 dedicated Jewish men and women are equally determined that their young nation shall survive and flourish.

To this Arab-Israel antagonism, the bedrock problem of the Middle East, no one has yet found an answer. There is no "accommodation" presently acceptable to Jew and Arab alike.

Nevertheless, we Americans can take some pride in the role that we have played in this unhappy land. For we have kept the peace. We have kept it by assuring both sides that we will not permit either to attack the other. We have kept it by our firm backing of UN forces on the Gaza border and by our promise that present boundaries can be changed only by peaceful negotiation.

The peace we are preserving in the Middle East may well be both transitory and expedient. Even this nervous stalemate seems attractive when viewed against the dreary backdrop of Laos, Vietnam and Berlin.

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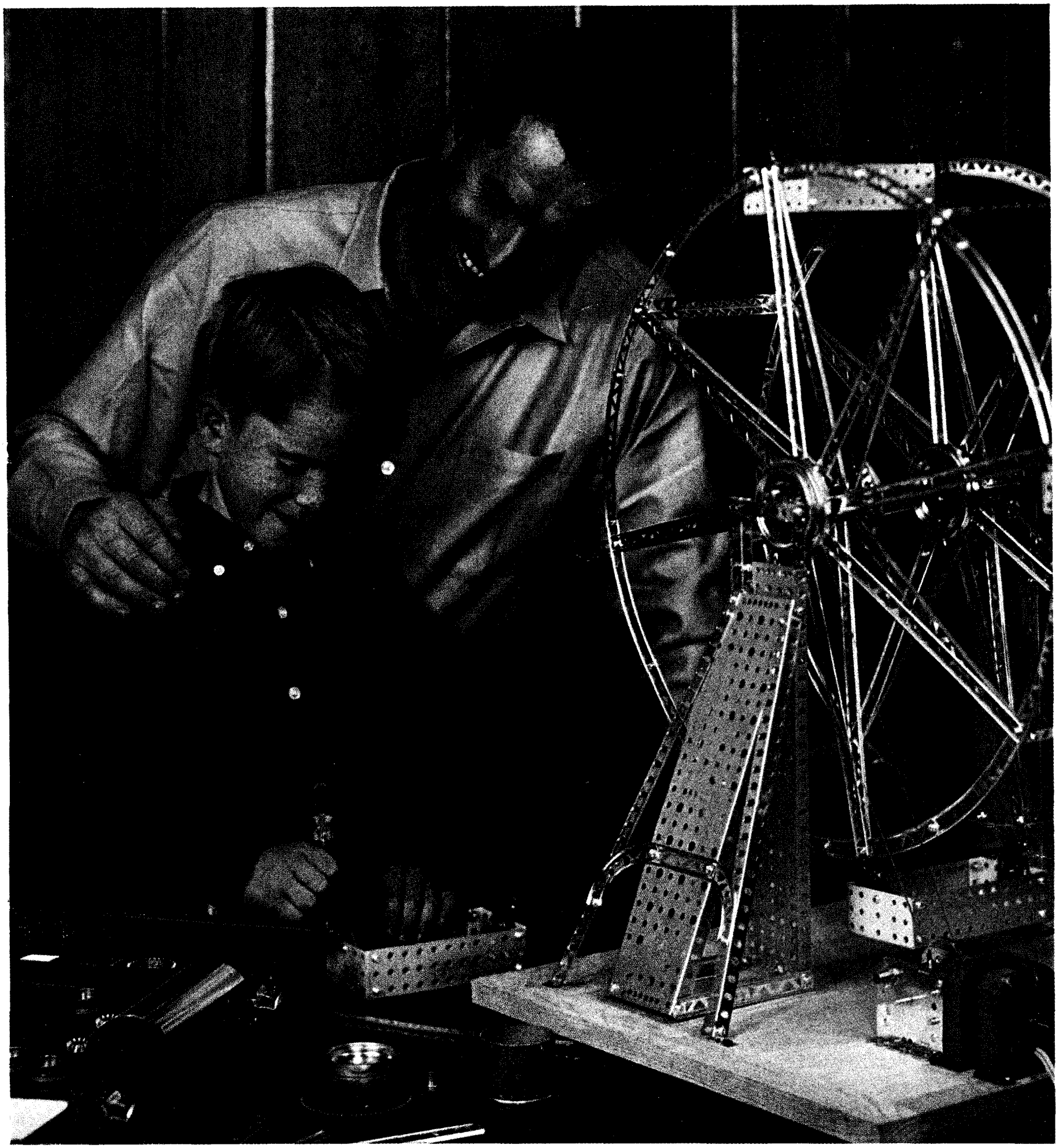

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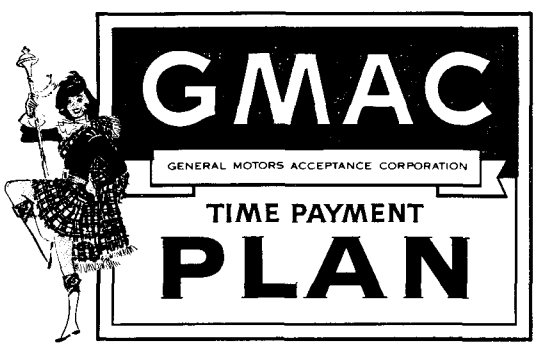

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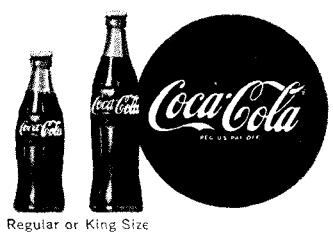

Regular or King Size

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